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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

May 1, 1957

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THE QUEEN  
IN PARIS  
See pages 8, 9.





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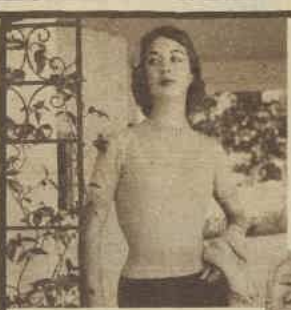
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# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MAY 1, 1957

Vol. 24, No. 48

## UNIFORM DIVORCE LAWS

ONE divorce law for Australia has been an urgent legal and social need for many decades.

*That is why the move in Federal Parliament for uniform divorce, by the Victorian private member and noted Queen's Counsel, Mr. Joske, is so important.*

Commonwealth Governments, because of political timidity, have always evaded any attempt to modernise our muddled divorce systems and bring commonsense and justice to bear on conflicting grounds like insanity and domicile.

They have scuttled for cover even when faced with irrefutable evidence that seven clashing systems of divorce, instead of one, cause great personal hardship, heart-break, and even tragedy to thousands of people.

Although the present Government apparently prefers to let Mr. Joske bring up the controversial subject while it watches public reaction to the bill, divorce generally is such a vital problem that its reform should not be left to a private member, however praiseworthy.

*The chaotic conflict between our State codes should be hammered out at the highest level, and on a non-party, non-sectarian basis by all Australian Governments.*

And the greatest care should be taken, while solving the many grave anomalies that at present apply to both men and women, to see that children are protected in every way.

In any divorce system—and uniform divorce in Australia is an imperative need—the protection and future of the child should have top priority.

## Our cover:

● Our cover shows Queen Elizabeth, poised and lovely, at a reception at the Louvre following a State dinner given in the Queen's honor by the French Government during her recent State visit to Paris. The Queen's gown of kingfisher-blue faille was one of the loveliest she wore in Paris. More color pictures appear on pages 8 and 9.

## This week:

● When staff reporter Ronald McKie was in Canberra preparing his report on the Federal Capital, which appears this week, he called on Harry Notaras, who opened his Highgate Dining Hall at Kingston on May 2, 1927—a week before Parliament was officially opened in Canberra. Harry, who is a Greek and who still runs his cafe with the original cash register on the counter, remembered the times when the first Australian Governor-General, Sir Isaac Isaacs, often popped into his cafe, not to have a meal or anything but just to talk Greek. "He spoke and read Greek well," said Harry. "We generally discussed Greek politics. He was a fine Australian."

● Staff photographer Keith Barlow sat in the middle of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra to get his pictures of Mr. Malko which appear opposite. When Mr. Malko saw him with the camera perched on his knee, he pointed at it and said with a big smile: "You'll have to play that if you are going to stay there."

## Next week:

● Having trouble planning furniture for your new home? Next week we bring you two pages of color photographs of new ideas in furniture from the Guild Furniture Exhibition in Sydney. The exhibition is on from May 14 to 18.

● A gripping new three-part thriller, "The Longest Night," which begins next week, is one of the most exciting we have published. Written by Ursula Curtiss, one of today's most successful writers of atmospheric thrillers, the action is confined to the hours between one misty, rain-lashed dusk and the early hours of the next morning.

## BOOK REVIEWS by AINSLIE BAKER

## Entertaining adventures of six matrons on holiday

● Any woman will read Emily Kimbrough's "So Near and Yet So Far" with a series of pleasant chuckles.

IN her latest book, the co-author of "Our Hearts were Young and Gay" tells the story of six American schoolfriends, now matrons, who leave their husbands at home and go on a girls' jaunt together to New Orleans.

There is the wife of a wealthy banker, Kat, who had never yet had to sleep in an upper berth; Ellen, the sobering influence; the enthusiastic Lux; Darn, with her magic supply of fresh white gloves; and the worldly Sophy, who carries the gin and whisky in shoe bags.

The girls' adventures and misadventures come thick and fast. On the train Sophy is picked up and shouted a drink by a charming man, who is found to have neither train

ticket nor money to pay for the drink.

The hotel switchboard becomes jammed with the ladies' calls to husbands and grandchildren. The author, arranging an overnight excursion, books accommodation at Tommy's Bar in error.

The girls go antique hunting, see the shrimp boats, and do a good deal of fancy eating in an area noted for its fine foods.

It is to the old schoolfellows' credit that they part as firm friends as they met. Though the author does say, under the heading "Advice to Women Travellers Travelling with Other Women":

"Do not persuade the rest of them to do something you think they would enjoy."

Our copy from the publishers, Heinemann.

THE ANZAC STORY, by T. A. Miles (Shakespeare Head Press). An original Anzac relates the story of the Gallipoli campaign for junior readers. This excellent little book, with its map, illustrations, and foreword by Lieutenant-General Sir Iven Mackay, will give boys and girls a true understanding of the spirit of Anzac.

THE LAST RESORT, by Pamela Hansford Johnson (Macmillan). It's difficult to find a woman who writes better about love, marriage, and divorce than Miss Johnson. She seems to understand all of it. Tenderly written, the story tells of a woman in love with a man married to an incurable invalid. Many may quarrel with the ending, saying "she never would have done that."





"NAW, NAW. Diminuendo," says Mr. Malko.



HE REACHES forward to bring in the second violins.



HE USES his thick thumb as a second baton.

## Maestro and jazz man are music worlds apart

# Mr. Malko's classic is Stan Kenton's lullaby

● King's Cross was still a little bleary-eyed when I climbed a stairway beside a chain store and landed right in the middle of the first violins of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra.

THE clock showed only 9.40 a.m., but that did not measure the activity in the A.B.C.'s barnlike rehearsal room.

Trumpeters and brass men, coats and ties off, were mouthing their instruments and working up a good spit for the job ahead.

Double bass players were making those egg-beater motions, violinists were rubbing resin on their bows, and an oboe player was cross-eyed with concentration.

At 10 a.m. a bell jangled, and in trotted a little man in a brown tweed suit, who pulled off his coat, said "Good morning," grabbed a baton, and had the orchestra somewhere in the middle of "Till Eulenspiegel"—all in about 10 seconds flat.

This was Dr. Nicolai Malko, the Russian-born conductor, who recently arrived to take command of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, and who prefers to be known as Mr. Malko.

Mr. Malko is a solid little

man with bottle-shaped shoulders and thick, powerful arms and hands.

He has a pinkish folded face, a bald cranium which comes to a near-point at the back, darkish hair, and black peaked eyebrows which give him a surprised look, and he wears half pince-nez. He's 68, but looks like an American oil tycoon of 60.

When I talked to this alert, friendly man later I said: "You're an incredibly active man for your age."

"What age?" he said. "I'm a young man. Test zat."

He displayed a white biceps. It was "massive," as my small boy says, and like iron.

"Close your fists and push zem togeser hard," he said.

I closed and pushed and he snapped them apart with one clout of a thick finger.

"A habee," he said of my effort. "I keep fit by playing pingpong. Vonderful for wrists and eye."

In 100 minutes Mr. Malko, and the 80-odd members of his sweating orchestra, did about a week's work for the average person or group.

When he was not sitting forward on his swivel chair, punctuating every note with his baton, his fingers, and his head, he was on his feet, swaying, shaking, wriggling, jerking, beating the air with his fists, pleading with his hands, and was at times so close to jitterbugging that a genuine "cat" would have been impressed.

"Naw, naw," he would cry, clapping his hands to stop play. "First time crescendo, then to diminuendo." Or: "Intonation. Do not force." Or: "Too loud. Prima donnas are here," pointing at the violins. Or: "Naw, naw, Bazooms. Zaroomph. Wan . . . taw . . . tree." And

once, and everyone grinned: "More sugar."

When pleased he looked like a chubby boy who knew more than he should for his age. When displeased he wrapped his hands over his ears, or beat a staccato pattern on his stand, or talked with gentle sadness to the orchestra like a fond uncle berating his delinquent nephews.

Towards the end of the rehearsal, he let himself go. He shook and jiggled and bounced so much that his pants slipped down and from behind he sagged like an elephant's rear.

When he was free, I asked him how he felt about jazz.

"I have a bad feeling about jazz," he said. "Some jazz—very interesting. Most jazz—seriously limited as music."

### At ringside

FROM the Cross, a tram took me down hill to the Stadium, where Stan Kenton, visiting topline jazz conductor and composer, was rehearsing his American-Australian orchestra.

Inside the Stadium, a saxophonist in a Waikiki shirt was wailing up near the bleachers, a trumpeter in a sweat shirt was blasting from the ringside, four girlfriends of the players were chewing gum, the ground was covered in peanut shells and squashed ice-cream cartons, and a sign above the ring announced "Harry Grogan, 10.5, 12 rounds."

As the orchestra arranged themselves in the ring I talked with Stan Kenton, who wore an old grey suit and yellow, tieless shirt, and who is so tall, 6ft. 4in., that he never seems to know what to do with his legs.

Kenton, whose light brown hair is greying at 45, has a long, strongly boned, sensitive face, an elusive, almost sad smile, great personal charm, and could easily be a Scan-



"INTONATION . . . do not force, please . . ."

dinavian professor of Oriental languages.

He is an exponent of "progressive jazz." I asked him to explain.

"It's part of the development of jazz," he said in his quiet, almost confidential voice. "It's a development of the old New Orleans jazz mixed with what I call a lot of intellect."

"It's not popular music. It's out on a tangent all its own—like some forms of experimental classical music. As it is more melodic and harmonic than the older jazz, it's young man's music."

### Against ropes

KENTON climbed through the ropes, said quietly, "O.K., fellers. Pay attention to Mr. Perkins. He will send you off."

Mr. Perkins beat three times with his trombone, the drummer came alive all except his eyes, which looked half asleep, and the band almost lifted the ring covering into Rushcutter Bay.

For the next hour Stan Kenton hung against the ropes like a weary pug, rested a foot on a chair, squatted, sat, stood still with arms at sides, cigarette smoke trickling upwards through his fingers.

Occasionally he beat time with a curious shuddering movement of his right leg.

Occasionally he clicked his fingers or picked up the time with sweeps of his long arms. But mostly he was still—just listening—or talking quietly to the players.

"A bit slower, boys," he would say. Or: "Let's try to exaggerate the dynamics." Or: "Make the triplets very deliberate-like."

It was all jazz to me, and every piece sounded much the same as the last, and equally noisy. During one of the breaks I asked Kenton what he felt about classical music.

"I like the modern experimental classical music," he said, "but the old classical music of Beethoven and Brahms just puts me to sleep."



WHEN STAN KENTON conducts, he generally stands casually, or rests a foot on a chair, or squats. When he composes, he picks out his theme at a piano—like this.





Another  
typical  
entrant in  
Fiesta's  
Prettiest  
Mother  
Competition

MRS. DAWN FERGUSON, Kerry Street, Woodville, S.A., is the mother of three children.

The Fiesta "Prettiest Mother" Competition has closed now, and the judges are having a very hard time choosing the hundred winners from the hundreds and hundreds of photographs submitted. Results will be announced in "The Australian Women's Weekly" dated May 8 — if you entered your mother's photograph, be watching for it. Maybe she has won five pairs of beautiful Fiesta Nylons.



Have you tried the new Fiesta colours "Cuban Sands" and "Rio"? Perfect to team with Autumn's new colours.

It's the seam in your stockings that flatters your ankles... that forms the pencil-line between hem-line and shoe and gives your legs a well-dressed look. Seams mean skin-smooth FULL FASHIONED NYLONS

**Fiesta** by **BOND'S**



ABOVE: Michael helps make a lively fashion picture with Jackie Cahill, top teenage model. RIGHT: Michael poses as an adoring Toreador with French mannequin Simone. He finds it easy to "put himself in the act" when he's on a job.



## Male model in the money

By BETTY BEST, of our London staff

● Lurking in the background of many of London's top-fashion pictures these days is a dark young man with a cheeky grin — very different to most male models' wooden pose.

HE is Michael Bentley, 27-year-old Yale graduate, whose face and figure appear on more posters, in more magazines, and on more advertisements than most film stars.

Michael says, with complete sincerity, that he has reached his present position only through lack of ambition.

"I may be the busiest male model in London," he says, "but don't think I fought for this position for fame. I'm just in it for the money."

"If you can think of any other job I could do to bring in the same money with less effort, I'll do it."

This would be a pretty tall order in a country where the average wage is about £10 a week.

Michael earns more than £2000 a year, and takes a month off twice a year to sun in the South of France.

He has posed with all Europe's best-known models, but is happiest when he's out of focus, with his back to the camera.

"There's nothing glamorous about the trade," he insists. "But if you work hard enough, and long enough, it can pay for a lot of comfort later."

The furniture and fittings in Michael's Mayfair flat prove the truth of this.

So does his wardrobe of 17 suits, nine sports jackets, 10 pairs of slacks, seven overcoats, 40 shirts, 47 pairs of shoes, 14 hats, and innumerable ties, gloves, and accessories.

"Modelling may not be as cosy as an office desk," he says, "but it can be more fun."

Michael was never really set for an office desk, anyway. After taking a Yale degree in anthropology, he was about to go digging in Africa when he was offered a job selling hides in London.

He knew England well because his parents were English, and he had visited the country every summer of his life. He jumped at the job.

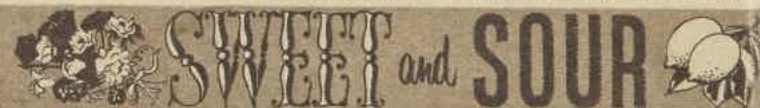
Then he got the urge to be an actor. But after a few "bit" parts and three months out of work, he decided modelling might be more profitable.

That was four years ago. Now he's writing his autobiography, "Slightly Out of Focus," and, like everything he does, he's finding it enormous fun.

That is his greatest charm.



MICHAEL BENTLEY as a back in the background with Italian mannequin Maria Scarofia. Michael says he's happy when his back is to the camera, and preferably out of focus.



● Here are the first winners in our new contest, "Sweet and Sour," in which each week we award £2/2/- for the best entry in each of the two sections, The Nicest Compliment and The Best Backhander.

### THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

I'VE just had my most wonderful compliment and I'm nearing 60. After an extended holiday with my daughter I was packing my suitcase when my six-year-old grandson said: "Don't go home, Nan. Stay with us until you die."

£2/2/- awarded to "Grandma," Forrest, A.C.T.

Send your entries to "The Nicest Compliment" or "The Best Backhander," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

### THE BEST BACKHANDER

A FEW years ago I was singing at one of Melbourne's "Pleasant Sunday Afternoon" concerts, and realising how important it was that the congregation should have heard the words of the songs, I afterwards contacted the verger and asked his opinion.

He looked at me thoughtfully, and finally said:

"Don't worry about that, miss. You're the plainest contralto we've had here for many a long day."

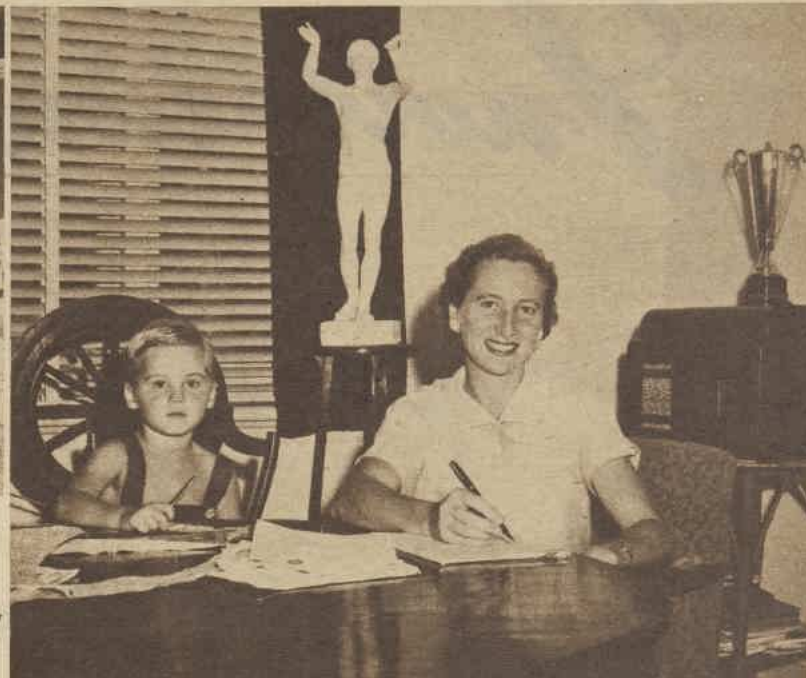
£2/2/- awarded to Miss L. Stone, 9 Louise Ave., Mont Albert, Vic.



# Shirley—hurdler to housewife



**CONTENTED HOUSEWIFE.** Above, Shirley Strickland keeps an eye on her three-year-old son, Philip, as he moves a sprinkler while husband Laurie de la Hunty pushes a barrow-load of soil outside their new home at Salter's Point, Western Australia. Right, Shirley attends to her mail while "Pip" does newspaper cut-outs.



## Olympic champion is happy as she knits October layette

● A new baby in October and a new home have banished thoughts of international sport from the present plans of gold-medal Olympic hurdler Shirley Strickland.

**T**HE mother of a three-year-old son, Philip, better known as "Pip," Shirley is married to geologist Laurie de la Hunty.

And with planning for the new baby and moving into the new home, at Salter's Point, overlooking the Canning River, a tributary of the Swan, at Perth, Western Australia, Shirley is happy in her housewife role.

When she announced, "I'm going to have another baby," her face revealed that this is what she wants most in the world.

Today she has a serenity that has been missing at times through her years of strict training, dieting, and the constant strain of knowing that so much was expected of her by so many.

But Shirley laughs all this away. "I've loved it," she said. "It was self-imposed discipline and I felt really well with my weight down."

"Perhaps there was a bit of strain just before a race," she admitted, "but that is all. Hurdling is a good sport for a girl."

However, in Melbourne, before the Olympic Games last year, she was like a tight-coiled spring, tense, not an ounce of waste flesh on her, skin drawn over her cheekbones and looking older than her 31 years.

On the Perth grass practice tracks before the Games she was a familiar figure in her track suit, often alone, always training, practising her starts over and over again. It was the same before Helsinki, and it has been the same now, on and off, for ten years.

Shirley will not have it that she was under a strain. "Our training teaches us to relax," she said. "Don't forget that I had a lot of breaks during

By **WINFRED BISSET**,  
staff reporter

those years. I think it was because of the breaks that I was able to come fresh each time and keep in championship class."

She is continuing the modified training she did until the day before Philip was born. The exercise keeps her fit and she intends to follow it until her second baby is born.

"But you have to be sensible about the amount and kind of

exercise," she said. "It would be easy to overdo it."

Laurie de la Hunty — he and Shirley were married in June, 1950 — is publicity-shy and keeps well in his famous wife's background.

A geologist who spends much of the year in the rich mineral fields of North-west Australia, he has had to follow his wife's sporting career by letters, telephone calls, and portable wireless.

He missed seeing his wife's triumph at the Melbourne Olympic Games, but he was at the airport to meet her when she returned to Perth, and was photographed with Shir-

### FOR THE RECORD...

**SHIRLEY STRICKLAND** has competed in the three post-war Olympic Games. Here is her record:

- London, 1948: Member of the women's 100-metres relay, placed second; third in the 80-metres hurdles; third in the 100 metres.
- Helsinki, 1952: First in 80-metres hurdles in record time; second to Marjorie Jackson in 100 metres; third to Marjorie Jackson in 200 metres.
- Melbourne, 1956: First in 80-metres hurdles in record time of 10.7 seconds; member of the relay team that won 100 metres in record time.

ley and Philip at the airport before he had time to dodge.

Theirs was a University romance. Both have Bachelor of Science degrees from the University of Western Australia.

Their new house is built on a terraced slope that has to be planted with grass and laid out in flower-beds.

Shirley has had some gardening practice at the riverside home her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Strickland, built at Applecross after retiring from their farming property at Pithara.

It was Mrs. Strickland who took Philip to the Games in November so that he could see his mother run.

After all the excitement of the visit, he has settled back in his routine—kindergarten in the morning, and playing with every child in the neighborhood in the afternoon.

"I blow a whistle when I want him," said his mother, "because I never quite know from what direction he will appear. He's a reasonably obedient little boy, but," she said, in that sensible, matter-of-fact way of hers, "no better than the best, and no worse than the worst."

There are no immediate plans for Philip's education at the moment. He hasn't got beyond the cut-outs at kindergarten. He has his room in the new home, and there will be a table and chair and other gentle reminders for a young man to get on with his homework.

"Pip's" cradle and pram are being overhauled and a new layette has been started for the new baby.

"I can't sew," said Shirley, "but I do a lot of knitting. Mother does all the sewing and I managed a bit of gardening for her as fair exchange."

With her own home she finds she has so much to do she does not know where the time goes.

"Laurie keeps asking me when I am going to get the curtains done for our plate-glass windows," she said, and sighed. "I'll really have to get on with them soon."

Shirley will go to King Edward Memorial Hospital at Subiaco for her baby's birth.

Of her sporting plans she said: "Local, possibly, yes, because I am training and interested in several people, but no more internationals."

Fanny Blankers-Koen, a Dutchwoman with two children, won four gold medals in London in 1948, but, for the time being, sport and politics—three times Shirley has denied that she planned to stand for Parliament—are out for Mrs. de la Hunty. There are those curtains to be put up and the flower beds prepared for seedlings.



### Melbourne: Tense and tired

**HARD-TRAINED ATHLETE:** Shirley (at left), tense and with her skin tight over her cheekbones, trains in a track suit before the Melbourne Olympic Games. Above, the tired but happy holder of a gold medal after winning the 80-metres hurdles in the record time of 10.7 seconds. Shirley's father, Dave Strickland, a Stawell Gift winner and his daughter's coach, critic, and encourager, recently celebrated his 80th birthday.



# Invitation to a Kiss



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CUTEX NAIL BRILLIANCE ..... 4/9





VICTORIAN crew training on the Yarra at night is, from left, Marie Prosser, bow, Shirley Prosser, Judy Potter, Nola Brundell, stroke, Mrs. Jess Stockman, cox.

# Keen women rowers battle for "Bertha"

## State teams seek Australian title in Brisbane

● When the starter's gun sounds over the Brisbane River on April 27, teams from New South Wales, Victoria, and Queensland will set off on a three-quarter-mile race for the Australian Women's Four-Oared Championship.

**T**ROPHY for the classic event, at present held by New South Wales, is a most impressive silver model of a young oarswoman, meticulously garbed in the fashion of 1920 and affectionately known as "Bertha."

This trophy was donated by the Licensed Victuallers' Association of Queensland in 1920. Although the first race was held there in 1920, Queensland has only once won the famous title, in Melbourne in 1954.

Though "Bertha's" uniform of long jumper hanging loosely over billowy bloomers with a linen hat, long stockings, and lace-up shoes brings smiles in every clubroom, Australian women rowers are most serious about winning her as a trophy.

For months past selected New South Wales crew members Pauline Thom, Doreen Addison, Noeline Watson, Hazel Horth, and emergency reserve Margaret Agnew have stuck to training instructions of their coach and cox, Lionel Robberds.

Mr. Robberds, who coached

the Australian Coxswainless Four for the Olympic Games, says that the girls, all pretty and aged between 19 and 22, are working to the hardest schedule since pre-war days.

They are keeping to a diet, drawn up by the late Professor Cotton, of steak every night, wholemeal bread, wheat hearts, fresh vegetables but no potatoes or peas. Smoking, alcohol, and soft drinks are out, and they try to average nine or ten hours sleep a night.

Three nights a week and every weekend the crew trains on the Parramatta River, covering, by the time the championship comes up, 350 miles. The palms of their hands are scarred and calloused from rowing.

Similar stories come from the other States. Coach of the Queensland crew, Alan McElligot, is full of praise for his girls' enthusiasm. "Since last September, they have trained every night, seven nights a week."

This crew, Beverley Stephenson, 18 (stroke), Alice Camp, 18, Anne Melville, 17, Shirley Geysing, 18, and 10-year-old cox Chris Sinclair, is the youngest ever to represent Queensland.

All from Maryborough, 170 miles north of Brisbane, they formed the Wide Bay Club last year and in their first season won the State Cham-



TROPHY, popularly known as "Bertha," was donated in 1920 by the Licensed Victuallers' Association of Queensland. It is made of silver.

pionship as a "dark horse" entry.

Rowing is almost a family matter for four of the young members of the Victorian crew. Two of them are sisters, Shirley and Marie Prosser, and two, Nola Brundell and Judy Potter, are cousins. All from Albert Park Women's Rowing Club, they have grown up together in that suburb.

Their coach, Mrs. Jess Gaynor, also a member of the Albert Park Club, was a member of the Victorian crew which won the Australian championship in 1939. Coxswain this year is Mrs. Jess Stockman, from Essendon Ladies' Rowing Club.

Because of disruption of their activities following the disastrous River Murray floods last year, South Australia is unable to compete. Western Australia and Tasmania, where women's rowing lapsed during the war years, have not yet come back into the field.



UNIFORMS show a marked change since this New South Wales team visited Melbourne in 1923. Members are, from left, V. Sargeant, bow, B. Bagley, I. Pike (manager of the 1957 N.S.W. crew), C. Martin, stroke, and cox F. Crozier.



NEW SOUTH WALES, present titleholder, will be represented by, from left, Noeline Watson, Hazel Horth, Doreen Addison, holding "Bertha," and Pauline Thom, stroke and captain, with coach Lionel Robberds (not pictured) as cox.



YOUNGEST team ever to represent Queensland comes from Maryborough. From left they are Shirley Geysing, Alice Camp, coach Alan McElligot, Beverley Stephenson, and Anne Melville, with cox, 10-year-old Chris Sinclair.

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● The Queen in Paris

# FAIRY - TALE FASHIONS



GLITTERING GRACE in two of the magnificently embroidered evening gowns Queen Elizabeth wore during her State visit to Paris. Left, the sheath style in which she set a new Royal fashion for her trip down the Seine. Above, ivory satin gown embroidered with French flowers she wore to the Opera.



# Colorful highlights of visit



SOLEMN CEREMONY at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier (shown above) and the spectacular illuminations and decorations along the Seine (shown below) are memories the French will treasure. The Queen laid a wreath on the Tomb to honor French war dead. The Seine was decorated to highlight the Royal couple's progress down its fabled waters. The floodlights that lit up the buildings along the banks were reflected between the bridges.







## the final touch

So necessary to every woman, every girl. Anyone can offend through perspiration odour. There's nothing unusual about it—nature decides that you will perspire and that means perspiration odour. Don't be complacent because perspiration odours are not apparent to YOU, they are to others. You must use a personal deodorant to preserve after-bath freshness.

\*Mum is no ordinary deodorant

Mum's exclusive ingredient M3\* actually destroys the germs that make perspiration offensive... eliminates entirely all body odours for a full 24 hours.

Completely safe and delicately perfumed, Mum gives that minute-by-minute protection that lasts right from one shower to the next.

Mum is the deodorant you can be sure of.

The world's most successful deodorant, Mum never irritates normal skins... never rats your clothes.



\*M3 is known to science as hexachlorophene—the wonder ingredient which destroys odour-causing bacteria without harm to skin and clothing.

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Remarkable device, once the secret of Hollywood stars, now takes inches off your ankles, calves, thighs, knees, hips... while you rest!

Make your legs lovely... fast! "RHOO" embraces your feet and ankles, "shoo" fat off your legs while you relax. Invented by Franziska of Hollywood, figure consultant to movie studios, for starlets to use at home while they study their parts, read, or watch TV. Actually fun to use! Slip "RHOO" over your feet, wiggle your toes... and heavy calves, flabby thighs, unattractive knees, thick ankles are firmed and slendered. This is an amazing scientific method, fully guaranteed to work.

Holle  
BOX 32, G.P.O.,  
SYDNEY.

FREE  
10-day  
TRIAL

Leg Beauty Course and Measurement Chart Included. The pleasant way to use "RHOO" for fast slimming is pictured and described in Franziska of Hollywood's famous Leg Beauty Course. Record measurements on the chart... and see results within 10 days or YOUR MONEY BACK. SENT ON 10 DAYS' APPROVAL. BOX 32, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W. Enclosed is 30/- Please rush me "RHOO" and Franziska of Hollywood's Leg Beauty Course (in plain wrapper). If not pleased, I will return the item within 10 days for full refund.

MISS/MRS. ....  
ADDRESS .....  
W1557 ..... (Shoe size) .....

# Dull diet drove housewife to crime-writing

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN, staff reporter

● Sydney thriller-writing housewife Mrs. Hazel Treweek this week revealed how a dull, repetitive menu of stew and potatoes in a London garret led her to crime fiction.

MRS. TREWEEK, who, like Agatha Christie, is married to a classical scholar, recently returned from a 16-month trip to England and Europe with her husband and three children.

"Our money was rationed on the trip," she said in the rambling garden of her Lindfield, N.S.W., home. "With three children it became necessary to supplement the ration."

"We went because my husband (Dr. A. P. 'Ath' Treweek, senior lecturer in Greek at Sydney University) had been invited to do research work with the Institute of Classical Studies in London."

"At first we didn't know where we would get the money to take all of us. So for several months I coached children in Leaving Certificate and Matriculation French, English, Latin, and History."

"Then off we went with the children—Helen (10), Ann (6), and David (4)—and no thought of writing or even working."

"Travelling with three children? Well, it has its moments, but I wouldn't have missed the delight of it all. I'm hoping we can leave the children at school next time we go overseas."

Mrs. Treweek, a rounded, jovial brunette with a semi-Eton crop, went on:

"By the time we got to England there wasn't much money left to play around with."

"We'd had a leisurely trip through the Continent—it cost us £85 for a fortnight in a second-class pensione at Rome."

"So when we got to the flat at Croydon, London, money was certainly rationed."

"And, if you doubt it, just look at me now. All this extra weight comes from the tons of potatoes we ate to eke out the ration."

"You see, Ath and I wanted to keep every available penny for the theatre and other such joys that only London can offer. So we ate stews, and drank in the culture."

"But the money scarcity was a problem."

"And if you were starving in a garret with three young children, you'd soon think of a money-spinner, too. That's where the crime-writing began."

### First failure

MRS. TREWEEK'S first effort was an article on clean-up campaigns. She submitted it to a London newspaper and smartly received a rejection slip.

A short story went the same way.

Mrs. Treweek bought a book about writing and read dozens of magazines, studying the style of each.

Twelve days later she completed a full-length thriller, "Murder in Olympic Village."

"With all the cheek of an Aussie I rang J. Arthur Rank and told him I had a book I thought would make a good film. Of course, he wasn't interested."

"My career almost ended



MRS. HAZEL TREWEEK, who has written 13 thriller-film scripts and three full-length mysteries, works in the garden of her Lindfield, N.S.W., home. She writes in long-hand because she hasn't learned "to think on a typewriter."

there. But I called on another film company and they think the book has a film potential. But I must get it published first."

"Then the manager of this company invited me to submit scripts for the 'Crime Does Not Pay' series."

"I wrote 13 in three months and I've had three accepted."

"Now I can't stop thinking about plots. I see them everywhere—in shops, theatre queues, railway stations, even art galleries."

Mrs. Treweek, who writes under the name of Hazel Holmes ("it has the feel of a thriller writer"), is thorough in her approach.

Early in her writing days, when she didn't feel qualified

to write about the mechanics of the law, she asked Scotland Yard to let her see the "inside workings."

"They were wonderful and removed any misconceptions about criminal procedure," she said.

What does Dr. Treweek think of his wife's ambitions? "He's interested and often helps me with my plots," she said.

Mrs. Treweek claims her writing is improving through a London correspondence course and at that she's happy.

"I don't ever expect to be brilliant," she said. "I'm just writing pot-boilers to bring in money for all those extras and travel I have in mind."

## Up in the air over Spacemen

● A charming grey-haired woman stepped ashore in Sydney recently on her first trip home in 26 years and confessed she'd fallen in love with the little men in flying saucers.

THIS isn't quite as zany as it might sound, because the woman, Mrs. Mary Patchett, is one of the world's few female writers of space fiction.

Mrs. Patchett, a former Sydney journalist, has written four books and several short stories about space and interplanetary travel.

They are a startling contrast to her tales of animals and the Australian bush with which she made her initial literary success five years ago.

Probably her best-known work in this field is the novel "Cry of the Heart," which has an Australian setting and was serialised by The Australian Women's Weekly last year.

It was "a love of anything new and different" that sent Mrs. Patchett into the mysteries of outer space after she had been introduced to a member of the British Interplanetary Society.

"It's a wonderful subject to write about, you know," she said. "Once you land your characters on a planet you can let your imagination run riot."

"But getting them there is another matter." Here Mrs. Patchett was careful to distinguish that she was a writer of space fiction and not space fantasy.

"All my methods of flight and facts and figures are feasible, according to present knowledge," she said, "and I have all my work checked by an electronics expert."

Mrs. Patchett said she would not be surprised if a flying saucer landed on earth. "They are aerodynamically possible," she said.

"So we may yet meet some of my dreamboat monsters."

But now, with her love of change, Mrs. Patchett has abandoned space fiction and is about to begin work on books about underwater swimming and sea life.

"I'm probably about the only Australian who can't swim properly, but the sea fascinates me and I'm studying all I can about it," she said.

"I've been taken 25ft. down off the French Mediterranean coast. I nearly died of fright, but it was a wonderful experi-

ence and I could introduce my feelings into books about the sea."

Mrs. Patchett hopes to gain much on-the-spot knowledge for her new books on the Barrier Reef.

Later this year she will return to London, where she first went—for a six months' visit—26 years ago.

In 1952 she decided that freelance journalism was too precarious an existence and took to writing books.

She has since had 20 published, and three more are in manuscript. Many of her books have been translated into eight languages, and a French omnibus of her Australian-set children's books is being prepared.

"I'll always be grateful for my childhood days in the country," said Mrs. Patchett. "It gave me a love and understanding of animals, which I feature in my work."

Regrettably, she recently declined an offer to have a 35ft. python shipped to her.

"But only because I don't know where it would fit in my 27ft. flat," she said.



MRS. MARY PATCHETT



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SO LOVELY! SO PRACTICAL! There's never been anything like **HILTON** brushed nylon. It's new...it's unique...it's a modern miracle fabric! It's nylon—brushed to a new downy softness. Glamorous to look at, light, easy to care for, with an amazing plus feature...it's incredibly warm!

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195. Designed to flatter. Has fitted midriff and fully gathered skirt. Feather embroidery on the bodice is exclusive to **HILTON**. Gay gathered skirt. Nylon feather with Swiss nylon embroidery. Peach SW, W, OS. £7.15.0

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189. Has loose fitting skirt for extra warmth. Bodice tiered with soft permanent pleats. Softly tied with rouleau at the neck. Peach Blossom, Bluebell, Orchid. SW, W, OS. £7.15.0

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as no ordinary soap can...



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**Tact deodorant soap**  
actually keeps perspiration

# Odour-Free

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to wash away up to 95% of the germs  
which actually cause perspiration odour

Gentle, fragrant Tact makes perspiration odour a thing of the past.

Tact Deodorant Soap contains a great, new anti-odour discovery — miracle ingredient G11, known to science as hexachlorophene.

**G11 HEXACHLOROPHENE**

Perspiration odour is caused by germs! Perspiration has no odour—at first—but the germs which live on everybody's skin quickly cause it to decompose, become offensive. Tact, with G11, washes away up to 95% of these odour-causing germs and stands guard against new germs on your skin.

You can wash over and over with ordinary soap and thousands of these

germs stay—but, when Tact's miracle ingredient has removed these odour-causing germs, you can't offend.

**Wonderful for complexions, too!**

Tact helps clear up surface blemishes and minor skin infections, is ideal for teen-age skin problems. G11 is so gentle it's used in baby lotions.

**BUY TACT DEODORANT SOAP**  
**IN THE BIG BATH SIZE . . .**  
**and 'SAVE MONEY!'**

REGULAR SIZE 1' - BATH SIZE 1½

**NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT YOU LACKED TACT**

# TELEVISION PARADE

By NAN MUSGROVE

● A clock with a mother-in-law recently appeared on Channel 7, ATN, when the Postmaster-General's Department introduced viewers to "George," their talking clock.

"GEORGE," in official language, is "The British Post Office Speaking Clock Mark II," but to Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Rigby, of Northbridge, N.S.W., he is the man who married their daughter.

When the Rigbys heard that "George" (that's what everybody calls the clock) had been on TV they called at the G.P.O.

The Public Relations Officer there, Mr. F. C. Barnes, was startled when Mrs. Rigby described herself as "George's" mother-in-law, but recovered and took her to see him in the clock-room.

After the visit Mrs. Rigby wrote to her son-in-law, who is the voice that gives the famous clock its personality.

In real life "George" is Gordon Gow, an Australian who is now a film critic for the British Broadcasting Corporation in London. He was intrigued to hear that he had been on TV here in mechanical form.

Gow was chosen to make the announcements after a test for voice clarity and inflection.

He made the recordings in what he describes as the most "sound-proofed" studio he has ever worked in. The atmosphere in it was so dead that when a small housefly got in it sounded like a dive-bomber.

"George," incidentally, makes 4320 different announcements in a 12-hour period, but Gordon Gow made only 94 different recordings.

These are on three different tracks — one carries all the minute announcements, the second carries the hour announcements and the common phrases, and the third disc carries the second announcements and the three pips.

Part of each announcement "George" makes comes from each one of the three discs in the correct sequence and without any pauses to break the continuity of the sentence.

"George" certainly is a clock-and-a-half. He is most popular, and is called on by tourists from all over the world. He has his own visitors' book and his own room at the G.P.O.

★ ★ ★

TV highlight of the week for me was an incident in the second-grade Rugby Union match, Eastwood v. Gordon, from Channel 7, ATN. Two of the players started what looked like a knock-down, drag-out set-to, with haymakers and hair-pulling making exciting TV.

It broke up quickly, but not before the commentator's classic remark: "I see a little bit of something untoward going on . . ."

★ ★ ★

SYDNEY journalist Richard Hughes, well known as the brilliant pianist-vocalist



ABOVE: The mechanical "George." Right: The human "George," who is Gordon Gow, an Australian radioman now in London.



of the Port Jackson Jazz Band, recently appeared on Channel 2, ABN, with ABN's Doug Channell, one of the few "sound" personalities who is not a TV disappointment.

Hughes was interviewed and played the piano, which meant various close-ups of the Hughes hands, normally stained by nicotine.

Young Mr. Hughes got to work on the stains with every known device and preparation and arrived at the studio with unstained hands and well-manicured nails.

Preparation for the show took him to the make-up artist, who looked at his hands and produced a bottle of dark brown stain lotion.

She used it lavishly and Mr. Hughes went "on camera" with hands that were nicotine-complexioned all over.

The make-up didn't interfere with his piano-playing, but either the make-up on his face or the evil eye of the TV camera added at least 10 years to his age.

Mr. Hughes is 25 but he looked nearer 40.

WHICH brings me to a question that people are always asking me: What does the TV camera do to people?

Awful things. It seems to freeze the most seasoned performers into a kind of jerky immobility, and it is cruel in the way it strips away make-up and presents the face you own when you get out of bed in the morning.

Sometimes, as in the case of young Mr. Hughes, it makes people look much older, but I am inclined to think that heavy make-up is to blame for this, or it could be the lighting.

I think men look much better than women generally, and brunettes much better than blondes.

Up to the age of about 25, girls of any coloring look good, but after this age I think the brunettes look best. Good examples of this are Hollywood's Lilli Palmer and Australia's Aileen Britton, who is on the panel on "What's My Line?" on Channel 9, TCN.

But everyone thinks differently. A TV make-up expert tells me I'm completely wrong. She says that for a woman

light red, corn-colored, ash, or platinum are the best colors, that brunettes have to be sprayed with glitter or have to be tinted to a piebald look to telescope well.

I don't know, I'm sure.

★ ★ ★  
MR. CHUCK FAULKNER, of Channel 9, TCN, has now qualified for the title of television's Pimpernel. With Chuck now, it's a case of "You see him here, you see him there, those viewers see him everywhere."

He's commenting enthusiastically at the Royal Easter Show one minute, reading the news the next, and, later, getting up regardless in his dinner-jacket, is Rendezvousing at Romano's. He's good, but you can have too much of a good thing.

★ ★ ★  
I WILL soon be able to slay you with my TV jargon. I was amazed when I recently visited ATN to hear someone refer to an "idiot board."

I really did think they were going too far in their frankness about the person who had to read from it.

An idiot board is just a name for the board on which commercial advertisements are printed in block letters.

Announcers and performers read from these boards, thus appearing to have no script or to be ad-libbing.

The idea behind the name (not true, of course) is that the people who use them are too silly to learn.

★ ★ ★

LATEST TV team in America is a surprising trio. It is made up of Jane Powell and two ageing screen-lovers, David Niven and Charles Boyer. The gentlemen will alternate as Jane's leading man in half-hour plays, but they don't say what type of plays. Jane as an old man's darling, perhaps?



# Marilyn—"unique, rather sad"

● When Baron returned to London after World War II, he had no money, no home, no studio, and a left arm crippled by a war wound.

In this final instalment of his book, "This Was My Life," he tells how he struggled his way back to the top, to meet again the famous and to take photographs that won world acclaim . . .

THE picture, however, was not all black. My former partner, Reggie Eyre, turned up again and, although neither of us had any money, we decided to join forces once more.

We hunted round the West End for studio space, and eventually found exactly what we wanted—smart, elegant premises off Park Lane.

Finding capital is a hard and exhausting business. One day I stood in deep gloom in a West End cocktail bar, wondering how we were to solve the problem, when a miracle happened.

Harold Lever, a Socialist Member of Parliament for Manchester, joined me. He was an acquaintance—I did not know him well enough to call him a friend—and we had a drink together.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked. "You look as though you were at the last stage before the Foreign Legion."

"I just wish I could find a thousand quid," I said.

Without a second's hesitation Harold Lever pulled out his cheque-book and wrote out a cheque for £1000.

Harold Lever's loan has been completely repaid and—on his own insistence—without interest.

Thus we were installed. We had a smart address. All we needed now were people to photograph.

It was not easy. I was forced to do fashion photography, which I neither like nor excel at.

The struggle assumed the same form that it had done before the war, empty bank accounts, week succeeding week in desperation which never quite descended into hopelessness.

I was lunching one day at the Holborn Restaurant with two old friends—Sean Fielding, who had written the war film "Desert Victory," and Frank Shaw, a publicity man.

## Thursday Club

I SUGGESTED forming a little club to lighten the gloom that surrounded us all and that we should meet with friends once a week.

The club would be devoted to absolute incoherence. We would eat as well as we could, tell stories, and swap reminiscences.

The following week—it happened to be a Thursday—we met at Wheeler's Oyster Bar in Soho, and that is how the Thursday Club was formed.

The first members were an interesting cross-section of post-war London society.

There was James Robertson Justice, the bearded Scottish

movie actor who played the Harley Street specialist in "Doctor in the House" and whose favorite pastime is falconry; Tony Wysard, caricaturist; Arthur Christiansen, editor of the "Daily Express"; Vasco Lazzolo, the artist; my brother Jack; Michael Trubshawe of the celebrated handlebar moustaches.

Subsequent members included Prince Philip of Greece, whom I invited to join.

Meanwhile, above our studio the clouds were lifting and the sky was showing blue.

At the beginning of 1947 I was asked by Dickie Mountbatten to take photographs of himself and his wife, Edwina, at their lovely house, Broadlands, near Romsey.

Rumors of an engagement between his nephew, Prince Philip, and Princess Elizabeth were circulating at this time.

I had just finished taking some outdoor portraits and had come into the house out of the snow to take some further shots when Prince Philip, piloting his red M.G., arrived from Corsham, where he was an instructor in the Navy, to take tea with his uncle and aunt.

It was on that day, I believe, that he said he had been "nationalised," a word which the Socialist Government had put on everyone's tongue but which, in Philip's case, meant that he had acquired his British citizenship.

## Back on map

AS winter approached I was asked by Prince Philip to be responsible for the wedding photographs of himself and Princess Elizabeth. It was my first assignment to Buckingham Palace.

It would be my third winter since the war, and suddenly I realised it had taken me exactly two years to get back on the map.

With a thrill of satisfaction, I thought of my Royal assignments, all the famous who again were asking for appointments.

When people ask me to name the most colorful personalities in the post-war era, without hesitation I reply:

PIETRO ANNIGNONI, the portrait painter.

PETER USTINOV, actor, writer, director.

GILBERT HARDING, television star.

MARILYN MONROE, movie actress.

Each one has the world at his feet in England, in Amer-



BARON portraits of Marilyn Monroe (above) and Diana Dors (right). Comparing them, Baron says Marilyn is the better actress and personality and more beautiful.

ica, or in both places, yet in no case has fame and success altered their personalities.

Pietro Annignoni takes his success lightly.

Once when we were driving along the Mall, Annignoni chuckled, and, indicating Buckingham Palace, said in his thick Italian accent: "Senti, Baron, what do you think of my new studio?" He was busy painting the Duke of Edinburgh at the time.

I was the first to see his tremendous portrait of the Queen which stole the show at the Royal Academy. It is still today the most famous of all Annignoni's works, but he himself was not too pleased with it.

We were arguing about Annignoni over dinner recently and I found myself furiously defending the Italian's genius.

At the end Peter Ustinov rose to make a toast "To a man whose photographs are like fine paintings, who has the generosity to defend a man whose paintings are like fine photographs."

Peter dresses up too much for the stage and screen to enjoy my yearly fancy-dress parties greatly. I remonstrated with him when he turned up at one in a black tie and dinner jacket and told him he was spoiling the fun.

"You do not understand," said Peter coldly. "I am disguised as a Russian diplomat at a morning garden party at Buckingham Palace."

One of Ustinov's talents which few would suspect of a man of his bulk is tennis, which he plays furiously and at near Wimbledon standard.

Matching Ustinov as a raconteur is Gilbert Harding.

Only one fault prevents Gilbert from being the perfect companion. He tends to lose interest unless he is doing the talking.

The sweetest thing about Gilbert is his remorse. He is an inveterate writer of repentant letters on the mornings after parties, and sends apologies to people he thinks he insulted. In fact he insults



fewer people than he thinks he does.

Fourth of my most fascinating acquaintances is Marilyn Monroe, whom I photographed in Hollywood.

Marilyn is unique. Nothing about her is affected. Her hips sway when she walks, because she knows no other way to walk.

Marilyn, I felt, was one of the most appealing people I had ever met, rather defenceless and rather sad. She does not know how or why she is sexy. She just is.

Comparisons with Diana Dors are obvious, which is a great compliment to Diana because fundamentally she is not in the same class with Monroe, as an actress, a beauty, or a personality.

## Dors legend

THE curious thing is that Marilyn, although she searches so earnestly for "culture" and even married one of America's top intellectuals, has nothing like the intelligence or wit of Diana Dors.

Monroe's success is a triumph of nature rising to the top. Diana's is the triumph of ice-cool calculation.

Look at Diana's record. She was born with the impossible surname of Fluck. She is not really sexy. Her figure is not

a good one and she is not pretty.

But Diana has created a legend around herself.

While Marilyn does everything out of instinct, Diana is thinking, thinking all the time.

Marilyn would give up everything for the man she loves. Diana would studiously avoid a situation where such a choice became necessary.

In this book I have mentioned some of the things I have done, some of the famous men and women I have met, but there is much yet I want to do.

I want to act in a West End play, direct a film, drive a car at 150 miles an hour, stand for Parliament as a Tory, marry.

I had always wanted to go to Australia, a country that draws me strongly if only because the Australians I know are such aces.

By the time this book appears I will have been and returned in the Duke of Edinburgh's official party to the Olympic Games.

FOOTNOTE: Baron was to realise none of his ambitions. A few weeks after finishing his story he was dead. Suffering from osteo-arthritis, he entered hospital for an operation and never recovered.



PRINCE PHILIP, photographed by Baron at the home of Lord and Lady Mountbatten. Baron classes this among his favorite pictures of Philip, whom he often photographed.



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**ST. LEGER DAY RACES.** Attractive Carmen Clarke and her father, Mr. Trevor Clarke, of Dunkeld, Victoria, at Randwick. Carmen wore a brown tweed suit and black velour beret.



**QUARTET** of sisters and brothers at Randwick on Doncaster Day are (from left) Pat Osborne, of "Carrandooley," Bungendore, Martha Rutledge, of "Gidleigh," Bungendore, Caroline Rutledge, and Mike Osborne.

## SOCIAL JOTTINGS



**FROM MELBOURNE** for the autumn races came Mrs. Baillieu Myer, of Toorak (left), who picked the winners with Barbara Potter. Mrs. Myer and her husband, with their two-month-old son Sidney, stayed with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hordern, for the Easter festivities.



**ELEGANT** mother and daughter combination on St. Leger Day were Mrs. Bruce Campbell (right) and daughter Beth, who wore a beige-and-white tweed suit she bought on a trip to Hongkong.



**LEAVING** the P.L.C. Memorial Chapel, Pymble, after their wedding are Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby Erratt. The bride was Robin Allen, of Boggabri.

**THE** Easter parade at Randwick racecourse got off to a flying start on the opening day of the A.J.C. four-day autumn race meeting when the warm sunny weather and a cloudless blue sky encouraged nearly every woman racegoer to wear her new Easter bonnet with a winter outfit.

However, as the day warmed up lots of envious glances were cast towards the few who had taken this last opportunity to wear their summer dresses.

Melbourne visitors waxed enthusiastic over the weather, so we crossed our fingers and murmured, "But Sydney's always like this."

**THERE** were so many pretty girls up from Victoria for the Show and races that they nearly stole the limelight from their Sydney cousins. Two attractive blondes, Sally Manifold and Sarah Gilder,

attended the St. Leger Day meeting with Sally's parents, Sir Chester and Lady Manifold—Sir Chester is the president of the Victorian Racing Club. And petite Eve Grimwade, in Sydney for a week's visit, wore one of the prettiest young outfits of the first day... a bow-tied cotton printed in tan, white, and green, with a turquoise velvet coat and matching velvet cap.

**BEST** talking point at Randwick on St. Leger Day was the tie worn by American cattle expert Harold Thieman, of Concordia, Missouri... Mr. Thieman visited Sydney to judge the Poll Shorthorns at the Show and he had a head of a Poll Shorthorn painted on his grey silk tie. He also carried a cowboy-style grey sombrero. Mr. and Mrs. Thieman will leave Sydney on May 1 on the next leg of their round-the-world trip.

**WHEN** Mrs. Alexis Albert brought back from Paris a Maud et Nano hat of grey-tipped white feathers tied with narrow velvet ribbon and wore it to the spring races last year, she certainly started something. I counted eight of these hats, all practically identical, at the first day of the autumn races—without a doubt the most popular hat of the whole meeting. Mrs. Norman Hill chose it with brown-tipped feathers and tied with brown velvet ribbon; Mrs. Bob Rowland-Smith in all-white feathers tied with red velvet; and her mother-in-law, Mrs. Rowland Smith, sen., wore it with black-tipped feathers with her black wool sheath dress; Mary Nelson and Mrs. John Coghlan chose identical feathered caps with brown velvet crowns.



**PRETTY COUNTRY GIRLS** at the races are Julia Arnott, of "Glenatton," Murrumbidgee (left), and Mary Whitney, of "Bindah," Mudgee. Julia wore an English suit of strawberry-pink wool.



**NIGHT POLO AT SHOW.** Mr. Frank Bragg, of "Rosa-gole," Aberdeen, president of the N.S.W. Polo Association, arrives with his wife and daughter Sally to watch the night polo, which was one of the popular features of the Show.



**TRIO OF GUESTS** at the Town and Country Ball at Princes are (from left) Mr. Bill Gordon, Mrs. Mick Larritt, and Mrs. Gordon. Proceeds will aid the Smith Family.

**TAKING** time off from riding polo ponies to watch the Doncaster were Laurie Smith and Manduke Baldwin, members of the American polo team which played in the night polo at the Show. They watched the races with their wives and the Baldwins' sixteen-year-old daughter Katy.

**COMMENT** from a baffled committee-member as he watched the new millinery between watching the horses, "Most of these hats look like inverted handbags to me."

**NEWLYWEDS** Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Chisholm (she was formerly Jo Dalglish, of "Pomeroy," Goulburn), who are just back from a month's holiday in New Zealand, attended the St. Leger Day races. They left Sydney next day to drive back to Alice Springs, via Melbourne and Adelaide. Bruce is the younger son of Mrs. Jim Sargood, of "Bond Springs," Alice Springs, Northern Territory, and the late Mr. Roy Chisholm.

Anne





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## Recipe

1 lb. beefsteak	1 oz. Keen's Curry Powder
2 pt. seasoned stock	1 oz. flour
1 onion, sliced	1 oz. sultanas
1 apple, chopped	Cup boiled rice
Juice 1 lemon	2 oz. fat

Fry meat cubes in fat with apple and onion. Stir in flour and Keen's Curry. Cook for 3 minutes, add stock and simmer 1 1/2 hours. Stir in lemon juice and sultanas 5 minutes before serving. Serve meat surrounded by border of rice and green peas, and garnish with strips of red chili and lemon slices.

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## FOR TEENAGERS

# Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

● Love may be a many-splendored thing, but it doesn't seem so from the letters which arrived this week. It's just trouble, trouble all the way.

FIRST letter I opened was full of heartache. Here it is:

"I AM nearly 15 and have been going with a boy a bit older than myself for over a year. We love each other very much (please don't say this is too stupid at our ages), although sometimes he wanders to other girls, but he always comes back to me. Lately (he'd always been a bit wild), he got into trouble when he took a bit of money. I refuse to believe a lot of stories I have heard about him, because I love him. I have had plenty of boy-friends, but I never loved anyone as I do him.

"My parents and relations do not like him. I cannot see why. He is good-looking, has good manners, and is my choice for an ideal man.

"He hasn't contacted me for two weeks, and I'm feeling awfully worried and broken-hearted. I don't believe he is capable of stealing anything, although his family background is not good. Please do not tell me to forget him, as I can't. I love him."

"Worried Teen," N.S.W.

Of course you can't forget him. You have to do something much harder—cut him right out of your life. Why? You are too young, and from what you tell me your boyfriend adds up to nothing but trouble.

Love does many things, but one of the things it doesn't do is change people. They'll go on "wandering" and breaking your heart and living the way they intend to live.

When you are an adult you will have the wisdom and maturity to decide whether to love someone worthless is worth while. Now, you must cut him right out, and do exactly as your parents want you to.



## A word from Debbie . . .

TRY making your own sundaes, and serving them for the gang when the exchequer is healthy.

Use the tallest glasses in the house and fill them one-third full with dissolved lemon jelly. Prepare a packaged caramel dessert according to instructions and when cool pour on to set jelly. Chill thoroughly, top with ice-cream, a trickle of strawberry or raspberry jam, and sprinkle with chopped nuts.

Here's another recipe: Place spoonfuls of ice-cream in individual sweets dishes. Add sliced banana and chopped jelly. Pour over some whipped cream and top with chocolate sauce or jam and sprinkle with cashew nuts.

You'll need something savory after one of those. Here it is. Buy a packet of potato chips and a piece of liver sausage, skin the sausage, mash with a fork to a smooth paste with a little lemon juice and mayonnaise. Spread on potato chips and serve.

"I AM a boy of 17 and I am classed as fairly good-looking, yet I have never had a girl-friend. I know a certain girl of my own age but have never spoken to her. I see her regularly and I have a feeling that she has a liking towards me. I know that I have been deeply attracted by her. She often smiles at me, but I am rather shy with girls. How can I get acquainted with her, please?"

"Lonely One," Sydney.

You can smile right back at her and say "Hullo" to her next time she smiles at you. Obviously she likes you and she has gone as far as any well-mannered girl can go by smiling at you. The next step is up to you, and I should think that if you don't take it pretty soon, the girl will turn sour and just stop smiling.

"RECENTLY I met a boy whom I like. He lives over 200 miles away and has written to me a few times saying that he would visit me

again soon. The trouble is, he has seen me only at night with make-up on and so doesn't know that I haven't very nice skin. He will see me in the daylight on picnics, swimming, etc., and as I can't wear make-up all the time I do not want to disappoint him, as he is so nice. My girl-friends say that if he likes me he will not worry about my skin. Please help me to overcome this anxiety."

"Juleze," W.A.

Shakespeare said it better than I can: "... love looks not with the eyes but with the mind." This is true. I'm not pulling your leg or indulging in flights of fancy; once the initial blow between the eyes has been dealt—and you obviously have delivered a knockout—you're set. Boys sensibly then look deeper than the complexion and the hairstyle and like or dislike you for yourself. I wouldn't worry about the swimming make-up; just enjoy yourself as you are and see what happens.

## \*\*\*\*\*DISC DIGEST\*\*\*\*\*

THE LP disc numbered KLC.518 is certain to be a collector's piece for buyers of serious modern music since it is a first recording of Shostakovich's Violin Concerto, Op. 99. Once upon a time a first recording was something of a rarity, but with the advent of LP this is no longer the case. But this particular disc, however, is in the stand-out class because the violinist is David Oistrakh, believed by many today to be the world's outstanding master of that instrument.

The concerto was given its premiere by the Leningrad Philharmonic on October 29, 1955. Ten weeks later Dimitri Mitropoulos conducted it with the Philharmonic - Symphony Orchestra of New York. Directly after its first American performance, the work was recorded for this present

disc, another point which adds to its value for collectors.

The concerto is not easy music and deserves your full attention, but I think you will find it rewarding. Being a new work in every sense of the word, you may find it somewhat "remote" at first hearing, but with repeated playings you will gradually start "making friends" with it.

But even from the first time you spin the turntable you will be impressed with Oistrakh's magnificent playing. Since 1934 he has been a professor at the Tchaikovsky Conservatory in Moscow, but while he was virtually unknown as a concert artist outside Europe, reports of his art permeated into Britain and America. Those who had heard him in person spread the news, and his Russian-made recordings were eagerly sought.

It is only a little over a year since he visited America, and since then he has received tumultuous acclaim. Each subsequent public appearance has been in the nature of a near-riot, and, now that his American and British-made recordings are procurable, record fans are able to join in the flag-waving.

The cover notes which accompany this recording provide two other interesting facts. Oistrakh's stature as an artist is reflected in the fact that this Violin Concerto has been dedicated to him by the composer, and the other side-light is that in 1935 Oistrakh, when playing for a competition in Warsaw, lost first place in the finals to the late Ginette Neveu, who was then only fifteen years old.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 1, 1957



# Send Willie my love

By **MARY BISHOP**

ILLUSTRATED BY BATTEN

**I**T was at the family dinner table that Janice Butterfield decided she couldn't bear it another minute. The atmosphere was so stiff it could be broken off in chunks.

The whole family was treating her as though she were a rich, ailing aunt to be treated with sympathy and deference. Even Tiger, her small brother, was on his best behaviour. Her father was excessively hearty, her mother struggling to keep conversation going, and her Aunt Emily had placed a cushion at her back—though how that could be expected to help mend a broken heart Janice didn't know.

She left the table abruptly, ascended the stairs, and closed her bedroom door firmly behind her. "And now they all think I'm going to cry my eyes out," she said to herself, "and maybe I am."

She sat down on the edge of the bed and prepared to cry, but trying to squeeze tears from her tear glands was like trying to squeeze water from desert sand. "But I'll have to do something. I can't stand this house—this town—another minute. These last two days!"

She looked at her watch. A train left Platsville for Sydney in thirty minutes. She burst into sudden activity, packed a case, dressed, wrote a note and left it on the dressing-table, checked her bag for money—then felt guilty about the money—but Aunt Emily wouldn't have it back, so it really was hers, and then slipped down the back stairs without being seen by any member of the family.

She arrived breathless at the deserted station in time to see the smoke of the train in the distance—the wrong distance. It had already departed. She dropped her case on the platform with such force it flew open.

"Damn!" she said and knew it wasn't lady-like, but enjoyed saying it.

She stood watching the departing smoke until her breath returned and then rage and frustration took over in a most berserk fashion. "I hate William Whitfield the second!" she howled at the hills surrounding the station.

And "I hate William Whitfield the second" echoed back at her from the hills.

"Do you hear?"

"Do you hear?"

"So there!"

"So there!"

Then at the thought of Willie's face if he could see her and hear her, she began to giggle hysterically. She was sick of being a lady. She'd tried hard for years just for his sake. Her clothes, her hair, her manners always under scrutiny. Having it pointed out to her the things that were done and not done.

Always the gentleman—Willie! And what had happened to his standards? Someone had changed him and that was more than she'd been able to do—not that it would have occurred to her to try.

Her giggles ebbed away into sobs. And now she hoped everybody was happy. From the minute it had happened they'd all said, "Have a good cry, dear, and you'll feel better."

She got down on her knees and began piling clothes into her case and her sobs subsided into hiccups. She wondered vaguely what Willie would suggest should be done if at a social occasion she were attacked with an inopportune bout of hiccups, and then said happily, "To hell with Willie."

As she crawled a few inches forward on her knees to reach for her skirt, she drew her

hand back, startled at the sight of a masculine pair of shoes. She did not look up and after a moment reached again for the skirt and began folding it with meticulous care, the procedure jerked by hiccups.

They were a young man's shoes, she decided. Hic! Sturdy with wide welts and very masculine. Hic! The man inside would not be small, either. They were brown. Hic! And then she began arranging and rearranging her case, putting off the moment when she would have to look up. Hic!

"Stop that!" said a gruff masculine voice,

and then she was pulled to her feet and shaken violently.

She choked back a scream, and then the shaking stopped and there was Tony Baldwin with the usual scowl on his face and no one to be frightened of. Not that Tony always scowled, but he had always scowled at her, starting from the time when he was in the fourth grade and she was in the third at the Platsville school—much to her annoyance.

If he'd ever smiled at her—or given her

To page 18

"Stop that!" said a gruff masculine voice and Janice looked up to see Tony scowling at her.







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**IF IT'S FAULDING'S . . . IT'S PURE**

any indication that he was interested in her — she believed she would have had the strength to shake off Willie, who had clung to her since childhood days.

"That stopped them. A good scare always stops them."

He was dressed in a smudged khaki boiler suit, the uniform he wore in his electrical shop, and was looking at her as though she were a broken element. "You've missed your train. Do you want to go home?"

She gave him a long calculating look, then shrugged. "No, I don't. I want to go to the country club dance and no one has asked me to go on account of Willie. I want to dance and be happy."

He continued to scowl. "From your actions I'd say you were happy—slap-happy."

She placed a hand on his arm. "Will you take me to the dance?"

He backed away. "I dislike pretty girls."

"I know you've never liked me," she said petulantly. "But I want to go and no one has asked me. Everyone thinks my heart is broken. Everyone avoids me. When I walked down the street today you'd have thought I had the plague. They ducked into shops and crossed streets so they wouldn't have to talk to me. And I can't stand it any longer. I want to go to that dance to break the ice—to show them my heart isn't broken."

He sighed wearily. "Mop up while I see if some electrical equipment came in on this train and I'll run you home."

He arrived back with a parcel, tossed it into the back of the truck along with her case, and saw her into the cabin. "What's this about Willie?"

"I've been jilted. Now you know. And what that does to a girl!"

"Does it do any more to a girl than it does to a man?" he asked bitterly.

And then Janice remembered that Lousia Baynes had broken off her engagement to Tony just two weeks before the wedding. "But it's worse for a girl. Everyone thinks there must be something wrong with her."

"You'll get over it," he said grimly. "You'll live."

"But aren't you going to tell me that if that's the way Willie is, it's better to know now. Aren't you going to call him a cad and tell me to have a good cry?"

He started the motor. "I never could see what you saw in Willie. He's a stuffed shirt with about as much personality as a clam. And I can't imagine what has made him act in that out-of-character manner."

"I don't care what made him act that way. I'm just glad I'm free."

"If you don't care, then it's just your pride that's hurt and why that act at the station?"

"It makes me so angry that no one believes me." Janice started to sniffle again. "Willie has been in Melbourne for the past three months. He was to arrive here three days ago and we were to be married tomorrow. But absence made me see how good life could be without him."

"There we were, living next door to each other all our lives and Willie had become a habit—a persistent and now I know an irritating habit. And five days before the wedding I realised I couldn't go through with it. I didn't know what to do. I decided I'd wait until he came and then ask him how he wanted the matter handled. And I told no one of my plans—not even my mother. And so no one knew."

He stopped the truck at the gate and for the first time in his life grinned at her. "And so your heart isn't broken?"

"I'm more angry than anything else. Willie made the jilting simple enough—just a

## Continuing . . . Send Willie My Love

from page 17

her shoulders? She never did love Willie."

Mrs. Butterfield tut-tutted, and said, "Most unnatural."

"Unnatural be blowed! I tell you those Whitfields cramped her style—always gave. That girl's in love, and for the first time."

Mrs. Butterfield began to knit vigorously. "I do hope she doesn't do something foolish. And she couldn't fall in love just like that."

He walked over and put a hand on her shoulder. "Couldn't she? How long did it take us to fall in love? And has that been a mistake?"

She dropped her knitting in her lap. "I knew the minute I saw you," she said dreamily, then pulled herself together briskly, "but, of course, if you hadn't turned out to be what I thought you were at first sight, I expect we shouldn't have married."

As Mr. Butterfield went back to his newspaper he remarked, "I reckon, Mrs. Butterfield, you were a very lucky woman. You know you'd have married me even if I'd turned out to be a stinker."

"Which you did," said his sister, Aunt Emily, as she entered the room. "I had a time keeping Tiger out of here. He says Tony Baldwin makes model aeroplanes with jet engines, and I gather that if Janice has any consideration for her brother she'll marry Tony. The wedding could take place tomorrow, and wouldn't I love to see Ma Whitfield's face if it did."

**H**EADS turned and tongues clacked when Janice and Tony arrived at the dance. "How could she?" some asked. "Has she no shame?" "Why should she be ashamed?" said her defenders. "It's Willie that needs a hop in the snoot," said too much alcohol, "and I'm just the one to do it if he ever sets foot in this town again." First time Tony had been to a dance since Lousia, said the girls enviously.

"And take that gruff look off your face," said Janice to Tony, "and act devoted. There was a psychologist who once said, 'Act devoted, and you will be devoted.'"

He grinned at her then. "I've never said I wanted to be devoted." Nevertheless, he did act that way, and soon the tongues stopped, and Janice found people were talking to her naturally. "Wonder what struck Willie?" they asked.

Then someone gibed: "They say she has beauty, brains, position, and money, and the greatest of these was money."

Janice smiled and smiled, and Willie was almost forgotten when Lousia Baynes arrived accompanied by her husband. They were both looking like storm clouds. Lousia walked away from her husband, and straight up to Tony. "Oh, Tony, darling, I've been so unhappy." She closed her eyes. "Dance with me just once."

"Hello, Lousia," said Janice.

Lousia turned to Janice. "You here?" She smiled sardonically. "Fancy Willie!"

Janice didn't like her tone, so smiled sweetly at Lousia. "Sorry about the dance, but we're leaving. I'm helping Tony with some work, and we have to leave early." And with a hand on Tony's arm she pushed him toward the door.

"And just when the party was getting interesting," mourned Tony.

"Too interesting," said Janice, and deliberately walked into the curve of his arm so

he would have to put it around her. "You could have her back if you wanted her."

With his free hand he opened the car door. "I told you I dislike pretty girls and I don't want Lousia back and I'm not going to catch you on the rebound." He pushed her towards the seat.

He started the car angrily. "Lousia threw herself at me, too, and I'll be darned if I'm going to be caught twice."

"But I wouldn't treat you the way Lousia treated you. We could be married tomorrow. The wedding cake is made and—"

"I'm taking you home."

"If you take me home I'll walk back to the shop and if you won't let me in I'll stand and make faces at you through the window."

When they arrived at the shop, Tony donned a dustcoat and, as he was ignoring her, Janice searched and found one to wear, too. She found the broken toaster and while he worked on a motor she found a new element and some tools. When she had finished fixing it she took it to him for inspection. He seemed annoyed he could find nothing wrong. Then she fixed an iron and then a vacuum cleaner.

"You'd be quite the little helper about the shop," he said sarcastically.

"And I can cook, too."

She walked up close to him so that her hair was irritating the tip of his nose. "Your face is dirty," he said as he took her in his arms. "When I was in the fourth grade I used to sit on the fence and watch you playing with Willie in the third grade playground. But there was always Willie and I made up my mind there always would be Willie and I'll marry you tomorrow if you want me to. All's fair in love, they say. You are the one who needs time to make up your mind."

Janice twined her arms about his neck and kissed him. "I don't need time. I always knew you were watching me from the fourth grade fence and I wished you'd pulled my hair just to show me you cared, but you never did."

When Janice arrived home she awakened her mother and father. "But you can't get married tomorrow," protested her mother, "the arrangements have been cancelled."

Aunt Emily arrived in the bedroom then from just outside the door where she had been listening. "I can rearrange the arrangements, starting now."

"Tony is leaving on a holiday tomorrow and I'm going with him," said Janice to her mother, "so make up your mind."

The next morning when Mr. Whitfield heard the news he came spluttering to Janice. "But I can't let you make this terrible mistake. You must wait, child, and think it over. My Willie is responsible for enough without this hasty marriage. I beseech you." Then his eyes took in Janice's radiant face and his voice trailed off.

"There are some wedding presents here sent by relatives and friends of the ex-groom. I'll send them over and that should straighten everything out. And please," she added heartily, "send Willie my love."

Tiger bounced into the room. "I'll take 'em over, Sis. Tony makes model aeroplanes with jet engines," he told Mr. Whitfield, "so send Willie my love, too."

Aunt Emily stopped in the doorway with flour on her face and her sleeves rolled to her elbows. "And that goes for me, too. I mean it. Just look at Janice—she's never been so happy."

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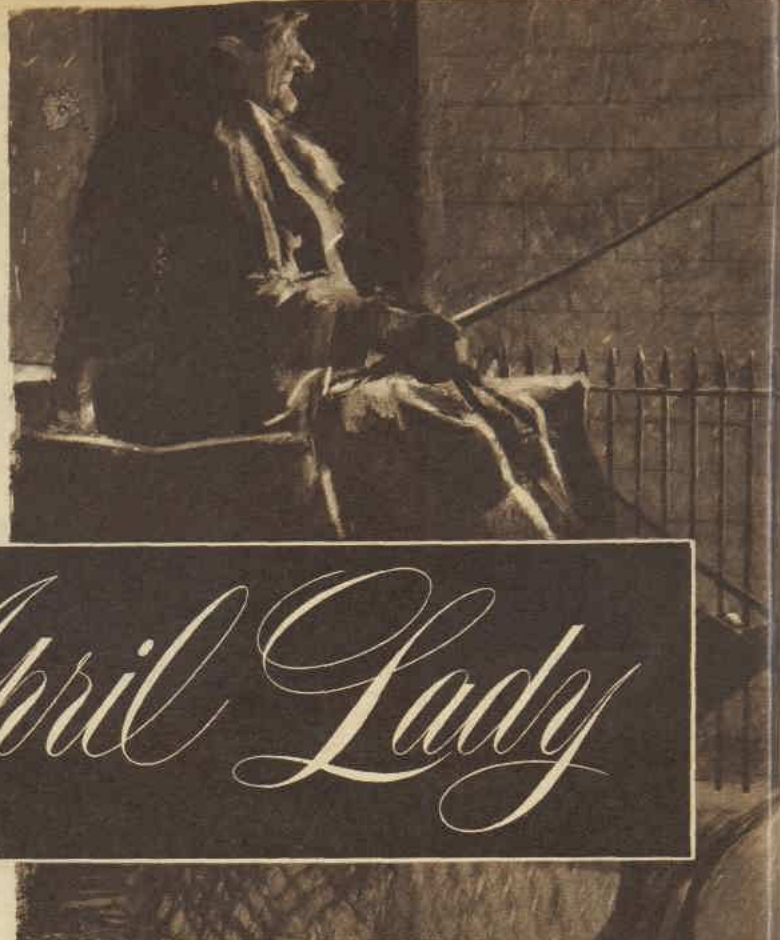
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## Final instalment of our enchanting Regency serial

By  
**GEORGETTE  
HEYER**

ILLUSTRATED BY  
BOOTHROYD



# April Lady

NELL had known that full confession would be difficult, but not that Cardross would make it as difficult as this. She had to overcome an impulse to acquiesce, for it now seemed beyond her power to tell the whole of her tangled tale to her husband, this stranger, who watched her with such merciless eyes and spoke to her in so biting a tone.

But the inward struggle lasted only for a minute. She drew a shuddering breath and said faintly, "No. I—I have known—since Tuesday. I must explain to you—try to explain to you—why I haven't told you—until today."

"At least let me be spared that!"

She was startled, for the words had burst from him with savage violence. Her eyes leaped to his and she recoiled instinctively from the blaze of anger she saw there. "Cardross—"

"Be silent!" He flung round towards his desk and wrenched open one of its drawers. "You need explain nothing to me—as you perceive!"

In utter amazement she stood staring, almost unable to believe her eyes, for what he had taken from the drawer and tossed contemptuously on to the desk was the Cardross necklace.

From a whirl of conjecture nothing coherent emerged; she was so much at a loss that she could only gasp, "You have it!"

"Yes, Madam Wife, I have it!" was the reply.

Relief swept over Nell. "Oh, how thankful I am!" she cried. "But how—why—I don't understand!"

"Don't you? Then I will tell you!" he said harshly. "It was brought to me not an hour ago by an astute little jeweller whose son—neither as astute nor, I fancy, as honest as himself—had bought it yesterday for the sum of two thousand pounds! I imagine he must have blessed himself for his good fortune; it cannot be every day that such easy clients present themselves! He would be obliged to cut the necklace up, of course, but even so it is worth a trifle more than two thousand, you know. No, you don't know, do you?"

She hardly heard the bitter, jeering note in his voice, or grasped the implication of his words. She was staring

at Cardross with knit brows, rather pale, and with her breath coming short and light. "Yesterday," she repeated. "Yesterday? Who—did he tell you—who?"

His lips curled disdainfully. "No, he didn't tell me that. His fair client—understandably, one feels!—was heavily veiled." He caught the tiny sigh of relief that escaped Nell. "Nor am I quite such a flat as to have wished for further information on that head!" he said, the savagery again rampant in his voice.

"A lady—unquestionably a lady! A young lady, dressed in the first stare of fashion, who would not disclose her name—how should she, indeed?—or accept a banker's draft in payment! Do you suppose, when I had been told that, that I catechised Catworth?"

"Catworth?" she said quickly. "The man who came to see you—came twice to see you—has just been with you?"

"Exactly so! If only you had known!—Is that what you are thinking, my sweet love? How should you have known? It was not he who bought the Cardross necklace for a song. You met the son—quite a knowing one, in his way, I should suppose, but by no means as downy as the father. If my new-found acquaintance is to be believed, he had never seen or heard of the Cardross necklace. Well, it may be so! I am much in debt to the father, and should be reluctant to disbelieve him. After all, I have never dealt with a Cranbourne Alley jeweller. Perhaps young Catworth is not fly, but green! It is otherwise with the elder Catworth. He recognised the necklace the instant it was shown him and saw his duty clear before him!"

"I must always regret that I was not just in the humor to enjoy the scene as it deserved to be enjoyed. So discreet he was! So virtuous. Not an ungentlemanly word spoken throughout! He did not even permit himself to hope for my future patronage, and he accepted without a blink every whisper that I uttered! An admirable man—I must certainly place a little business in his way. How very shabby it would be if I did not!"

He paused, but she did not speak or

move. There was a queer, blank look in her eyes. Had he but known it, she was less concerned with the injustice of what he had said than with the realisation of what must be the true story.

He picked up the necklace and put it back in the drawer. Turning the key in the lock, and removing it, he said sardonically, "You will forgive me, I trust, if henceforward I keep it in my own charge. I am persuaded you must, for you have never admired it or wished to wear it, have you? You should have discovered its worth, however, before you set out to dispose of it. I cannot have my wife so easily gulled, Lady Cardross!"

At that, Nell blinked and half lifted one hand in a beseeching gesture. "Ah, no! Giles, Giles."

It did not move him. "Oh, don't waste your cajolery on me, my pretty one! You will catch a cold at that now! I was a bigger flat than you, but, believe me, the game is up! You hoaxed me wonderfully, bowled me out with that sweet face and those innocent ways! I thought I was up to every move on the board, but when I saw you—when you put your hand in mine and looked up at me and smiled—" He broke off and seemed to make an effort to master the rage that was consuming him. "You must pardon me, I had not meant to open my lips on this subject until I had had time to recover, in some sort, from the chagrin of having every suspicion, forced on me during the few months of our marriage, confirmed!"

"Well! I have come by my deserts! I should have known better than to have been taken in by that lovely face of yours or to have believed that under your charming manners you had a heart to be won. To be sure, you never gave me reason to think it, did you? How unjust of me to blame you for that! I will engage not to do so again, but must try to fulfil better my side of the bargain. It has been brought home to me how lamentably short of expectation I have fallen, but that can be mended, and shall be."

"Tell me, my sweet wife, at what figure do you set your beauty, your dutiful submission, your admirable discretion, and your unfeigned politeness?"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 1, 1957





She had stood quite still, neither flinching from the ugly shafts aimed at her nor making any further attempt to speak. Nell was very white, but although she heard what was being said to her she hardly attended to it. Cardross was saying such terrible things, but he did not know the truth. He was saying those things to some creature who did not exist, not to her. It hurt her that he could so misjudge her, but she never thought of blaming him. Just so had she misjudged Dysart and with far less cause.

"Well? Why do you hesitate? Or don't you know what I'm worth?"

Nell looked at her husband and saw a stranger. She couldn't tell him all the truth while this black mood held, much less disclose the shocking suspicion in her own heart. In the end he might have to know that, too, but it was not certain yet.

But if a worse disaster than Cardross knew threatened there might still be yet time to avert it. Only she must not waste precious moments in trying to justify herself or expose Dysart and Letty to the white heat of his anger. Later she would tell him, but not now, when her own part in the affair had suddenly become a matter of very little importance beside what might well prove to be Letty's.

Trying to speak, Nell found that she had too little command over her voice. He was still watching with those hard, angry eyes. That hurt and made tears spring to her own. She winked them away and managed to say, with a pathetic attempt at a smile wavering on her lips, "I can't answer you, you see. Later, I will. Not now!"

Tears blinding her, she went towards the door. Cardross' voice checked her, even startled her a little. "No, come back. I didn't mean it, Nell! I didn't mean it!"

He took a quick stride towards her, only to be brought up short by the opening of the door and the entrance of his butler.

"I beg your lordship's pardon!" Farley said apologetically.

"Well, what is it?" Cardross snapped.

"I thought you would wish to know, my lord, that Sir John Somerby called to see your lordship ten minutes ago. He is waiting in the salon."

"Tell him I will be with him presently!"

"No, please go to him now!" Nell said gently, and left the room without again looking at her husband.

She went swiftly up the stairs, past her own rooms, and up another flight to Letty's. Martha, running up two minutes later in an-

**Mr. Hethersett, very natty in silk stockings and a waistcoat of watered silk, raised his quizzing glass to observe Nell, unescorted, and in her day clothes, leave a waiting hackney and timidly approach his steps.**

swer to the summons of a bell clanging so wildly that it was plain its pull had been tugged with peremptory vigor, found Nell standing in the middle of the room and quailed under the sternly accusing look in her eyes. "Oh, my lady! I didn't know it was your ladyship!"

"Where is your mistress, Martha?"

With the instinct of her kind to admit nothing, Martha said defensively, "I'm sure I couldn't say, my lady."

"Indeed! Then will you come down, if you please, to his lordship," Nell said calmly, gathering up her half-train and moving towards the door.

That was enough to induce Martha, in a panic, to tell all she knew. It was not very much. She had indeed accompanied Letty to Bond Street that afternoon, where they had met Selina Thorne. Letty had sent her home then, saying that she would go with her cousin to Bryanston Square, and her aunt would convey her home later in her carriage.

"Was Mrs. Thorne with Miss Selina?" Nell demanded.

"Oh, yes, my lady!" Martha said, a little too glibly.

"Did you see her?"

Martha hesitated, but the unwavering blue gaze disconcerted her, and she muttered that Miss Selina had said she was in Hookham's.

"I see. At what hour was this?"

"I—I don't know, my lady! Not to say precisely! It was when my Lord Dysart was with your ladyship that we stepped out."

"Lord Dysart left this house before two o'clock. It is now half-past six, but Lady Letitia hasn't returned and you felt no anxiety?"

"I thought—I thought it was her ladyship that rang for me!"

Nell's eyes swept the room. "But you have not laid out her ball-dress?"

"Her ladyship said—perhaps she should not go to the Assembly, my lady! She said—not to get in a pucker if she was late, or to say anything to anyone, except that she was gone to Mrs. Thorne's, but she didn't tell me more! On my truth and honor she didn't, my lady!"

"You must have known, however, that she didn't mean to return. No, don't tell me lies, if you please! Lady Letitia does not take her brushes and combs and her toothpowder when she goes shopping."

Martha burst into tears, sobbing that she had not known, that her ladyship had given her a parcel to carry, saying it contained some things she meant to give to Miss Selina. Yes, it was quite a large bundle, but she didn't know what was in it; her ladyship had packed it herself and never told her, and she would happily lay down her life for her ladyship, particularly when the dear angel was being made so miserable as never was, and not a soul to turn to but one who had served her from the cradle, as it were.

"That will do. I think you have acted this part with the intention of doing your mistress a service and did not mean to help her to do anything that would bring down the most dreadful consequences on her. But if she has indeed eloped you will have done her the worst turn that lay in your power. I hope she has not—indeed, I believe that Mr. Allandale has a greater regard for her reputation than you have shown. I don't know what I may be obliged to tell his lordship; that must depend on whether I can find her ladyship and bring her safely home. And also, a little, on your conduct now."

The terrified Martha, eyes starting from her head and teeth chattering, began to gasp out promises of abject obedience, but Nell cut short her protestations, saying, "Stop crying and listen to me! I am going immediately to Mrs. Thorne's, and if I find your mistress there or can discover from Miss Selina where she may have gone, perhaps no one need know what has taken place today. So you will not speak of this to anyone. Do you understand me? If you should be asked where I am you must say that you don't know. Now go downstairs again and desire Sutton to come to my bedchamber, if you please!"

Sutton, entering her room five minutes later in the expectation of helping her to change her dress, found her clad for the street in her bonnet and a light pelisse.

Before she could give expression to her surprise, Nell said coolly, "Sutton, it is very vexatious, but I am obliged to go out. I don't know how long I may be." She raised her eyes from the gloves she was drawing over her fingers, and said, "Perhaps you may guess my errand. I am persuaded I can rely on your discretion, if that is so."

"Your ladyship may always do so. But

if, as I fancy is the case, you are going to find Lady Letitia, I beg you will permit me to accompany you."

"Thank you. It is unnecessary, however. I—have a particular reason for wishing you to remain here. I am very reluctant to let it be known to anyone—if Lady Letitia has done something foolish which—which perhaps I may be able to mend!"

"I understand you perfectly, my lady. My lips shall be sealed, come what may!" announced Sutton, in prim accents, but with the resolute mien of one bound for the torture chamber.

"Well, I don't think anything very dreadful will come of it," said Nell, smiling faintly. "His lordship doesn't dine at home tonight, so perhaps he will not inquire for me. But if he should do so, could you say that you suppose me to have gone out to dinner? He won't ask then where Lady Letitia is, because he will think she must be with me."

"Certainly, my lady. He shall learn nothing from me."

"I am very much obliged to you. One other thing; can you, do you think, contrive to draw George out of the hall so that he doesn't see me leave the house? He would think it odd, and perhaps talk of it, you know."

"Very likely, my lady! I will step downstairs immediately and desire him to fetch up your ladyship's dressing-case from the box-room," said Sutton with aplomb.

"But what in the world should I want it for?" Nell objected.

"That, my lady, is none of George's business!" replied Sutton coldly.

Whatever George may have thought, the ruse proved successful. There was no one in the hall to see Nell slip out of the house and no one within earshot when she softly shut the front door behind her. She heaved a sigh of relief and set off quickly in the direction of the nearest hackney-coach stand.

Mrs. Thorne's butler, opening the door to Nell in time to see the hackney which had brought her to Bryanston Square move slowly away, was very much surprised that her ladyship should have deigned to enter such a lowly vehicle, but she had expected that he would be, and told him in the easiest way that her carriage has suffered a slight accident.

He seemed satisfied with this explanation, but when she asked for his mistress he was obliged to tell her that Madam had retired to her room to change her dress for dinner.

"Then, if you please, be so good as to ask your mistress if I may go up to her," said Nell, as though it were the most natural thing in the world for a lady of quality to arrive in a common hackney half an hour before dinner-time, wearing a morning dress, and coolly demanding to be taken up to her hostess' bedroom.

The butler looked doubtful, but he went to deliver this message, returning almost immediately to beg her ladyship to step upstairs.

Mrs. Thorne was seated before her dressing-table, enveloped in a voluminous wrapper, and with her hair only half pinned up into the elaborate fashion of her choice. She was a stout, good-natured looking woman, and when she rose to greet Nell she seemed rather to surge out of her chair.

"Oh, my dear Lady Cardross, pray come in and forgive my receiving you in such a way! But I would not keep you waiting while I scrambled on my clothes, and so I told Thomas to bring you to me straight away."

"It is very kind of you. I should not be troubling you at such an awkward time," Nell said, shaking hands. "May I talk privately to you for a few minutes?"

"Oh, my dear! Yes, yes, to be sure you may! Go and see if Miss Fanny is dressed yet, Betty! I will ring for you when I want you back again. Set a chair for her ladyship before you go! Do, pray, be seated, Lady Cardross!"

She herself sank back into the chair before the dressing-table, saying, almost before her maid was out of the room, "Tell me at once, my dear! When Thomas came to say that you were below, such a presentiment shot through me! And I can see by your face I was right!"

"I don't know—I hope not! Mrs. Thorne, has Letty been with you today?"

"Oh, my goodness gracious me!" cried Mrs. Thorne. "If I didn't know it! No, my dear, I haven't seen Letty since she visited us last week. Don't tell me she has gone off

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He was such a lonely old  
man . . . a short short story

# BITTER SUNDAY

By PEGGY SIMSON CURRY

MARY ANN told herself she was cruel and selfish. How could she feel so hateful towards a nice old man like Joe's father?

She punched her bed pillow, and then raised on her elbow to look at Joe. He opened his eyes and looked at her. They were sleepy brown eyes, but they brightened as he reached for her, pulled her down against him, and kissed her.

Once that would have been the wonderful beginning of a wonderful day, the only day in the week they had to spend together. Now it was a nagging reminder that there was a big one-o'clock dinner to cook, that a tottery old man would sit at the head of her table and serve the plates with unsteady hands, dripping gravy on her clean tablecloth.

Asking his father to serve had been Joe's idea. It had started that Sunday when Joe said, "Mother always expected him to fix the plates, and it'll fill some of the emptiness now that she's gone. It'll make him feel he's still part of a family."

Mary Ann hadn't known then that the Sunday dinner would become a pattern that pleased everyone in the family but her. Now, even the six-year-old twins spoke of Sunday as "Grandpa Pete's day."

"S'matter?" Joe asked.

"Nothing."

"Mary Ann!" Joe's voice was anxious. "What's wrong, honey?"

She sat up in bed. "I'm just sick of it!" she said firmly. "Sick of having your father here every Sunday—cooking all morning—"

She paused, and saw Joe's shocked face. "I'd think," Joe said softly, "you could give up one day a week to be kind to a lonely old man. You have all the rest of the time to do as you please."

"Do as I please!" She was furious. "I'm stuck with children, cooking, washing . . . I want Sundays like they used to be!"

"All right," Joe said sharply. "I'll tell him he's not welcome here any longer."

She pressed her hands to her head. "No! It's not that . . ." Then she saw the twins standing in the doorway; Billy with his thick blond hair tufted into peaks that caught the spring sunlight, and Johnny scowling at her.

"You're mean," Billy said. "You don't like Grandpa Pete."

Johnny said, "It's Grandpa Pete's day and you're tryin' to spoil it!" Joe got out of bed, saying sharply, "You kids clear out of here. Get ready for Sunday school."

Mary Ann put on her housecoat and went to the kitchen. She set the table with the breakfast dishes Grandpa Pete had given her. They were such pretty dishes. He had said, "Take 'em, girl. They're too

fancy for me." He'd given her lots of things—silver, tablecloths, a string of beautiful old-fashioned beads. "But," she thought bitterly, "I don't want him around on Sunday. Heel that I am."

At twenty minutes to one that afternoon Mary Ann put the rolls in the oven. The twins sprinted past her, slamming against the table on their way to the dining-room. "I sit on this side of Grandpa Pete," Billy cried. "No," Johnny's voice rose. "That's my place!" There was a sound of scuffling, and then the crash of breaking glass.

"Boys!" Mary Ann rushed to the dining-room. She stooped to pick up the broken goblet. "Oh!" A little cry of pain burst from her lips. Blood trickled from her finger. Then Joe was beside her, folding his handkerchief over the cut, urging her towards the bathroom.

She stood close to him, feeling the sting of disinfectant. She wanted to press closer, to put her face against his broad chest and say, "Forgive me. It's only because I love you so much I want this one day for us."

"There," he said. His hand moved unsteadily to straighten the collar of her dress. "Mary Ann—"

She trembled. In a moment she'd be in his arms and somehow they'd make right this day that started so wrong. Then she heard the twins shouting, "Here comes Grandpa Pete!"

They hurried to the living-room. Through the picture window Mary Ann could see Grandpa Pete coming slowly up the walk, his lined face impassive, his knotted fingers gripping the cane as he limped towards the front door.

Joe's voice was full of false heartiness as he opened the door: "Well, Dad, glad to see you."

Grandpa Pete took off his hat and passed his hand over his thin white hair. The twins rushed at him, grabbed a leg apiece, and swung against him, shouting, "We're going to play games! Right after we eat!"

Grandpa Pete's mild blue eyes moved to Mary Ann. "Hello, girl. How've you been?"

There was an ache in her throat. His eyes were so kind. "Just fine," she said. "Everything's ready."

Grandpa Pete went to the head of the table. Mary Ann sat down and unfolded her napkin. "Your turn to say grace, Billy."

As they bowed their heads, Mary Ann saw Johnny reach for a roll. She struck his hand a resounding whack. Johnny let out a bellow of protest. "You're mean!" he shouted. "You've been mean all day—pickin' on me—just because you don't want Grandpa Pete around!"

There was a shocked silence. Mary Ann stared at the floor. Carefully, Grandpa Pete rose from the table.

"Dad—" Joe's voice was strained.

"Wait a minute, Dad. Where are you going?"

"Home," the old man said, and he left the room.

The twins began to cry. Joe sat silent. Mary Ann went into the bedroom and closed the door. She shut her eyes tight to hold back the tears, and all she could see in her mind was the tall, bent figure walking away—walking out of her life.

She'd have her Sundays now, but she didn't want them like this, not with the twins upset and Joe hurt and Grandpa Pete no longer her friend. This was terrible; this was worse than one-o'clock dinner every Sunday.

She heard Joe trying to quiet the children: "Eat your dinner and I'll take you to the park."

When they had gone Mary Ann bathed her hot face, put on fresh powder, and went down to Grandpa Pete's house. She walked to the back door and hesitated. She heard a strange sound inside the house. Someone was humming.

She stepped into the house and stopped. Grandpa Pete, wearing a pair of faded dungarees and a T-shirt, was eating a peanut-butter sandwich at the kitchen table.

"Grandpa Pete—I—" Her lips felt stiff. What could you say after you'd hurt someone you loved?

"Sit down," the old man said softly. "Have some coffee."

Mary Ann drew a deep breath.

It had been Joe's idea to ask his father to sit at the head of the table to serve the Sunday dinner, and every week Mary Ann hated it more and more.

"It's not that I don't love you," she began. "It's just—"

Grandpa Pete nodded. "Mighty glad things came up the way they did today. You know, Mary Ann, I don't mind playin' games with your kids once in a while, but it got mighty tedious every Sunday. Just like it got tiresome listenin' to Joe talk baseball, hashin' over all that stuff in the newspapers. I can still read, you know."

Mary Ann stared at him. Then a slow warmth began deep inside her. She smiled. "You should have told me, Grandpa Pete. You shouldn't have put up with it."

He shrugged. "Well, that first Sunday I figured it was a thing I wouldn't have to go on with, exceptin' when I felt like it. Then every time you called I didn't want to hurt your feelings when you'd gone to all that fuss. The longer it went on, the harder it was to speak up. I tell you, girl, I just naturally don't like big Sunday dinners. Never did. My wife, she was all for 'em."

"But I always did like the idea of Sunday being a day of rest, and not like every other fussed-up day in the week. A person doesn't get new ideas for what's ahead of him if he's all tied up in knots on Sunday. And let me tell you something else: If there's one thing my wife

and I did fight about it was me puttin' a dab of this and that on somebody else's plate!"

Mary Ann couldn't help herself—she burst into laughter. "Why," she thought wonderingly, "we're two of a kind." And her hand went out impulsively to grasp the thin, sandpapery fingers of Grandpa Pete.

"Trouble is," Grandpa Pete went on, "most young people don't know how to treat older folks. They either pass us up completely—like we was a potted plant or something—or they fix up everything so we don't have a life of our own." He grinned at Mary Ann. "Have some coffee, girl? I like it strong. Yours is too weak."

For a moment she didn't answer. She was dreaming about the good times that were ahead for both of them—waffles for Friday night supper, picnics, coffee together on mornings when they were in the mood for it. No more worrying and planning. Fun—that's what they were going to have.

Mary Ann put her elbows on the table. "I'd like some coffee and a peanut-butter sandwich, too, please." And, with a happy sigh, she settled herself to enjoy Sunday dinner with Grandpa Pete.

(Copyright)







It would be difficult to find two girls so beautiful and so completely different . . . an amusing romance

By HUGH B. CAVE

# Senorita of Minnesota

HE trudged across the slush-covered campus to the bungalow on Teachers' Row, thumped up the steps, and, feeling foolish, rang the bell. This was probably for kids, this business, and he was pushing twenty-nine.

The door was opened by a small, slender blonde in sweater and skirt, obviously one of the students.

"Roy Peterson," he said. "I'm late. Do you suppose Miss Ekstrand will send me home for an excuse?"

The blonde smiled and said, "I don't think so, Mr. Peterson. Please come in."

He followed the girl into the living-room. The five persons seated there eyed him curiously and the blonde handed him a book.

"Sit anywhere," she said. "That big chair ought to suit a man your size." Her gaze followed him until he was seated. "I'm Miss Ekstrand," she added then.

Pete swallowed. On signing up for the course he had scowled long at the name "Hulda Ekstrand" and thought: From the land of the deep snows, like me; a Brunhild, to be sure.

"Mrs. Barnett, shall we begin?" Miss Ekstrand turned to the white-haired little woman on Pete's right, and for Pete's benefit

added, "We thought we'd introduce ourselves by stating our reasons for being here."

Mrs. Barnett, wife of the local druggist, smiled self-consciously and replied in a whisper that she didn't really hope to get out of Shelton at her age, but she did love to read about far-off places.

"Someday you'll travel," Miss Ekstrand said with gentle conviction. "I'm sure you will . . . And you, Mr. Otis?"

"My uncle owns a travel agency," Mr. Otis said, bored and sprawling. "Wants me to learn the business."

Miss MacLean and Miss Gibson were college students down in their marks. So was Mr. DeNucci.

"And Mr. Peterson?"

They all looked at Pete. Shelton was a smallish town and most of them knew what he was doing. Probably they wondered what a six-foot-three architectural engineer wanted with a Romance language.

"Guess I just want to use my time," he said warily.

He saw the smile come again, briefly, to Miss Ekstrand's expressive mouth. "But why Spanish?" she asked.

Pete defiantly returned her gaze, not failing to note that she was the best-looking

female in the room even though she annoyed him. A man's love life was his own business!

"I've got a fellow working for me who swears in Spanish," he said. "It's time I found out what he's calling me."

It wasn't so awful. Pete learnt some Spanish in high school, and under Miss Ekstrand's patient prodding it began to stir in its sleep. The book, too, was made to order for him. Right from the word "go" it careered down the Pan American Highway into Spanish America.

He had a special interest in Spanish America. Her name was Angelica Rosita Amalia Ortiz, and at the moment she and her father were staying in Shelton.

At nine-thirty Miss Ekstrand closed her book. "Hasta vienes — until Friday," she said. "By the way, I'm supposed to remind all students that the Drama Group is giving a play tomorrow evening in Ellis Hall. Is anyone going?"

She stretched out to be looking at Pete, but he shifted his chair without comment. Where Roy Peterson was going tomorrow evening, and whom with, was his affair.

A chill drizzle was falling when he left work the following afternoon. Driving down to the hotel from the college science building — or what would be the science building when

it was finished—he thought dreamily of palm trees and beaches.

He practised his Spanish aloud in the shower and mentally while shaving, and was annoyed when McGinnis, salesman, latched on to him in the dining-room and yakked about light fixtures. At seven he drove up the hill to the home of Matthew Newton, Shelton's leading citizen. He was no stranger in the enormous white house. Through four years of college it had been a second home to him. He and Johnny Newton, Matthew's only son, had palled around and played football together. They'd been together at Kaesong the night Johnny was killed. Matthew was responsible for Pete's return to Shelton.

There was the rub. Not brains, but Matthew, had brought him back. He had submitted plans for the new college building because Matthew insisted on it. His plans had been selected over others because Matthew's money had an eloquent tongue. Matthew could talk about "talent" and "genius," but nobody was kidding Roy Peterson.

Matthew opened the door, and in the vast, high-ceilinged living-room Pete shook the hand of little Senor Ortiz. Ortiz was not a man you spoke bad Spanish to; his English was as sharp as his lively black eyes. Pete's greeting was a respectful "Good evening, sir."





But when the little man's tall and willowy daughter came gliding down the stairs, Pete took her hands and grinned. "Buenas noches, senorita. Como esta usted?"

Her smile engulfed him. "Muy bien, gracias," she murmured. Her voice was warm milk, like her skin. "So you are learning to speak our language now! For me!"

"For no one else." Still holding her hands, Pete thought again of palm trees and pictured himself reclining under one with such a girl. It probably would never come to pass, because she was a rich man's daughter and Roy Peterson a mere peasant. Still, he could dream, couldn't he? The hitch was that Federico Ortiz, her father, was a builder—one of Venezuela's biggest—and Pete's attentions to the lovely senorita were bound to be misunderstood. Job hunting, papa would think. A fortune hunter.

Ortiz watched without comment while Pete held the girl's mink, then frowned slightly. "May I ask where you are going this evening?"

"To the play at the college, sir."

"The play? I see."

"And while you're there, Pete," Matthew Newton said, "see if you can figure out what's wrong with the acoustics."

"Acoustics, Mr. Newton?"

"The building is only two years old, but there's a bug in it somewhere. At times the echoes are atrocious. We had a good man look it over last winter—brought him up from Boston through three feet of snow—but the confounded place was on its best behaviour and he insisted we were imagining things. I'd like your opinion."

Solemnly Pete nodded. "Of course." And thanks, pal, for the build-up, he thought, even if you don't mean a word of it. I hope the lady is impressed.

The lady was quiet as Pete handed her into his car and got behind the wheel. The rain came down drearily.

"I do not like your country," she

said at last. "It is too cold."

Pete's booming laugh came all the way from his Minnesota boyhood. "This you call cold?"

"Everything is ugly."

"It's the rain, senorita. If this were good clean snow now—"

"Rain, snow—what is the difference? I hate your winters!"

"That's because you've never had a pair of skis under you," Pete said.

He parked as close to Ellis Hall as possible and walked her up the middle of the road where the slush was less deep. The Drama Group play was a big affair. People smiled at him and nodded. Then the crowd around the door hemmed him in, and he had to concentrate on getting Angelica to her seat.

During the play he caught himself analysing the voices, and discovered to his surprise that Matthew Newton was right. It puzzled him. Back at the house he had been certain Matthew was only putting on an act, but the echoes in the hall really were atrocious. All through the first act, oblivious of the performance and the beautiful creature beside him, he studied the walls and ceilings.

Angelica's fingers walked along his arm. "Darling, I would like to go."

"Go?" He looked at her in astonishment, then realised the first-act curtain was falling. "Oh. Out for a cigarette, you mean?"

"Not for a cigarette. I would like to dance, I think."

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*Hulda loved the snow and ski-ing, but Angelica made Pete think of hot sun and palm trees.*

Heath  
Dalgleish



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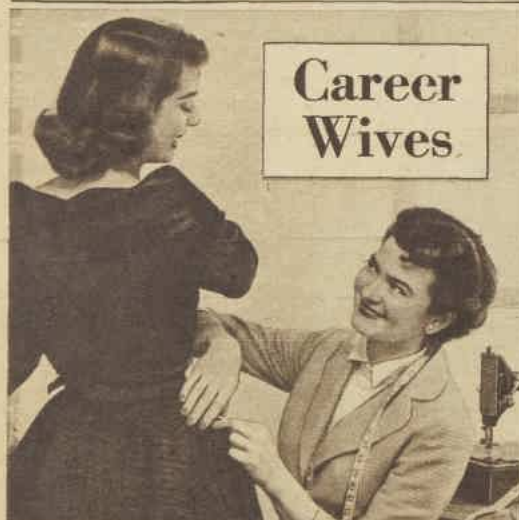
Twice the quantity  
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**5/6**

Standard Size ...  
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Potter + Moore Mitcham Lavender Talcum Powder

make your choice  
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TALCUM POWDER



**Career  
Wives**

"Every year more and more housewives are taking on a job," says dressmaker-housewife, Madame P. Fischer, 28 Anglo Road, Greenwich. To any woman thinking of doing the same, Madame Fischer has this advice:

### "MUSTS" FOR WORKING WIVES

"Remember you'll have half your usual time for housework, so work out a routine. Then, of course, you must keep up your appearance. Nice hands are an asset in any job you take. For instance, all the time I'm fitting a customer my hands are on view. That's why I give them the best of care—and that includes using Persil on washday. Persil, I find, is especially kind to hands, keeping them soft and smooth."

P.142.WW42g

## Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

### WEEK'S BEST LETTER

THE old bugbear of hospital patients is the nurses' habit of waking them up to be washed just as they have settled into a really sound sleep. Why don't we give our patients a better deal and follow the move of America, where they have established a new system to the complete satisfaction of both patient and nurse? Patients used to be awakened between 5 a.m. and 6 a.m., with breakfast at 7 a.m., lunch about 11 a.m., and tea about 4.30 p.m. By 3 p.m. they were hungry again. Now nurses start their shift an hour later and serve breakfast at 8.30 a.m., lunch at 12.30 p.m., and dinner at 6 p.m. After a few weeks nurses vowed they would never return to the old-fashioned routine. Patients were delighted, of course. If they can do it there, we can do the same here.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Wilson, 10 Braund Rd., Prospect, South Australia.

WHAT a boon it would be to parents with small children if some enterprising church were to hold drive-in services, similar to those operating in America. Perhaps the drive-in theatres could rent out their premises on Sunday mornings or evenings. I know many parents who love church-going but who stay away in case their children distract other worshippers.

10/6 to M. Gillespie, Simla Ave., Geebung, Qld.

THESE days, when many people who accept invitations to lunches or dinners are on a special diet and are forbidden by doctors' orders to eat this or that, it would greatly help a hostess if she were told the dishes that are barred. It is both disappointing and embarrassing to have gone to the trouble of preparing a specially toothsome repast to be told flatly that your guest could not possibly tackle one mouthful. And, apart from anything else, in these days of balancing the budget, costs also creep in. Who can afford this waste?

10/6 to "Disgruntled Hostess," Mont Albert, Vic.

TOY swap-shops should be established in all capital cities. Toy prices are so high nowadays that parents would welcome a chance to exchange toys their children were tired of for others they've never seen. Slightly damaged toys could be revived with paint or varnish, and a small fee could be charged for the exchange service.

10/6 to Miss E. Butler, 11 Delville St., Horsham, Vic.

DOES any reader enjoy seeing a film in which the hero is in his fifties or older? Clark Gable and Gary Cooper are very fine film actors, but I think the younger ones mainly should star in pictures. Older men could play older roles and let the young fellows get the kisses. Gable and Cooper had their day 20 years ago.

10/6 to Miss J. Mitchell, Farm 1889, Yenda, N.S.W.

### Bank teller's troubles

AS an ex-bank teller, I can sympathise with "Teller Feller" (10/4/57), who criticised the way women present money to be banked. My pet aversion was also a woman customer—a butcher's wife—who banked the shop takings once a week. She would arrive, usually late, perch her grubby little boy on the counter, and tell him to "watch the funny man count Daddy's money." The cash consisted of coins and notes all jumbled together in a hopeless mess in a large canvas bag, mixed with plenty of fat, small pieces of meat, and sawdust.

10/6 to "Another Teller Feller," Carnegie, Vic.

### Battle of the bulge

AFTER reading Mrs. Fitzgerald's letter (20/3/57) I thought how wonderful it would be if a society similar to Alcoholics Anonymous could be formed for those who, like myself, are constantly waging war against The Bulge. Doctors advise that obesity is a serious condition, and just as dangerous as alcoholism to health, appearance, and, in many cases, even self-respect. Such a society or club would, I am sure, help thousands—especially women—regain health and happiness.

10/6 to "Another Fattie," Cranbrook, W.A.

### Family affairs

OUR family problem was getting our school-age youngsters to carry out what was required of them on first asking. Every time a request from either my husband or myself had to be repeated we added 10 minutes to a penalty sheet that the offender initialled, and on Saturday mornings they had to put in penalty time doing extra study. The first weekend after this plan was introduced penalty time amounted to nearly two and a half hours for one child. The second weekend it was one hour. Now it is very seldom we have to do anything at all. As a result, the children are much more responsive, we don't have to shout any more, and gone are the inevitable irritation and loss of temper.

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. S. Priest, 95 Derwent Ave., Lindisfarne, Tasmania.

• Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

## Ross Campbell writes...

FROM what I've read of them, Earl and Countess Poulett are the jolliest titled visitors we have had here for some time.

The Earl's passion for riding in railway engines is attractive. So is his wife's tolerant attitude to it.

She just says to him: "If you want to play trains, then play trains."

While she was here, Lady Poulett made an interesting observation on another matter. She said: "Australian women are so well-dressed, especially at lunch time. It's such a pity that they don't take the same trouble in the evenings."

Here, I think, Lady P. is on more doubtful ground.

To test her opinion, I asked several women if they dressed especially well at lunch time.

A typical housewife's reply came from Mrs. Brenda Slapitt.

She said: "No. Why should I dress up for lunch? There's nobody here."

"All the children take their lunch to school. Fred's not home for lunch, except weekends."

### FASHIONABLE FEED

"I just make myself a sardine sandwich and listen to the radio for a bit."

Business girls, too, denied that they dressed better for lunch than in the evening.

Miss Toni Fling, a comptometrist,



said: "Usually I go into the park for lunch with some of the girls."

"The only girls I know who change at lunch time are the ones who play basketball. But I think they're crazy."

"I dress up at night if my boy-

friend takes me out. But that's DIFFERENT."

No doubt Lady Poulett formed her opinion from the women she saw having lunch in smart restaurants.

They are dolled-up, all right, especially as to headgear.

But, and this is important, there are hardly any men with them.

I asked a leading fashion-plate who wished to be nameless to explain the set-up.

"As far as I'm concerned, Lady Poulett is right," she said.

"I dress up to the nines when I lunch in town. I've got to keep my end up with the other girls."

"But what's the good of making an effort for dinner?"

"My husband comes in dog tired and puts on his slippers."

"I don't blame the poor darling. After all, he pays the lunch bills."

There, I think, we have the answer to Lady Poulett's problem.

If women dress up for lunch, it's because they are eating with each other.

If they don't dress up for dinner, it's because they are eating with Dad.





**COOTS.** Most of the birds in this picture are Coots, at home in their typical reedbed location. They build bulky nests of water plants, hidden in the reeds. Perched on a floating log are some Wood Ducks (also known as Manded Geese). They are among the commonest wild ducks.



**ABOVE.** Marsh Terns nest in colonies, building little grass platforms anchored to the water weeds. Sometimes they are absent from a district for years, returning when the swamps fill again after heavy rain has fallen.

**BELOW.** Black-fronted Dotterel squatting on her eggs. These birds do not build nests, but lay eggs on the shore-shores of swamps and among the pebbles of dry river beds. They live on the ground and can run very swiftly.

**These are Australian:**

## SWAMP BIRDS

Picture of Coots by Mrs. B. Strange, Victoria.  
Others by Mr. P. T. H. Smith, Victoria.



**ABOVE.** Hoary-headed Grebe. If frightened, these birds submerge, stay under water up to half a minute, reappearing yards away.

**BELOW:** Banded Stilt. These stilts nest in colonies on desert salt lakes. One colony found on the temporarily flooded Lake Callabonna in northern South Australia contained about 27,000 nests.





# Nothing else gives you the same concentrated washing energy as **TriX**



*... and nothing else  
so safe and gentle!*

With all its concentrated washing energy—there's nothing so safe and gentle as TriX. As you yourself know, woollens washed in suds tend to become hard and matted. But TriX-washed woollens stay soft, fluffy and "in perfect shape." Nylon and silks never need rub-a-dub scrubbing—for TriX just soaks them clean. Try it. Dip your soiled nylons in a basin of warm TriX-in-water. Straight-away the water will cloud up—proof positive that TriX absorbs dirt and grease out of the fabric into the water! TriX makes rinsing easier and more complete. There's no soap scum—no harsh powdery deposit to weaken fabrics and give them a dingy look.

*Concentrated Energy for*

**WASHING MACHINES!**



The concentrated washing energy of TriX stays deep down in the water—gets right after the dirt in the clothes. Your wash comes out **REALLY** clean—not half-clean. Remember, too, that a washing machine cannot be truly efficient if thick suds slow down the free "swishing" action. With TriX there are no heavy suds—it's all energy, concentrated washing energy.

*Concentrated Energy for* **WASHING-UP!**



Ordinary soaps and powders give you a sinkful of lazy suds that leave a germ-laden film on every dish. But TriX is non-sudsing—it's all concentrated washing energy. Because TriX leaves no streaking, no greasy film—there's **NO NEED TO DRY UP**. Just rinse the dishes to dry sparkling, hygienically clean.



**Insist on**

**TriX**  
the non-foaming  
detergent with  
**Concentrated  
Washing Energy**

## STRANGE but TRUE

● A light-hearted story from Mrs. W. Robertson, 5 East Terrace, Kensington Gardens, S.A., won first prize of £20 in our "Strange But True" Contest this week.

**H**ERE is Mrs. Robertson's winning entry:

In the early days of radio our machine started behaving erratically. It would play very loudly, then unexpectedly fade almost to a whisper without any manipulation by us.

I telephoned the radio company and they sent a man out to investigate the following afternoon. I took him into the living-room, saying, "I'll switch it on and you will hear how the volume varies."

We waited quietly for the radio to warm up and start, and then suddenly there issued forth from it in blaring tones, "Call yourself a radio inspector! You're a ginger-headed impostor, that's what you are!"

It was probably an extract from a play we had tuned in to, and we both laughed, but the radio man was thankful he didn't have red hair, just the same.

**PRIZES** of £5 each were awarded the following entries:

**"Blue" just knew**

IN a construction camp where I worked several years ago there was an old cattle dog, "Blue" by name and by color. Because of his age he was quite often short-tempered, and I was one of the few people who could go near him consistently.

Eventually he became too temperamental, and some people living six miles in the bush from the camp, who had

known "Blue" earlier, gave him a good home where he could end his days in peace.

I knew these people well, and visited them constantly, though it was always a case of "expect me any time."

I had been to see them a few times after they had taken "Blue" before it was noticed that the dog was not only at the front door but had been waiting there some 20 minutes before I arrived.

At no other time did old "Blue" ever come to the front of the house, and from then on until he died some months later my hosts had 20 minutes' warning of my arrival.

### HOW TO ENTER

Write your "Strange but True" experience clearly and in not more than 250 words. The story must be true and must not previously have been published. It can be amusing, sad, dramatic, or romantic.

Send your entries, giving clearly name and address, INCLUDING THE STATE, to "Strange but True," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned or any correspondence entered into.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and employees' families are not eligible to enter this contest.

At this time they weren't on the telephone, I seldom saw them except at their house, and rarely arranged a definite date on which I would see them again. This, together with the fact that I lived almost six miles away, meant that the dog was waiting at the front door before I had even got into my car.

Yet "Blue" was never wrong, and never reacted in the same way for any other person.

D. Fairbairn, Dept. of Main Roads, Bega, N.S.W.

### Dress in triplicate

A FRIEND of mine, Mrs. A., returned from London in November, 1955, I returned in April, 1956, and another friend, Mrs. M., returned in March, 1957.

At a party in Brisbane recently, Mrs. A., who lives in Melbourne and was paying a short visit to Brisbane, met Mrs. M., who was wearing an exactly similar frock in white as Mrs. A. wore in brown. Then, when I arrived at the party, I was amazed to find their frocks the same as one I have in navy.

From the choice of all the shops in London we returned with the same dress each but in different colors.

We were not embarrassed, but thought it rather amusing that though we were all different figures we should have had the same taste in dresses.

Mrs. A. Myers, 40 Botany St., Clayfield, Brisbane.

### Continuing LADY BEHAVE

## SLIMMING MANNERS

● Dieting to get slim has brought new problems of etiquette to the diner-out, and also to her hostess.

By  
**ANNE EDWARDS**  
and  
**DRUSILLA BEYFUS**

A GUEST can dispirit a whole party if she refuses the first course, scrapes all the sauce off the chicken, says no to potatoes, only helps herself to greens if they are cooked without salt, and will not touch a drop of the dinner drinks.

The heart of the matter for the dinner-party guest is how far to allow her slimming regime to intrude on the dinner-party. From the dieter's point of view, there is no doubt that if the diet is to be effective there can be few exceptions.

From the cook-hostess' point of view, nothing is so infuriating as a guest who waves away her lovingly prepared meal merely because she is trying to count calories.

Clearly a slimming dieter's only compromise can be to make her dieting as unobtrusive as possible, to sacrifice a little of her own interests to please the hostess.

The honorable dieter will



explain that she is on a diet rather than allow her cook-hostess to think she has served a dish her guest cannot stomach.

Strict dieters who may have to turn down the better part of a meal, or who want something steamed specially in milk, are wise not to accept invitations to eat well.

Some restraint is demanded from the non-dieting hostess, too. She should refrain from bulldozing her guest into having something else to drink, or into making her feel guilty for trying only a spoonful of her strawberry sponge.

"What nonsense," non-dieters are apt to remark unfeelingly, lading out more starch

on to your plate, "eating keeps up your strength."

Of course, if the meal is in a restaurant there are no problems for either guest or host. It is no trouble here to have the spaghetti course changed to grapefruit.

The slimming craze has minor pitfalls for other guests, too. What is the polite thing to say to a girl who tells you she is slimming? The conventional reply is, "Oh, you don't need to slim."

But since these days so many women of reasonable shape are on diets, it is no longer offensive to accept the remark without surprise, and to follow up with inquiries about what sort of diet it is.



BUTCH

MOTHER



"Ordinarily I'd have an alibi, but I've been so darned busy."



"I warned you! We can't afford to eat anything at all this week, except these little samples you got at the Show."

# It seems to me

**P**ASSENGERS in rocket-liners of the future, according to a new forecast, may be put to sleep by injection and carried, like luggage, in plastic bags.

Mature travellers going about the world on business will doubtless accustom themselves to the thought of these journeys. Some will even welcome the induced sleep.

But it certainly could give the death blow to the romantic atmosphere that used to surround slower forms of transport.

Young female voyagers, openly intent on seeing the sights of another country, have always been secretly hopeful of "meeting someone"—and often did.

Now only the really fast workers will have a chance. The account of a successful trip may run something like this:

"I noticed him just behind me in the anaesthetic queue in New York. Such a dreamboat! And then, of course, I blacked out."

"And what do you know? A few minutes later in the London Customs I saw him again, and he said: 'Pardon me. I saw them wrapping you in plastic, and I think we must have been stowed on the same rack. Could we have dinner together?'"

Yes, romance will survive.

**C**ITY transport authorities may have to take a leaf from the rocket boys soon.

Sydney rumors of a plan to remove some seats from trains and make more standing room recently roused the citizens to unparalleled fury.

Whatever happens immediately, there's not much doubt that this "pack-'em-in-standing" theory is gaining ground.

The eventual solution could be the anaesthetic device suggested for rockets.

Individual injections would probably be too expensive for suburban journeys. Maybe train passengers could pass through a gas chamber at the ticket-barriers, be tipped unconscious on to trains in horizontal stacks, and automatically rejected at destinations.

The sensation would be much the same as at present in peak hours.

**I**N Canada the Federal Civil Service has ceased to refer to "office boys" and "office girls." The term "clerical assistant" must now be used.

This will be hard on the self-made man, who when he becomes president of a corporation likes to recall how he began his career as an office boy.

There is a certain air of devil-may-care youth about an office boy. Traditionally he tends to cheekiness, whistles in the street, but shows promise of the day a few years hence when he will turn into a breadwinner.

"Clerical assistant" is far less romantic. It allows no latitude for the high spirits of adolescence. Of course, the mere weight of the title could induce a responsible attitude soothing to older workers who regard the annual infestation of new office boys as one of life's trials.



Dorothy Drann

**H**OW to brighten up a party, as suggested by a male writer in an American magazine:

Ask selected guests to pretend to be interesting for some special reason, and act accordingly.

He explains this notion thus, brazenly: For one party he asked a girl to pretend she was about to take up a Hollywood contract, another to pose as the discoverer of a new magic vitamin, and a man to indicate that he was out on bail on a charge of income tax evasion.

All this, he assures his readers, proved to be great fun. But who had the fun? The impostors, no doubt, and the host.

I doubt strongly that the other guests enjoyed themselves. Nobody likes feeling a fool, which is just what you'd feel after you had congratulated the Hollywood star and been tactful with the tax-evader.

If that's the way to have a novel party I'll settle for an evening at cards which, frankly, is my notion of misery.

★ ★ ★

**R**ECENT pictures show Italian starlet Lyla Rocca falling fully clad into a swimming-pool and emerging with a wet, happy smile.

This is a favorite picture-pose of aspiring stars. It is specially prevalent in Venice, where the canals offer such a superb excuse.

The idea isn't new.

In an earlier instalment of our serial, "April Lady," Nell chides Letty for her sophisticated dress at a ball, adding, "And don't say you didn't damp your petticoat. Nothing else could have made it cling so."

★ ★ ★

**D**ISCUSSING a loss of seven million dollars on a uranium mine which failed, a spokesman for Atlas Corporation, a huge American mining company, said, "It was a useful tax loss."

*How strange is the world of business!  
How it baffles the female mind,  
Which grasps only one type of finance,  
And that is the simple kind.*

*The kind that you add in your cheque book*

*(Provided your adding is oke),  
Where a credit means money for spending,*

*And if it's a debit you're broke.*

*And many a wife after reading  
Of loss that is useful for tax,  
Will be struck by an innocent wonder  
That stops her stone dead in her tracks.*

*What a notion! When next he's complaining*

*That the size of the bills makes him cross,  
Say, "Darling, but men who are clever  
Learn how to make profit from loss."*

**Instant acting!**  
**Non-drying!**  
**Single rinsing!**



## MARVELOUS SHAMPOO

**A wonderful shampoo for normal and dry hair**

Preserves your permanent—protects your tint! A shampoo so gentle you needn't have the slightest worry about it swelling your hair and making it porous (the reason you lose your wave).

Unlike ordinary shampoos, Marvelous maintains the normal acid balance of your hair (the reason your hair keeps its curl). A single rinsing billows up so quickly, rinses out so completely, it releases every springy tendril, leaves your hair naturally soft and shiny and so manageable. Deliciously scented with the fragrance of spring flowers.

Try a 1/3 bubble of Marvelous. See what wonders it works on your hair. Then you'll always insist on Marvelous.



**BUBBLES,  
1/3**

**BOTTLES,  
5/6**



Creation of **Richard Hudnut**

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# The MAGIC Frying Pan

**Sunbeam**  
Controlled Heat

**ELECTRIC  
FRYPAN**

Not only makes everything  
you **FRY** more delicious,  
non-greasy, always  
perfect...but also

**GRILLS,  
BAKES,  
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STEWES,  
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## AUTOMATIC Heat Control

takes the guesswork out of  
cooking. When you set this  
simple switch you are sure that  
nothing will be overcooked  
—everything will turn  
out just right —  
always.

This remarkable appliance would be well  
worth the money if you used it for frying and  
nothing else. But so amazing is its magic that  
it cooks **MORE** dishes . . . and cooks them **better**  
than any other appliances you've ever used. Whichever  
way you use it, the whole cooking process is completely  
automatic and completely foolproof. No failures—ever!  
And every meal you cook takes on a more delicious flavour  
than you've ever known before.

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HEAT-RESISTANT  
**PYREX**  
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# CANBERRA

*-It's no longer  
a city of exiles*



PARLIAMENT HOUSE, home for 30 years of Australia's Federal Parliament. It cost £750,000 to build and furnish in 1927, but alterations and maintenance since then have cost more than half this amount.

On May 9, 1927, the small, rustic settlement of Canberra went on the map as the capital of Australia. On that glinting autumn day the Duke of York opened Federal Parliament there. What has happened to Canberra in the 30 years since? Staff writer Ronald McKie investigated. This four-page section is his report.

**P**ROBABLY the most important thing that has happened to Canberra since Federal Parliament was opened there is that to most of its people Canberra is now home.

If you live in Townsville or Newcastle, Ballarat or Kalgoorlie, this may not seem significant. But to a Canberrian it means that his way of life, his thinking, has radically altered in a few decades.

Thirty years ago Canberra was little more than empty paddocks, a wasteland of the spirit, isolated, unreal.

The few public servants who existed there were mostly sour and reluctant transplants from Melbourne who hated the lovely valley of the Molonglo River and shuddered at its emptiness and prison-like hills.

Canberra was the closest thing to the frontier since the march of the landtakers in the 19th century.

But before the doors open on Mugga Way or the blinds go up at Acton or Ainslie, look a little closer at the beginnings of the "Bush Capital" which shares, with New Delhi, India (1912), and Ankara, Turkey (1922), the distinction of being the only specially created capital since Washington in 1800.

On Monday, May 9, 1927, half-way between World Wars, when Australia's population had reached a little more than 6,000,000: The Bishop of Armidale warned that Russian socialism had become a world peril; and 80,000 Germans goose-stepped in their first post-war military parade.

In Brisbane, Ronald Colman was appearing in *Beau Geste*, the wage of a housemaid was 38/9 a week, and Miss Gwen Barter had just been hostess at a mah jongg tea.

In Adelaide, three lifers, in for murder, had escaped, a 10,000-acre sheep property, with house and 2000 sheep, was advertised for £15,000.

In Melbourne, a levy of 1d. a head on all unionists was proposed to help finance the newly formed Australasian Council of Trade Unions, 1600 square feet of office

space was available in Collins Street for £7 a week.

In Sydney, striking bricklayers were delaying electrification of the North Shore railway, a two-story brick house at Vaucluse cost £650, and Mr. J. C. Bendrodt had just brought back to the new Palais Royal the smartest versions of the new dances for 1927—the Ballroom Blackbottom and the Charleston.

May 9 was a sparkling day for the official ceremonies in Canberra.

Nellie Melba sang the National Anthem while gowned in "black crepe de soie with panel draperies on the skirt, braided with ecru braid."

Little Miss Pinner, of Ainslie, had no knowledge, as she skipped up to the Duchess of York and presented her bouquet, that in 1957 she would be brilliant Melbourne radiologist Dr. Gwen Pinner.

And although the R.A.A.F. flights were the "awe and wonder of the populace," four planes made forced landings and a fifth crashed in front of Parliament House.

But in the dust of almost empty paddocks between Red Hill and Mt. Ainslie the few thousand public servants had nothing to dance or sing about once the gunfire and speeches of opening day had echoed into history.

What was Canberra like in the early days when communications were bad, housing awful, hotels ghastly, boarding-houses unbelievable, amenities nil, and the gloom of exiled public servants from Melbourne and Sydney hung like smog over the long valley?

"Grim," Mrs. Joe Carrodus told me as we sat in her Mugga Way garden.

"I didn't know a soul. I was lonely all the time. We shopped in Queanbeyan on Saturdays and went

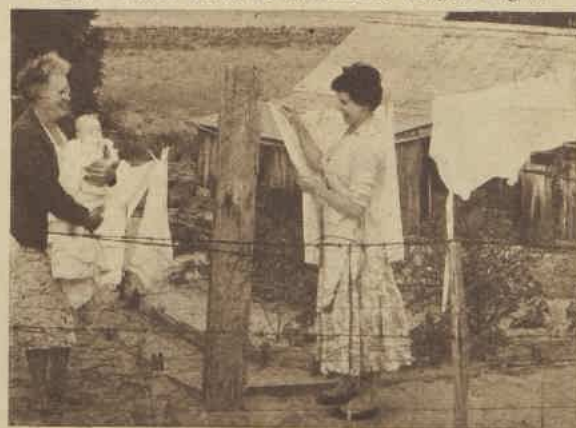
Continued on page 32



CANBERRA'S new Olympic baths, with their sharply angled concrete diving tower, are among the finest in the Commonwealth. Pictures in this section taken by Douglass Baglin.



ST. MARK'S Anglican National Memorial Library, part of a major building project that will include a cathedral and a theological college.



MRS. HARRY OLDFIELD nurses Mark Webster while his mother hangs out the washing. Mrs. Oldfield and the Websters live on a farm near Parliament House.



# CANBERRA—a city in transition



Continued from page 31

to Melbourne several times a year to buy clothes and escape.

"I used to carry a hurricane lamp to find my way to the pictures, but if I missed the red light outside the doctor's house I was almost lost for the night."

"Grim," said Joe Carrodus, former head of the Interior Department. "I'd been ten years in Canberra when I got lost around Ainslie."

"I had to do the Boy Scout act—lie on the ground to get a sight of Mt. Ainslie against the stars—before I could find my way home."

"Grim and snobbish," Mrs. Carrodus said. "Senior wives would have nothing to do with junior wives. After a bridge party one of my guests told me it wasn't right to entertain junior wives in my home. I told her I didn't want advice who my guests were to be."

"When you reached Canberra in those days," Joe Carrodus said, "you were met at the station, taken to Hotel Acton to wait until your house was ready, given a party, and called 'pioneers.' We all hated the word then, but it was right. We were."

## Made them at home

A FEW doors along Mugga Way I found Mrs. R. J. Tillyard, a grey-haired and delightful English-born Cambridge M.A., who first saw Canberra in 1928 and who was one of a small group of women—including Lady Garran and Mrs. Arthur Campbell—who called on new arrivals.

"We made it a point of honor to look up all newcomers and try to make them feel they hadn't come to the end of the earth," she said.

"I remember Lady Garran once glancing round a bus—there were no buses at first—and saying: 'There's a woman on the third

CANBERRA'S shops, once the despair of the housewife, have vastly improved. At Civic Centre (above) expanding blocks of new shops cater for a growing population.



LACE-LIKE BALCONIES (above) are a feature of the charming, Swedish-style blocks of flats near Civic Centre. RIGHT: Mrs. Harry Oldfield, Canberra's happiest character, in her farmhouse yard just across the river from Parliament House. The farmhouse is still lit with kerosene.



AGAINST A BACKGROUND of gay Bignonia Grandiflora, Mrs. R. J. Tillyard, a Canberra resident since 1928, holds her granddaughter, Hilary Hewitt, daughter of Mr. C. L. Hewitt, of the Treasury.



CANBERRA, once the problem child of bickering Sydney and Melbourne, is beginning to grow up.

Her population, 34,000, including about 10,000 children under 15, has more than doubled in the last decade, and as there are more than 7250 cars in the city, statistically about every family has a car. With the transfer to Canberra in the next few years of the central administration of about seven departments, the city should gain another 21,000 public servants and their families. Canberra could soon have a population of more than 50,000.

seat I don't know. I must find out who she is and have her to tea."

"No, I have never agreed that Canberra was a snobbish place."

"The older people came with a sense of adventure, but the younger people and the children were unhappy in the early years."

"Shops were poor, although they would send to Sydney or Melbourne for a reel of cotton if you needed it. Food was always a problem, and the real origin of Canberra's lovely gardens was the early desperate need to grow your own fruit and vegetables."

"We spent half our life cooking, for our chief amusement was the simple picnic and our chief entertainment the eternal tea-party."

"I went to 10 tea parties in six days. It nearly killed me."

## Social secrets

MRS. TILLYARD reluctantly admitted that she was writing a social history of Canberra, but she laughed wickedly when she said, "It's going into my bank with strict instructions not to be opened for 25 years."

One of her stories that can be told now concerns the woman who conducted the first performance of the Canberra Orchestra.

She wore long black, and the overture had hardly begun when a seam began to split down the back. As the split travelled slowly downwards the attention of the audience, so Mrs. Tillyard says, was "unparalleled in Canberra's history."

The Federal Capital, a rustic town of only 8000 people at the end of its first decade, and only 16,000 at the end of its second, was called many things in those first 20 years.

"The only cemetery in the world that is lit up at night"; "Australia's supreme clinical centre for observing the strange ways of bureaucracy"; "a town where neither a tree nor a permanent public servant is ever out of place."

## Genteel and smug

EARLY Canberra, ruled first by a Commission and later (and still) by the Interior Department, was genteel, narrow, standardised, smug—a paternalistic place only a little less regimented than a reformatory.

All incomes were in the Government Gazette (still are), you read the papers of your home city, Melbourne or Sydney, with nostalgic sadness (a few still do), society met and mixed mostly on strict horizontal levels.

In a town where intellectual morality was dictated by the Gazette and the public servant, and gentility was carried to inane extremes, you can imagine the horror when an unusually scholarly Pressman argued that "Grege," in Canberra's motto "Pro Rege, et Lege et Grege," did not mean "the people," but "the vulgar herd."

The motto, "For the King, the law, and the people," is now in English.

Continued on page 34





**PASTEL COLORS** emphasise the cloistered calm of University House, the residential centre of Canberra's National University. The University, as well as being a major Australian research institution, is already playing a vital part in the life of the capital, and is helping Canberra to develop into an important educational centre.



**CIVIC CENTRE'S** delightful little Boutique is more than a shop where Canberra women can buy elegant clothes. It's a symbol of the staggering improvement in the capital's shopping facilities. In Canberra's early days, shops were so bad that many women went to Melbourne or Sydney two or three times a year to buy their clothes.



**PART OF A HUGE FLAT PROJECT**, near Canberra's Civic Centre, to house thousands of people, these modern buildings are a landmark among the capital's dull architecture. The buildings shown contain some of the 114 flats completed. Another 114 are being built. Flats have two bedrooms and rent for £3/10/- a week.



# CANBERRA—acres of crouching suburbia

Continued from page 32

But official wowserism reached a peak when all typists were segregated in dreary Gorman House, and the bachelors in equally drab quarters.

When, not unnaturally, bachelors called, all Gorman House except the lounge was put out of bounds for males, and the grounds patrolled at night. The first catch was a Cabinet Minister.

The city was also officially dry—for 17 years after King O'Malley prohibited "stagger juice." But although the period was known as "the O'Malley Drought," a well-worn bottle-sprinkled path led from Canberra to Queanbeyan, you could buy the ingredients at the grocery to brew your own beer, and a chemist sold Melbourne whisky labelled "Stephen's Ink."

For years the only place you could get dinner, if you missed the regimented meal hour at drab hotel or dreary hash-house, was at the Highgate Dining Hall in Kingston. Harry Notaras opened it on May 2, 1927—seven days before Parliament was opened—and still runs it.

But much of all that is back in the past. What is Canberra like today—the place and the people, rather than its politics?

I asked Mrs. Harry Oldfield, the happiest woman I found in Canberra, who lives in the old farmhouse at Scott's Crossing, just across the Molonglo from Parliament. Canberra is the only capital in the world with a farm right in the middle and a farmhouse with a genuine camp-oven, slab kitchen, shingles, and kerosene lamps. Electricity has not yet reached Scott's Crossing.

"You wouldn't catch me living in any other place," Mrs. Oldfield told me, "even though I have to chop up three tons of firewood each winter. One winter I dropped a great chunk full on me toe. I tried to keep the little beauty for three years, but they had to chop the bloomin' thing off."

As the camera clicked she yelled with laughter and said, "Me in these clothes . . . I feel like a breedin' mare . . . or a flamin' widgee."

## "I love it"

THEN she pounced on a passing fowl, and as she stroked it with one hand and held the axe in the other, said, "Now don't you worry. It's only for the picture. I'm not goin' to kill yer, me darlin'. Tomorrow's slaughter day."

Laughter-tears ran down her cheeks as she tossed the fowl in the air and said, "I'm 68, been here 25 years, and when I'm not happy I'll go up the hill to the boneyard, if me brothers don't kill me before that for gettin' into the papers."

"Do I like Canberra? I love it. This dump'll do me."

In those early days, when the inhabitants of Canberra retired they packed up and went "home" to Melbourne or Sydney.

Now the older people are staying on, and even outsiders are going there to retire. In

the past 30 years a generation has grown up who know only Canberra, and another is on the way.

Canberra used to have all the disadvantages of an artificially planned city. It grouped its people into areas, and, therefore, into strict income classes.

People were insulated from each other by money, geography, and poor communications. And shops and amenities never kept pace with an expanding population.

Canberra is still not ideal, though the old divisions are breaking down. But if you haven't seen the capital for years you'd be amazed at the changes. Improvement in the shops is, in itself, almost as important as the feeling among the people of belonging to Canberra.

## Elegant touch

CIVIC CENTRE is no longer a sad collection of sub-standard shops, but rapidly expanding blocks.

There is a first-class bookshop, good fruit shops, Espresso, and shops in the salami-pumpnickel range. There is even a charming boutique, a startling touch of elegance among the "fair average" of Canberra's commercial world.

Only a few years back, if you wanted to dine out your wife on her birthday, your choice was a series of dull hotel dining-rooms. Now you can take her, among other places, to an elegant restaurant and the best food in town at the new motel on the Canberra outskirts where the chef, Joseph Janko, a Czech, formerly at the American Embassy, will cook you anything you want.

The motel, with its 46 individually decorated, spotless flats which contain everything that opens and shuts, is an asset to Canberra and the car traveller.

All over Canberra you're conscious of buildings just finished, and buildings rising, for although more than 600

SOME Canberraers say that the coming of the Diplomatic Corps in force is among the most important things that have happened to Canberra.

Others argue that the influence of the D.C., apart from some sari glamor and many cocktail parties, has been almost negligible.

At least several D.C. members support the second view. Here is their composite opinion:

"We live a narrow, privileged life. We never ride in public transport. You'll seldom see us in a mob at a bar. If we go to a dinner-party for 12, we can guess the names of at least 11 guests before we arrive."

"A few of the younger members are trying to move around. Most of the others meet the same people and take in each other's washing."



"HEN HOUSES" are what the people of Canberra call these new homes at Narrabundah. More than 100 of them are packed closely, with only a few yards between the houses.

houses and flats were completed last year, there are still nearly 3000 people waiting for homes.

The most impressive flat project is near Civic Centre, where a big group of long, low, blue-and-red-and-mustard, Swedish-style flats, with lace-like balconies, are built and building.

One of Australia's most modern schools is the Griffith Infants' School, where 450 children have the latest equipment and amenities.

The new Anglican National Memorial Library is a building any city could be proud of.

But after 30 years the only place Canberra can house its fine Repertory Theatre, Art Society, Orchestral Society and a dozen other entertainment, discussion, and hobby groups is the "Cultural Centre"—old army huts at the down-at-heel former migrant camp of Riverside, in Barton.

And in the race for accommodation Canberra, with land unlimited but little imaginative view of the future, is creating acres of crouching little suburbias, and a bunch of the finest potential slums I've seen.

These, already known as the "Hen Houses," are more than 100 homes, well designed inside, but packed so close on a hillside at Narrabundah that if you tossed your old toothbrush out of the window it would land on the roof of the second house along.

Practically everyone agrees that the impact of the National University and Canberra University College has been marked, that University people have stimulated interest in public problems, started controversies on questions like education, raised the level of intellectual interest and discussion, and that the capital is becoming an educational centre.

## Academic life

TO me the most revealing event in the history of public-servant Canberra is that 1200 people packed for lectures by the Master of University House on Roman and Greek vases.

Not long ago, if he had even suggested such a subject, he would have been regarded

as crazy, and ignored.

Canberra is still in transition from a village to a big country town plus, and it's full of nuances which the tourist never senses.

It is producing a hereditary public service at the lower levels, but the sons of higher-salary men are beginning to move out and not return.

It is, to the concern of many, producing a new bunyip aristocracy—the senior public servant with too much power to be nationally healthy.

There was a time in Canberra when you couldn't escape your fellows. Everyone knew before you did when the baby was due. Now you can at last lead a fairly anonymous existence, though you still have to be careful what you say and where you say it.

Canberra still takes tea and two kinds of cakes at 3.30 p.m., though the smarter set prefers intimate get-togethers for coffee in the morning. The "cocktail horror" is still from 5 p.m. to 7 p.m., and getting worse, if that is possible. And the gossip is as uninhibited as ever.

## What now?

CANBERRA is still spotless, leisurely, orderly, good-mannered, but it has no emotions except a gentle fanaticism—gardening.

Its social consciousness, if that's the right term, once stemmed from regimentation, but now from growing pride in charming surroundings.

Nobody is badly dressed or well dressed. There is never any need to hurry or get excited. The children are beautiful.

From birth to death Canberra is safe, comfortable. The thickening avenues of poplars and pines, oaks, and gums obscure the view of neighbors and mountains. The mountains obscure the troublesome, vulgar, ugly, noisy world.

Senior public servants are forever encircling the globe like satellites, but the great mass of the people seldom leave the dream-like detachment of their high valley.

But at least after 30 years they feel they belong to that valley. And that's important.

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These smartly styled canisters are available in coral, turquoise, red, lime, green, blue, black, yellow, flame red—or you can get the 'harlequin' set, as above. Price 55/-.

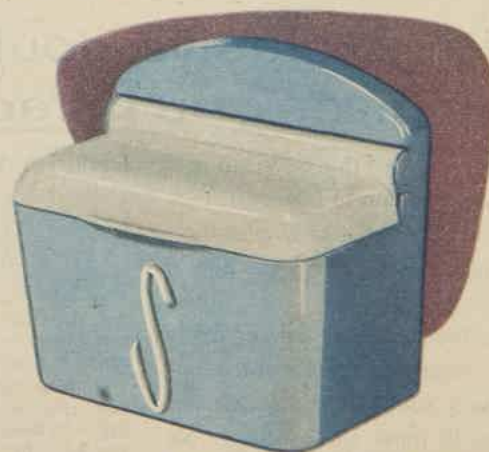
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Nothing could be more convenient — or more efficient! Dirt doesn't cling to the paper bag — it doesn't interfere with suction — so you have full suction all the time with the "Constellation".

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**Cleaning Tools that Can't Scratch Furniture** are finished with pliable plastic. Simplicity itself to fit and remove, they pack tidily into a neat container that you may hang on the wall.

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including  
cleaning tools.  
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HC.34 WWFpR

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 1, 1957



# DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

Illustrated here is a special two-in-one pattern. The pattern incorporates a simple sheath and afternoon dress.

I CHOSE the designs and incorporated them in one paper pattern for a reader on a budget. Here is her letter and my reply:

"I AM sure mine is a problem shared by many girls on a modest budget. I want to make two dresses, a tailored one for under a coat and a more dressy type for late afternoon. Could the two styles be included in the one pattern? I want both styles collarless and cut with an oval neckline."

The two dresses you wrote about are illustrated at right. One is a tailored sheath made in fine-textured wool, and the second design is the same sheath glamorised by a floating panel of chiffon.

A paper pattern incorporating both designs is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust (you did not mention your size). Diagrams and full instructions for making are included with the pattern. Under the illustration are further details.

"LAST winter I noticed in several overseas fashion papers the beaded or embroidered cardigan-style of

sweater for use as an evening blouse. Would you mind telling me if this idea is still in fashion?"

Newer than the beaded glitter evening sweater is an evening sweater with a fur collar—it can be in a flat or fluffy fur. In the same category chiffon is used as a trim. The latter is often dyed to the same shade as the garment it highlights, and is threaded through loops of chiffon to form a yoke effect, ending in floating streamers.

"I HAVE made a plaid skirt featuring blue, brown, and white, and would like you to suggest some style of top—not a jacket—so that I would have a planned-looking outfit for weekends."

Use the plaid of the skirt for a small fringed collar on a wool jersey, front-buttoned, long-sleeved tailored blouse. For the jersey I suggest the color most predominant in the plaid.

"COULD you help me with a fashion problem? I want to have a coat made for early spring, and as it is for a going-away ensemble I want it to be quite correct and

smart. I have the material—a lightweight beige wool—but I don't know how to have it made. I am tall, 5ft. 6in., and am an S.W. fitting."

The cape theme will be one of the strongest influences in spring coats, and I suggest you follow this trend for your beige wool. Have the coat single-breasted, buttoning to the throat, and finished with a small collar. Have the coat made with cape sleeves finishing at elbow length, or with a detachable cape collar approximately the same length.

"I WOULD very much like your advice about an afternoon frock I am making to wear to a wedding. It is a princess sheath, and I wanted to have a yoke in another material and some sort of handwork as a trim."

A princess sheath with a raised applique in a flower motif below a sheer yoke would be an attractive idea for an afternoon frock. You did not mention what material you have chosen for your dress, but I suggest chiffon in a matching shade for the yoke, and the applique done in the dress material.



DS239.—Sheath dress; at right, with contrasting panel. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2 yards 54in. material for sheath and 2½ yards 36in. contrast for panel. Price 4/-. Patterns are obtainable from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



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"Vaseline" Wonder-Foam Shampoo — a beauty product of Chesebrough-Pond's Inc.



# Film Fan-Fare

Conducted by  
M. J. McMAHON

## Film director walks out

● At last the mammoth production "Farewell to Arms," the biggest film to be made in Europe this year, is under way in Italy — minus its director.

**DIRECTOR** John Huston, right, brilliant and moody, who walked out on the great Selznick. Below: Huston as he appeared briefly in his "Moulin Rouge." He's superstitious and insists on appearing once in each film he directs.

**JOHN HUSTON**, the cadaverous genius whose career is littered with Oscars way back from the first one he received for making "The Treasure of Sierra Madre," has been reclining in a Rome hotel while producer David Selznick prepares court action against him.

"What are you going to do now?" Huston was asked.

The tall, thin Huston uncoiled himself, and blinked in the Roman sun.

"I'm unemployed," he drawled nonchalantly.

For several weeks before shooting started Huston had been wandering the vast Ampezzo Valley looking for likely locations for "A Farewell to Arms," a production to be almost as ambitious as his "Moby Dick."

It is a screen version of the famous Hemingway novel.

Selznick's wife, Jennifer Jones, had been cast opposite Rock Hudson in the epic story of the ill-starred lovers — an American soldier and an English nurse — caught up in the terrible Italian retreat from Caporetto in World War I.

Hemingway's story is not flattering to Italian national pride. It was written 28 years ago and first turned into a film by Hollywood's Frank Borzage. Gary Cooper played the lead opposite Helen Hayes.

It had a world success, with the notable exception of Italy, where censors banned it as "throwing discredit on the Italian Army."

When Selznick decided to do a remake of "A Farewell to Arms" he was aware of the

snags, particularly since he intended to make the film in Italy itself.

For one thing, the Italian Government could be counted on only for limited assistance. They would be in no mood to lend him an army of soldiers, as they had done for the recent production of "War and Peace."

That had started enough of a row and had brought an Italian Cabinet Minister to promise publicly that Italian troops would in future not be loaned to any film production except those having a clear propaganda value for Italy's valorous warriors.

So Selznick's scenario was returned to him with a polite but firm refusal to provide any warlike extras. He had to hire these—3000 of them—from among the villages dotting the vast Ampezzo Valley and fit them out with 1917-vintage rifles and uniforms.

But this was still cheaper than in Hollywood, where extras earn about £7/10/- a day.

By  
**BILL STRUTTON,**  
of our London staff

The heavy, greying, spectacled Selznick had no strong feelings about sticking exactly to Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms."

He saw it rather as a beautiful, sentimental, widescreen vehicle, not only for action and tragedy but for the brilliant dramatic gifts of his wife, Jennifer Jones, who is never more box office than when spellbindingly, tragically in love.

Rock Hudson was not the most obvious dramatic choice for the role of the young American lieutenant, but with an excellent performance in "Giant" behind him, and his undisputed popu-



larity at the box office (he had just been voted America's No. 1 box-office star), Selznick was not going to add to his thick mass of grey hairs a single one on the slender question of mis-casting.

The script to fit his conception of the story caused much more heartache and head-scratching.

He commissioned the famous American playwright and scenarist Ben Hecht to turn "A Farewell to Arms" into a screenplay.

And then he proceeded to hire an international team of scriptwriters to change it one after the other. By the time the great trek had started out to the first location site near Cortina, the scenario had been chopped and changed about at least eight times by different writers.

And while a fleet of 200 trucks and trains, totalling no fewer than 40 waggons, dumped an army fully equipped for filming, living, sleeping, and eating on the Misurina Plain, the lanky Huston, after displaying a morose disposition for several days, moping perhaps over the differences he had been having with producer Selznick, suddenly upped and quit.

He did this after receiving from a Selznick deputy his umpteenth version of the screenplay coupled with one of David's famous "memos"—17 pages long.

Rumor has it that this not only laid down what Selznick expected of him but dilated upon the errors Selznick thought the brilliant Huston had made in certain of his previous films. He could not be



**ABOVE:** Jennifer Jones, star of "Farewell to Arms," dines with her husband, David Selznick, the film's producer. **RIGHT:** Rock Hudson, walking here with his wife, Phyllis, has the romantic lead opposite Jennifer Jones.

calculated to take kindly to that.

Three days later Huston had a heated private interview with the famous producer in his hotel at Cortina, returned pallid and furious to his own location hotel, and set porters scurrying from his room to his car with a train of baggage.

He embraced his production manager, an Italian, and said, "You've done a wonderful job, Adriani. I'll never forget you. Good luck." He shook the hand of his cameraman who had filmed his "Moby Dick," and drove off.

Filming started with the director of their "second unit" standing-in in the master's place.



**STARS** of the earlier screen version of Hemingway's "Farewell to Arms," Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 1, 1957



# RED SKELTON BACK IN MUSIC



Comedian Red Skelton comes back to the screen as the title character of a widescreen, technicolor romp entitled "Public Pigeon No. 1."

His co-stars in the film are Vivian Blaine and the pert Janet Blair.

Vivian, fresh from the role of the adenoidal night-club cutie in "Guys and Dolls," plays Rita DeLacey, a showgirl "front" for a bunch of gangsters who try to separate the hero from a precious nest-egg.

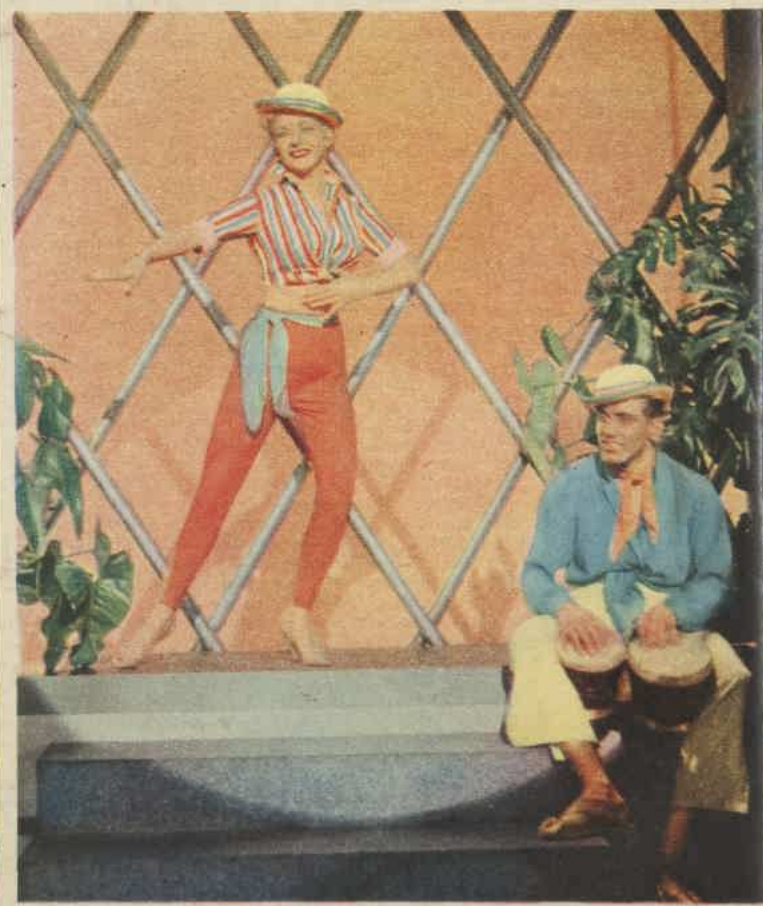
Janet Blair took some time off from television and theatrical assignments in order to return to the West Coast for the role of the patient sweetheart of Skelton's comedy.

Bright, carefree entertainment is the essence of "Public Pigeon No. 1" with Red, a likeable, not over-bright lunchroom worker, tangling with some big-time stock swindlers.

It is when Skelton unwittingly becomes a courier for the crooks and winds up behind prison bars that the confusion really sets in.

But the pigeon isn't quite ready to be plucked and somehow manages to beat the crooks, collect a huge reward, and finally marry his girl.

*Film Fan-Fare*



ABOVE. Vivian Blaine in one of the colorful song-and-dance numbers in R.K.O.'s new technicolor comedy-drama. LEFT. Romantic moment between Red Skelton and Janet Blair is made slightly ludicrous by his pyjamas and nightcap.



# ICAL COMEDY



ABOVE. A sunny moment in a confused comedy is shared by "Pigeon" Skelton, Janet Blair, and a lucky dog from the film cast.



GLAMOR SHOT of pretty Janet Blair, who is currently a star of America's theatre and nightclub circuit and of television. When shooting on "Public Pigeon" ended, Janet hurried back to New York to begin rehearsing for the role of Caesar's wife in "The Sid Caesar Hour," a top-ranking TV programme on U.S. networks.

"IT'S NO GOOD," swindler Frankie Frannis (Benny Baker) tells his girlfriend Rita (Vivian Blaine) as he shows her some worthless stock that he proposes to palm off on to the gullible Rusty Morgan (Red Skelton) in the new comedy. Vivian sings two potential hit-parade tunes in the show.





## ROBIN for those flashing petticoats

What is prettier than the swish and swirl of white petticoats and how important to have them starched just right. That, of course, calls for Robin, for even, crisp starching. Robin Starch is so easy to mix, so much easier to iron with. No wonder more and more women now use Robin Starch.



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**1 SINGING LESSONS** from maestro Doria (Robert Alda) are made possible for poor but ambitious entertainer Lina (Lollobrigida) by the careless generosity of Prince Sergei, who sees her on a visit from Russia and pities the struggle she is facing.



**2 SUCCESS** as a can-can dancer at the Eldorado Theatre comes soon after Doria takes Lina to Paris to further her career. She succeeds in keeping the relationship on a professional basis.



**3 CHALLENGED** to a duel for publicity purposes by the jealous star she has displaced at the Eldorado, Lina turns the occasion into a personal triumph by her superior bravery. She emerges victor and becomes the toast of the adoring Parisian beaux.



**4 FAMOUS** now, Lina again meets Sergei (Gassman), right, but he fails to recognise her as the little singer and dancer whose career he disinterestedly helped. Friends bet he cannot win the beautiful star.



**5 DISCOVERING** the bet, a broken-hearted Lina accepts the marriage proposals of the singer Silvani (Gino Sinimberghi), but Sergei, now really in love, threatens him during a dressing-room visit.



**6 ABOVE.** Shot during scene in opera in which Lina makes debut, Silvani dies. No one knows the murderer, but Lina suspects Sergei.

**7 RIGHT.** Visiting the Czarist court, Lina again sings and Doria admits killing Silvani, thus reuniting Lina and Sergei for film's close.



## LA LOLLO IN THE NAUGHTY 'NINETIES

★ The 20th Century-Fox release, "The Most Beautiful Woman in the World," stars luscious Gina Lollobrigida, perhaps the actress most fully equipped to live up to the film's exacting title. Playing opposite her are darkly handsome Italian screen lover Vittorio Gassman and Robert Alda.

This color film, shot in Italy with English dialogue, tells the story of a young Italian entertainer of lowly origin. She becomes the toast of Paris and later graduates to being an opera singer who wins the love of a Russian prince.

Gina wears some handsome costumes, as well as displaying her legs as a can-can dancer in the naughty 'nineties tradition.

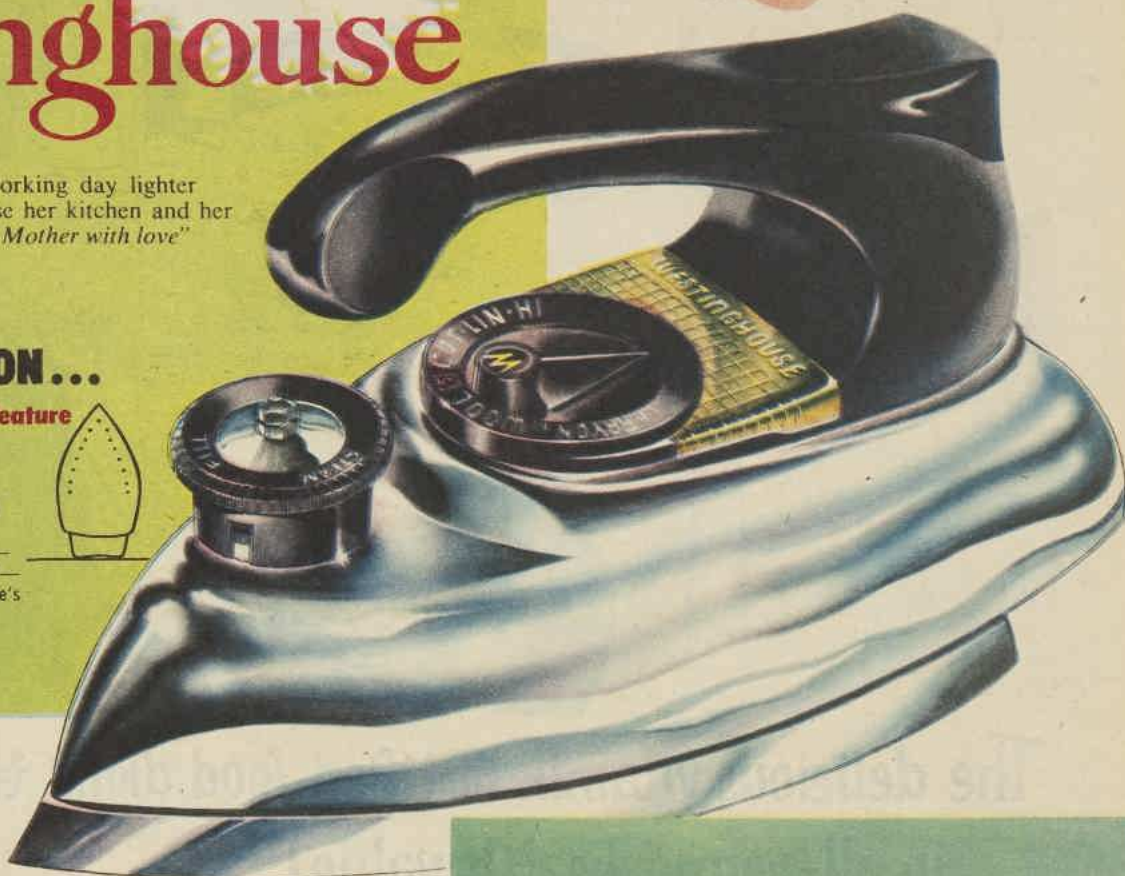


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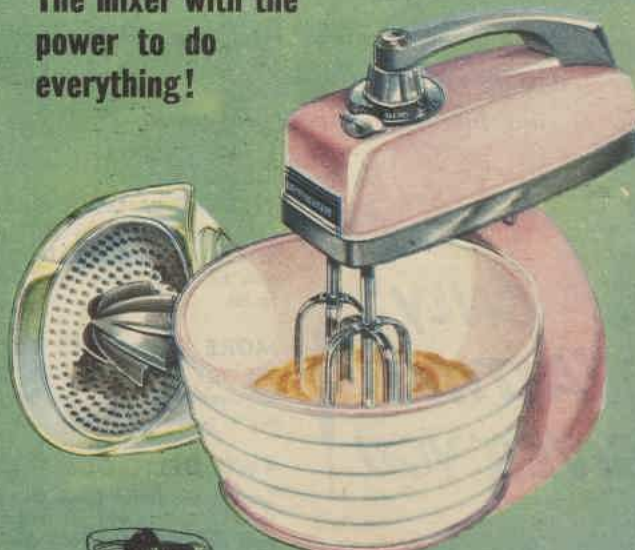
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"But the play—"  
Her eyes scolded him. "In my country, señor, a woman does not have to beg."  
Pete led her through the gathering crowd in the foyer and out to the road, where she halted to take a deep breath. He thought he understood then. "Headache?"  
"It is not my head. I did not like the play."  
"Oh." He could not argue on that. He had been more interested in the acoustics.  
He drove to the Blue Shutter and they danced. The next number was a mambo.  
"When you come to my country I will teach you how the mambo is done properly," Angelica murmured.  
He grinned. "It's a deal."  
"You are coming to Venezuela? No?"  
"That's a hard one to answer, señorita. Jobs don't grow on trees. Not even on palm trees."  
"But for you it will be easy! Mr. Newton says you are a most talented young man."  
Pete struggled for a moment with his conscience, then sighed and gave up. "Mr. Newton means well, señorita, but he exaggerates. If I ever had any talent, I left it in Korea."  
"It was so terrible there, the fighting?"  
"I did most of my fighting in a prison camp."  
She shuddered, shaking her head. But in a moment the velvet eyes were smiling again. "I think you do not know your own importance. Shall I tell you a secret? Papa is planning to build a big new hotel for tourists in Caracas, and he has been talking to Mr. Newton about you. Now what do you say?"  
"I say your father is too smart to be fooled, even by Matthew."  
"I think you do not want to come to Venezuela!"  
"I'd like nothing better. Believe me."  
"Of course I believe you," she said happily.  
The music stopped and Pete led her back to the table, wishing things were as simple as she believed them to be. A job with papa would be nice, very nice indeed, if he had the know-how to handle it after he

## Continuing . . . **Senorita of Minnesota**

from page 25

got it. He needn't worry, he told himself. The job would never be offered him . . .  
Towards the end of the Friday evening session, Miss Ekstrand stopped Pete in the middle of a Spanish sentence. "One thing we ought to decide on, I suppose, is our pronunciation," she said. "Is it to be Castilian or South American?"  
"Castilian for me," said Miss MacLean promptly.  
"What do you say, Mr. Peterson?"  
Pete felt the color deepening under his ears while Miss Ekstrand awaited his answer with an innocent smile.  
"By me it makes no difference," he said. "Why should it?"  
Miss Ekstrand gazed into space. "Somehow I can't picture you lisping your c's and z's. The South American way suits you better, I'm sure."  
"I can lisp if I have to," Pete retorted.  
"Of course. But why not try the last passage the other way?"  
Pete glared at the page and followed instructions. At the end of the paragraph—a description of the Pan-American Highway—were some questions to be read aloud and answered. He hit the first one hard.  
"Is there an important highway in your town? No, there is no important highway in my town."  
"But there is," said Miss Ekstrand. "It runs right past the Peterson farm, in fact."  
"Route nineteen, you mean?"  
"It's important to the farmers."  
"O.K." Pete shrugged. "Hay una carretera importante—"  
Abruptly he lowered his book. "Hey! How do you know where I come from?"  
Miss Ekstrand, softly laughing, looked at her watch. "We've gone overtime, haven't we? Buenas noches, everybody. See you all on Tuesday."  
Pete lingered. When the others had gone, he folded his arms and glared at her. "How do you know where I come from?" he demanded again.  
"I'm perishing for a cup of

coffee. Why don't you come into the kitchen?"  
He trailed her and sat down at the kitchen table, still scowling, but she kept him waiting until the coffee was in the pot. Then, while putting cheese and bread on the table, she said, laughing at him with her eyes. "You remember the Martinsen boys, don't you?"  
"Sam and Rolf? I went to high school with them."  
"And fishing. And skiing. And never had time for girls. I know. I'm the gruesome little cousin from St. Cloud who used to visit with them. I hated the name Hulda then. Used to call myself Valerie."  
Pete blinked at her. "Valerie Ekstrand! But how'd you get to this place?"  
Miss Ekstrand sat down. "It's no mystery. I grew up, went to college and majored in languages. Professor Vallegas, in the language department here, needed an assistant and offered me the job. He was my French and Spanish prof. back home. How did you get here?"  
"Architectural engineering. They had a good course here at a price I could afford."  
"And now you're rebuilding the college itself. You've come a long way."  
Pete felt a sudden need to change the subject. "How about that coffee?"  
She poured the coffee and they talked of home while Pete made a glutton of himself. It was good. He hadn't been home for a long time; there wasn't much point to it with his parents dead, the farm sold, his sisters married.  
It was a long time, too, since he had sat in a kitchen, any kitchen, and stuffed himself with cheese, jam, good dark bread, and coffee that didn't taste like colored water. The temptation to kick his shoes off was tremendous.  
"It's a crazy world," Miss Ekstrand said. "In the old days I used to beg you and my two girl-hating cousins to teach me to ski. Now I'm teaching you Spanish."

"Trying to, you mean," Pete grinned at her. "How's your skiing? Any better than my Spanish?"  
"About as good."  
"I'll have to give you a lesson sometime, to even things up." He got up to go. "On one condition, though. You stop teasing me in class, señorita."  
"Teasing you?"  
"You know what I mean." Miss Ekstrand's expression was that of a Christmas-card angel. "Why, Mr. Peterson, I haven't an idea what you're talking about. But it's a date. The skiing, I mean."  
"The first good snow," Pete said.  
He didn't have to worry about keeping his promise. For three weeks the temperature hung above freezing, and what should have been snow was rain.  
Angelica despised it. "In my country the trees are green and the air is a caress," she said. "You will love it here."  
"I'll never get there," Pete told her. "Stop dreaming."  
When Matthew Newton brought up the same subject one day, Pete was surprised.  
"Don't be in a hurry to grab some other job when this college thing is finished," Matthew said. "Federico is planning big things in Caracas, Pete. You'd be a good man for him."  
"Thanks, Mr. Newton. But let's be honest."  
"Honest?"  
"For Johnny's sake, you've given me every break, but I can't lean on you for ever."  
"Not for Johnny's sake," Matthew said, scowling. "For your own, Pete."  
"Mr. Newton—"  
"You may have lost something in that prison camp," Matthew went on, refusing to be interrupted, "but it wasn't ability—only faith in yourself. One of these days you'll get it back. Meanwhile, if Ortiz offers you a job in Caracas, take it!"  
"He won't offer me one."  
"He's been pretty busy. You've been busy yourself." I soon won't be, Pete thought. It was true, though; he had been working hard. Except for

his evenings out with Angelica and the Spanish lessons he had stayed close to the hotel. On the table in his room stood a model of Ellis Hall. Many a night he had worked with it, experimenting, until his eyes refused to stay open.  
Returning from Spanish class one evening, he tossed off his jacket and settled down for another session of frustration. On the stage of the model stood a midget extension speaker. He turned on the tape recorder behind it and waited for the sound to rocket around the enclosure like a June bug in a lampshade, as it always had before.  
When it did, he would go through the whole bag of tricks again, replacing the removable walls and ceilings with sheets of plasterboard, plywood, composition board, and a dozen other materials, singly and in combination, until he wound up pounding his fists on the table.  
But this time, perversely, the sound came at him clean and sharp. He stepped back and scowled at the thing. He had done nothing. Unless—  
He picked up the jacket he had tossed on top of the model on entering the room. The June bugs went into action. He put the coat back. They were silent.  
Pete went to the phone. "Mr. Newton, you say Ellis Hall was looked at when there was snow on the ground?"  
"A lot of snow, Pete."  
"And the sound is only bad at times?"  
"Most of the time. I'd say. Yet every now and then it seems all right."  
Next day, in answer to Pete's prayer, it snowed.  
He had a date with Angelica at seven, but the snow was not deep enough for his all-important experiment until after six. It was a Saturday; Ellis Hall was locked. For half an hour he sought Mr. Pickersgill, the custodian of the keys; then in desperation drove to Miss Ekstrand's house.  
"Well!" Her face glowed as she opened the door. "So you remember—" "Look," Pete begged. "Do



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To page 50

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# AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard  
For week beginning April 29

## Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<b>ARIES</b> The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in the marketplace.	★ A modest effort carried out to perfection may have greater value than a slap-dash attempt at too ambitious a project. You avoid going back to correct mistakes.	★ If you are considering buying or selling, renting or letting a house or flat, permanently or temporarily, you should be able to get action now.	★ The gift you make yourself is always highly appreciated. If you can knit, the new wools are tempting. Your beloved can always use a new pullover.	★ If raising funds for a community project, you won't have a spare moment, but results will justify the effort. Meet your obligations, but don't wear yourself out.
<b>TAURUS</b> The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, navy. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in self-confidence.	★ Climb up the ladder. Useful contacts are worth cultivating. Turn on the charm and maintain friendly relations with associates.	★ Have you ever regarded your home as a background for your personality? Is it stereotyped, or are there surprises, unexpected touches that only you can give?	★ Your time for love is here. The very young find romance. Many middle-aged Taurus will blossom out as the heroine of a belated romance, with marriage soon.	★ If you are busy trying to fight someone else's battles you may not have time to win your own in the game of prestige. Don't take sides unless compelled.
<b>GEMINI</b> The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in thrift.	★ This chapter may be unspectacular, but you should be working towards your goal without attracting others' attention. Develop your ideas, but do not announce them.	★ It might do you good to shut yourself up in your home and please yourself what you do. Relax some of that nervous tension and renew vitality.	★ Either you are not yet ready for a serious love affair or circumstances tend to draw you apart in any event, you feel that love must wait.	★ Friends, associates, groups are co-operative. Don't spoil a chance by distrusting your own ability or that of others. Hidden resentments could play havoc.
<b>CANCER</b> The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in a host of friends.	★ If in paid employment there may be changes in personnel or you yourself may be placed in another niche. If a homemaker there may be new neighbors.	★ You love entertaining, but a flustered hostess cannot enjoy her own party. Write down the menu, choose games for the occasion, and leave nothing to chance.	★ Have you recently met a dashing handsome stranger, or, if a boy, a glamor girl? An element of mystery or a difference in social background adds to attraction.	★ Be agreeable to acquaintances, for through them you may find yourself tops in social, creative, or recreational activities which give real scope for your talents.
<b>LEO</b> The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, gold. Gambling colors, gold, silver. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck from those in authority.	★ Your sign is proud; but don't be too proud to take advice from elders or superiors. Should a few extra tasks be turned over to you, do not grizzle.	★ If you expect to be gallivanting around town, don't rush home to fix a makeshift meal. Plan ahead, cook dishes in advance, so that the family does not suffer.	★ Polish up your dancing, for a big social event may be looming up where you and your beloved will enter a fascinating world, hitherto closed to you both.	★ Know where you stand in any scramble for prestige. Getting out on a limb could make you ridiculous should you have to crawl down. Play safe.
<b>VIRGO</b> The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in a journey.	★ Many of you are attempting some new skill, or a new way to deal with essential work. If a voluntary worker there is a new scheme which appears promising.	★ Some of you may form a group for the purpose of studying home-making or for practicing a new skill such as dressmaking, millinery, or upholstery.	★ If you and your beloved have been occupied with a group project, give the man the lion's share of the credit. This will endear you to him.	★ People may be difficult to persuade or you may hold a minority opinion unacceptable to those in charge. Let them make their own mistakes and stop worrying.
<b>LIBRA</b> The Balance SEPTEMBER 23 - OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in a hidden place.	★ Financial ways and means to fulfil your wishes are centre stage right now. Don't cut your corners too fine while adding to your savings for that wonderful plan.	★ Exchange of services helps friends. Mutual projects such as baby-sitting or looking after schoolchildren would enable each of you to go out in turn.	★ Saving for the future denotes a matrimonially inclined lover. If the boy-friend is cutting down on fritter money, do not whine. Actually it's a compliment.	★ Dig around in the back of your mind for a solution to a social problem which cannot be shelved. You may discover a compromise. Be cautious with club funds.
<b>SCORPIO</b> The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in partnerships.	★ Any joint scheme supported by you and the boy-friend or marriage partner may require a certain amount of sacrifice on both sides, but will more than justify itself.	★ You try hard to keep ahead of the domestic game by working to plan, but many happy interruptions may swamp your scheme. You'll be the fun of the fair.	★ Scorpio folk are marrying, often after brief engagements. Your sign takes love almost too seriously, and when love strikes it is likely to last a lifetime.	★ Perhaps the boy-friend or the marriage partner will lend a hand with a stint close to your heart. Otherwise, you organise a team which accomplishes a miracle.
<b>SAGITTARIUS</b> The Archer NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, yellow. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in a project.	★ The chance of a lifetime may not always be recognised when it presents itself as the gradual unfolding of a by no means exciting prospect. Don't let it pass.	★ You'll be going for your life. Finishing one big job that has been weighing you down and making the final payment on a gadget are causes for satisfaction.	★ Those who have been taking one another for granted would be wise to restore glamor to their romance. Stop out, spend the evening at a new place, and dress up.	★ Take social commitments calmly. A "potluck" party gives as much fun as an elaborate "do," so don't spend hours in fussy preparation.
<b>CAPRICORN</b> The Goat DECEMBER 23 - JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, mauve. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in true love.	★ If you want to show what you can do, you must be on the spot when the need arises. If it's a new game you'll be helped at the beginning.	★ If a parent with teenagers, your house will be noisy, for they may hold an informal party. Older people may find a new game which fascinates them.	★ The knowledge that you love and are loved in return will carry you along on the crest of happiness. A first kiss is always memorable. The stars are bright.	★ With a dozen interests to choose from, you may be startled by an unconventional invitation. Accept it, enjoy it, but take it as just an episode.
<b>AQUARIUS</b> The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, brown. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in your own home.	★ Many resign from jobs or take holidays, later returning to different conditions. If you've come to a fork in the road, you will make one or two sound decisions.	★ Gardeners, whether suburban or flat-dwellers, are busy. There is an inclination to experiment with exotic plants or plant novelties which give unusual effects.	★ Once in a while spend an evening at home with the beloved. Courting in a crowded place of amusement is bad manners, and frequent dining-out is costly.	★ Try simple entertainment at home. It gives you the chance to renew old contacts. Afternoon teas or light suppers are still enjoyable and fashionable.
<b>PISCES</b> The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in the letter-box.	★ Many short tasks alternate with hasty expeditions in connection with your work. If a homemaker, exhibitions or publications will help you along.	★ Don't put the key under the mat if you are busting off for the day. Carry it with you. You may be gathering new ideas from friends.	★ Many a picnic outing brought a proposal to Grandma, and that still holds true today. If a little adventure should throw you together, it will mean happiness.	★ Look for sociability close at hand. A friend nearby is a real asset if you want company at the theatre or pictures. Seek out the shy ones and make friends.

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Does more than smooth—it heals detergent chapping. Angel Skin is the only lotion that counteracts the harsh alkali effects of detergents and soaps. Redness fades, chapping disappears.

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- Skin loses that rough, parched shine.
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- Sandpapery legs and heels smooth out so they can't snag nylons.



2-oz. bottle 3/9 . . . 4-oz. bottle 6/3. Get Angel Skin from your favourite beauty bar today.



# FROM PARIS SPRING COLLECTIONS



ABOVE: Coral-pink woolen coat from Jacques Heim has a "bubble" back. The wide sleeves are triple-buttoned for a touch of added elegance.



RIGHT: From Christian Dior's Liberty Line collection a "Sahara-bush jacket" suit of champagne slub shantung. Note the wrap-over top of the long jacket.

LEFT: Raphael, famous for his tailoring, designed this gently fitting suit of wedgwood-blue. The interesting collar and yoke give a sharp white accent to the suit.

It may be almost winter in Australia, but in France the chic Parisienne is talking about the latest spring collections from the great couturiers.

On these pages we show six ensembles which reflect the current trend—femininity.

There is a wide diversity of "lines" from the big names in Paris, but they all acclaim the womanly woman.

Basic colors are mostly all shades of blue, mushroom, and oyster; these muted tonings are emphasised by a sudden dramatic splash like the scarlet suit shown at right.

That same suit highlights another current Paris favorite: chiffon, used everywhere, is made by Dior into an intricately swathed blouse.







*LINEN SUIT in turquoise-blue from the House of Fath is teamed with a yellow-spotted white silk blouse. The suit is modelled on classic lines, with its slim skirt, sloping revers, and a loosely fitted jacket curving softly to follow the body contours.*



*LEFT: Color—in a scarlet wool suit by Dior. The cowl collar of the matching chiffon blouse is drawn over a crocheted red straw hat to form the beguiling hood.*

*ABOVE: Chic ensemble from Pierre Balmain combines coat, blouse, and a skirt with a corselet yoke. The matching toque is smothered in tiny parma violets.*



you know any way I can get into Ellis Hall?"

"Ellis Hall?" Her blue eyes lost their brightness. "What's going on there tonight?"

"Get me in and I'll show you."

Miss Ekstrand hesitated, voiced a small sigh, shrugged her shoulders. It took twenty minutes to find someone who could let them in.

Pete switched on the lights and led her to the stage. "Stand up there and talk," he ordered. "Recite a poem or something."

He strode to the back of the hall. "Shoot!"

Miss Ekstrand put her hands on her slender hips, glared at him, and recited. A grin of sheer delight spread over Pete's face as he listened. "Beautiful," he murmured. Then he heard what she was saying.

"There is no man so good, who, were he to submit all his thoughts and actions to the laws, would not deserve hanging ten times in his life. There is no man so good, who—"

"What?" Pete said.

"Montaigne. I learned it when I took French."

"Baby," Pete exclaimed, "it comes across beautifully."

"Does it?" said Miss Ekstrand, marching tight-lipped off the stage. "I didn't think it was coming through at all."

It was after eight when Pete arrived at the big white house on the hill. Burdened with his model of Ellis Hall, he rang the bell with his elbow.

The housekeeper said with a frown, "Miss Ortiz is—"

"Where's Mr. Newton?" Pete blurted.

"In the library, sir."

Pete staggered into the library and plunked his contraption on the desk. "Got it!" he announced, oblivious of Matthew's look of astonishment.

It took a while to explain the thing. With a man like Matthew you couldn't say, "Look, now; the attic area in that place is a drum and the ceiling's a drumhead." You had to talk decibels, reverberation time, reflection, and absorption.

"You've tried it?" Matthew demanded.

"This evening. The snow on

## Continuing . . . Senorita of Minnesota

from page 45

the roof makes all the difference. All we have to do is duplicate that blanket in the attic space. For pennies."

Matthew stood up and laid his hands on Pete's shoulders. "Now will you stop selling yourself short?"

Pete walked on air. But not for long. When he floated into the living-room, the annoyance in Angelica's dark eyes halted him in his tracks.

"It is too late to go to the city," she said coldly.

"We'll go somewhere else. I've got things to tell you."

"I am sure you must have," she retorted.

The roads were bad, and on the way out to the Blue Shutter he drove slowly and talked, until it dawned on him that the senorita was genuinely angry. He fell silent then.

"You don't understand," he said. "It meant a lot to me, this thing."

"That is all you American men are able to think of! Your work!"

"A man's work is important to him. I have a stupid idea it ought to be important to his girl as well."

She shrugged.

"Well, isn't it?"

"I only know that I was kept waiting without an apology."

"I am apologising. Come on and dance."

"I am not in a mood for dancing."

Pete let his breath out slowly. "Senorita," he said then, "perhaps we'd better go home."

Her father was waiting for him with Matthew. They ushered him into the library, where little Senor Ortiz paced the floor.

"Matthew has told me about your latest achievement, Mr. Peterson. I want you to come to Caracas."

After the silent ride home from the Blue Shutter, Pete had his guard up. "To Caracas?"

"I have been thinking about it for some time, but there was a problem. The problem still exists and will be troublesome, but I accept the risk. You will come?"

"Just one question," Pete

said. "If Mr. Newton advised you not to hire me, would you go against his advice?"

"In this case, yes," Ortiz replied.

"You've hired me."

All night the snow fell, softly and steadily. All the next day. It was Sunday and Pete got up late, letting the morning and afternoon loaf by before he picked up the phone.

"I am sorry," said the daughter of Federico Ortiz. "With the snow a mile deep, you ask me to go out? I would perish."

"I'll come over then."

"I am angry with you."

"You can't be angry with me. Your father hired me."

"I am not my father," she retorted. "And if all you can talk about is your work, I will not listen!" The phone clicked.

Pete had supper and called her again. "I forgive you for hanging up on me, senorita, but don't do it twice, hey? In this country that's a slap in the face."

"You forgive me?" She was incredulous. "I am the one who has not forgiven you! Nor do I intend to!" The phone clicked again.

Pete slammed the door behind him and went down the stairs. It was eight o'clock. The snow had stopped falling and the hotel manager was clearing the verandah.

"Give me that!" Pete grabbed the shovel.

He tossed the snow over the rail in massive blocks. After a while the manager said, with a shake of his head, "You've been cooped up too long. What you need —"

"I know what I need. Exercise!"

"Not with a shovel. What you want is on the rack in the back room, just rarin' to go."

The road to Morgan Hill was in bad shape, and just beyond the college an enormous drift blocked it. Pete stepped out of his car and on to his skis. It was a night made to order for a tall Swede from the cold country, the snow blue and

smooth under a shining sky. It was true. He'd been locked up too long.

Alone in the stillness, he glided towards the base of the hill, feeling good again. On the crest of the hill something moved.

It was a girl in a white ski suit, and she didn't know Morgan Hill or she wouldn't have started down at that point. Not there in the middle where the descent was safe only for experts. He wagged his arms and yelled at her, but she misunderstood. Her answering wave was just a friendly salute. She was already soaring.

"Crazy fool," Pete muttered.

Legs churning, he made the foot of the slope. But the girl was flying. Suddenly he realised she knew how to fly, and with a gasp of admiration he stopped.

"Beautiful!" he exclaimed. She reached the bottom, flashed past him like a shadow, turned and came back. "Buenas noches, señor," she said.

"And I was supposed to give you a lesson!"

Miss Ekstrand's laugh was crisp and clean, like the night itself. "Never trust a woman, Pete. Shall we try the hill together, just for laughs?"

"I'd like that," Pete told her. "And not for laughs."

He toiled up the hill at her side, marvelling at the grace of her every movement. She was enjoying herself, that was for sure. A gal after my own heart, Pete thought. When they stopped to rest, plopping themselves down in the snow, he turned to face her.

"I didn't keep my promise. I'm sorry."

"You're a first-class heel," she said with a smile.

"I got working on that Ellis Hall thing and — never mind. I'm cursed with the habit of boring people. But to me it was important."

"You think I'm not curious, after standing in for a guinea pig?" she said. "What was it, Pete? You looked as if you'd climbed Everest."

He told her and it seemed

important to leave nothing out. When he stood up, lifting her with him by the elbows, she raised her head to look at his face and said, "I'm glad it worked out for you, Pete. You're a nice guy." Then abruptly she turned away. "Let's get to the top."

Pete was puzzled. He'd been able to apologise to her without feeling stepped on, and now everything was good again, just like that. As easy as breathing. At the top of the slope he moved to her side. "Sure you want to go down there again?" he said. "It's rugged."

She turned her head and for just a second he saw a quiver on her lips and an odd look in her eyes, as if she were going to cry. She's cold, he thought. Then, with a fierce thrust of her poles she took off.

"Hey!" he yelled. "Wait!"

He couldn't catch her. He could ski with the best, but this girl was a wraith of wind-blown snow whipping down the slope ahead of him until, almost at the bottom, she looked back. The turn of her head threw her off balance.

Pete threw himself to a halt beside her almost as soon as she stopped sliding. He got his arms under her shoulders and lifted her.

"Hurt?" he asked thickly.

She shook her head. But wiping the snow from her face he saw tears.

"I'll get you home," he said. "I'm not hurt, I tell you!"

"You're crying."

"I don't know any better. I'm stupid." She pushed him away and, with an effort, stood up. "Good-night, Pete."

"Now listen, senorita —"

"Don't call me that!"

Pete held his breath and stared at her and she returned the stare defiantly without moving. Only the stars moved, spinning, and the wheels in Pete's head, grinding out awareness.

He put his hands on her arms and said dazedly, "I'm dumb." He drew her gently towards him, half afraid she would pull away. When she didn't, he folded his arms around her hard and tight and laid his face against hers. "Coffee?" Pete said at last.

"In the kitchen?"

"I love you, too," Miss Ekstrand said. "I always have."

After the third cup of coffee Pete looked at his watch and pushed his chair back from the table. "There's something I have to do," he said. "Mind if I use your phone?"

The phone was in the hall by the kitchen door, and with his back against the wall and his gaze on Miss Ekstrand, Pete called Matthew Newton's house.

"Mr. Ortiz, please."

"Pete," Miss Ekstrand said, "are you sure —"

He waved her to silence. "Mr. Ortiz? Roy Peterson. Sorry, sir, but I won't be going to Venezuela with you after all. I'm going to be married."

The little man's gasp must have been audible even to Miss Ekstrand. "Married? To whom?"

"A girl I grew up with. Sorry if I'm disappointing you."

"But why must you disappoint me?" Ortiz demanded. "Now there is no problem!"

"No problem? I don't follow you, sir."

"Mr. Peterson, I am afraid you don't understand. From the very beginning I wanted you, but your interest in my daughter made me hesitate. I am old-fashioned, perhaps. It is my deep conviction that affairs of the heart do not mix well in business. You see? I was between the devil and the sea. So now the problem is removed." Ortiz said with a sigh of relief. "You will come to Venezuela with your wife and everything will be — how do you say it? — perfectly swell."

"Everything," Pete said, gazing into the kitchen, "will be magnifico."

He hung up and walked back to the table. "Princess," he said, reaching for Miss Ekstrand's hands, "we're going to Venezuela, where you can speak Spanish to your heart's content."

"All right," she said. "Just like that?"

"Of course, just like that," she said. "Venezuela or the North Pole, what's the difference? Put your shoes on before we start."

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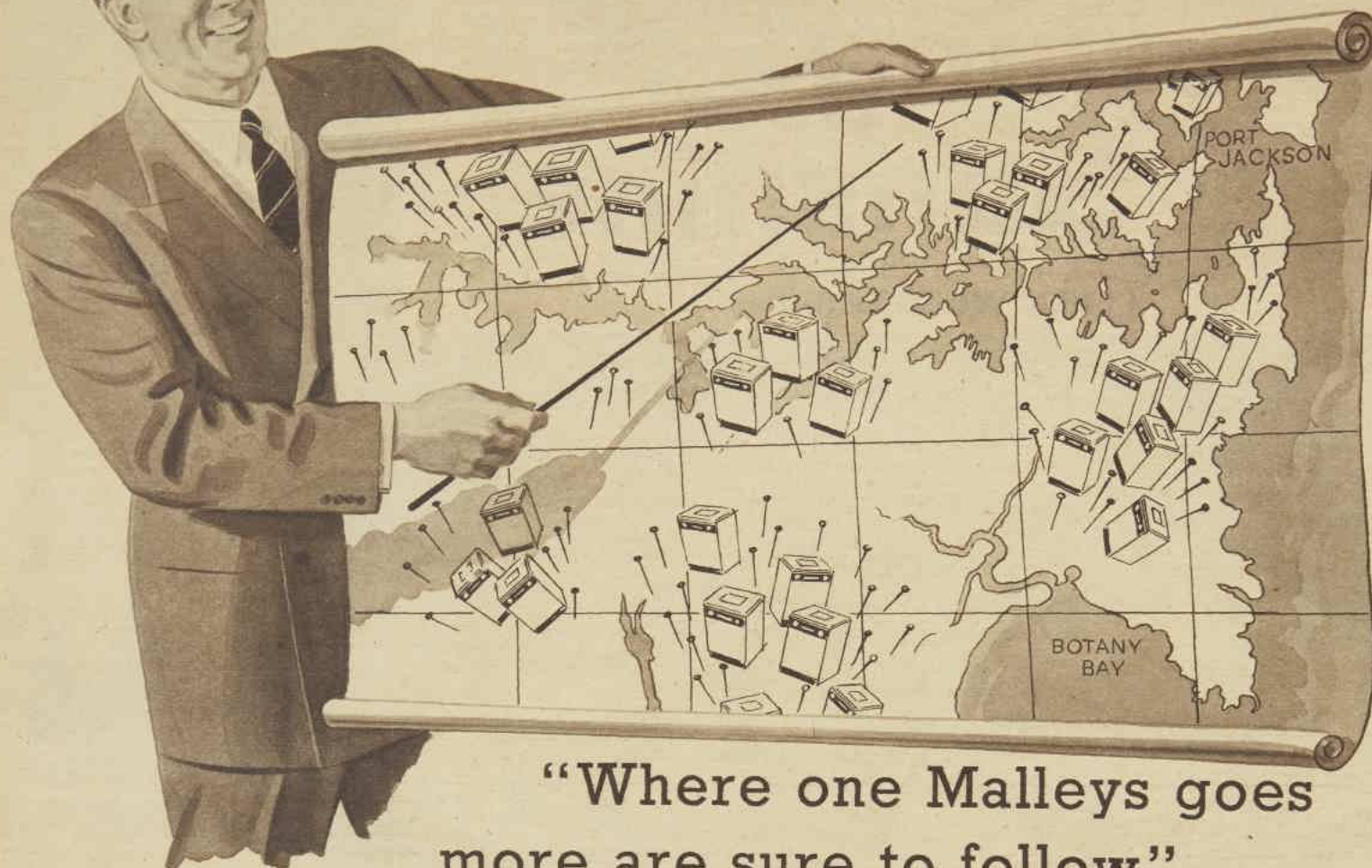


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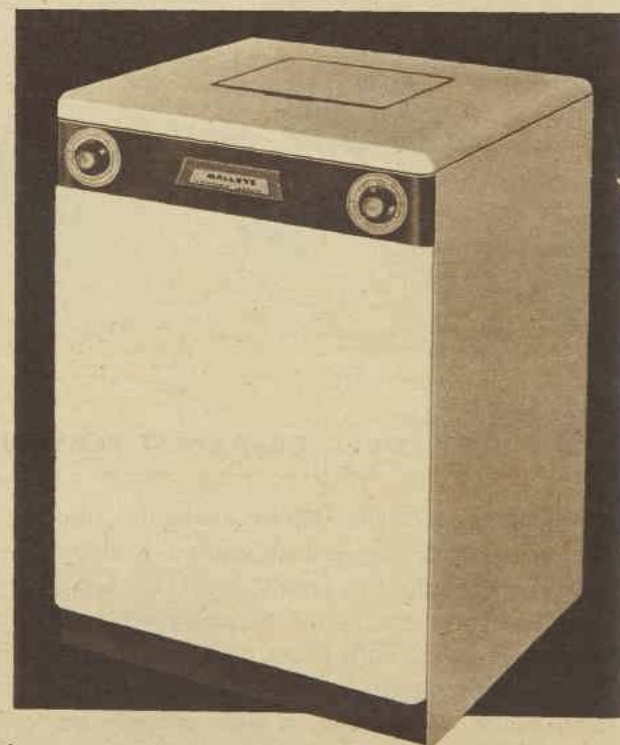
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with young Allandale! Wait! Where are my smelling-salts? Now tell me everything!"

Clutching the vinaigrette and warding off a series of palpitations by frequently sniffing its aromatic contents, she managed to listen to the story Nell unfolded without succumbing to the various nervous ills which threatened to prostrate her. She was very much shocked, interrupting the tale with groans and horrified ejaculations, but there was nothing she could do to help Nell, because she knew nothing.

She had never encouraged Mr. Allandale. Girls liked to flirt and there was no harm in that; but when she had learnt that Letty considered herself engaged to a young man without a penny to bless himself with, and no prospects worthy to be mentioned, she had never been more upset in her life.

Nell was obliged to break in on her volubility and to beg that Selina might be sent for. Mrs. Thorne was perfectly agreeable, but she could not think that Selina would be able to throw any light on the mystery of her cousin's whereabouts.

When she was told of the meeting that afternoon in Bond Street, she could scarcely be brought to believe that such a thing could have happened. "Selina going off to Bond Street! Oh, you don't mean it, Lady Cardross! I never heard of such a thing! To be sure, girls aren't kept so strict now as they were when I was young — why, not a step outside the house could I take unless my mother or the governess was with me! And very irksome it was, I can tell you!"

"I made up my mind I wouldn't use my girls so, and now I have, but as for letting any of them go jaunting about town without one of her sisters or Betty to go with her, that would be quite beyond the line! Good gracious, whatever would people say! It doesn't bear thinking of and if I find Martha was telling you the truth, which, however, it's very likely she wasn't, I declare Selina shall go to Miss Putten-

ham's seminary, say what she will!"

"It was what Mr. Thorne said she should do when Miss Woodbridge left us, but she pleaded so hard against it — well, there! But that Martha would say anything! Depend upon it, my dear Lady Cardross, Selina knows no more than the man in the moon where her cousin may be!"

But when Selina presently came into the room it was evident even to her fond parent that she knew very well why she had been sent for. She was in fine feather and perfectly ready to be martyred in her cousin's cause. Hers had not been the chief role in the delightful drama, but she had been able easily to convince herself that without her self-abnegating offices the interested parties would by this time have been obliged to resign themselves to their equally disagreeable fates.

Letty (if she did not go into a decline and expire within the year) would have been ruthlessly forced into marriage with a titled Midas of evil disposition, at whose hands she would have suffered brutal ill-usage, and Mr. Allandale, unaccountably forgotten by his superiors, would have worn out his life in a foreign land, always carrying his lost love's likeness next to his heart and dying (in circumstances of distressing neglect and anguish) with her name on his written lips.

Until Selina found herself confronting Nell, of whom she stood in a good deal of awe, this affecting story had seemed to her so probable as to border on the inevitable. She had several times rehearsed the elevating utterances she would make, if called upon to account for her actions; and in these scenes every effort made by Letty's persecutors to drag from her the secret of her whereabouts failed.

Sometimes she remained mute while the storm raged over her devoted head; but in general

she was extremely eloquent, expressing herself with such moving sincerity that even such worldly persons as her father and Lord Cardross were often brought to see how false and mercenary were their ideas, and emerged from the encounter with changed hearts and the highest opinion of her fearlessness, nobility, and good sense.

But in these scenes the other members of the cast spoke the lines laid down for them; in real life they said things so very different as to throw everything quite out of joint. In

possible to force her to betray her cousin.

Mrs. Thorne should then have conjured her daughter on her obedience to divulge the truth; instead, and with a lamentable lack of histrionic ability, she begged her irritably not, for goodness' sake, to start any of her play-acting; and before Selina could recover from this set-back Nell completed her discomfiture by saying in a tone of grave reproach, "Indeed, Selina, you must not make-believe over this, for I am afraid it is much more serious than you have any idea of."

After that, there could be no recapturing the dramatic flavor

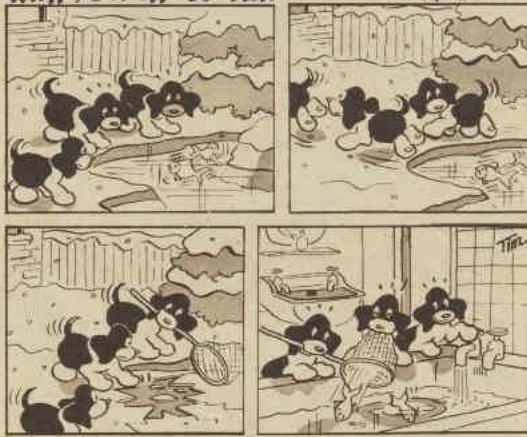
## Continuing . . . April Lady

from page 21

### FOR THE CHILDREN

#### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



the event, Selina pronounced only one of her rehearsed speeches.

Asked by her mother if she knew what had become of Letty she clasped her hands at her breast and declined to answer the question. She then invited the two ladies to threaten her as much as they chose, to do with her what they would; but warned them that they would find it im-

possible to force her to betray her cousin. Mrs. Thorne should then have conjured her daughter on her obedience to divulge the truth; instead, and with a lamentable lack of histrionic ability, she begged her irritably not, for goodness' sake, to start any of her play-acting; and before Selina could recover from this set-back Nell completed her discomfiture by saying in a tone of grave reproach, "Indeed, Selina, you must not make-believe over this, for I am afraid it is much more serious than you have any idea of."

It took a little time to drag the whole story out of her and the effect of her revelations on Mrs. Thorne was severe enough to make Nell feel profoundly sorry for the poor lady.

She was so much stunned by the discovery that when she had believed Selina to have gone under the escort of her maid to a dancing-class or a music-lesson, that abandoned damsel had been setting forth by stealth for the most fashionable quarter of the town alone, and for the purpose of aiding and abetting her cousin in conduct that, if it were to become known, would disgrace them both for ever in the eyes of all persons of ton, that she could do nothing but reproach Selina, and wonder how she came to have a daughter so lost to all sense of propriety.

It was left to Nell to question Selina, which she did with a gentle coldness that overawed her far more than did her mother's scoldings.

Letty had sold the necklace to Catworth on the day that she had gone with her cousin to choose a wedding gift for Fanny. They had dismissed the carriage outside the Pantheon, telling the coachman to call for them at Gunter's, in Berkeley Square, considerably later in the day. After purchasing a couple of thick veils they had set out in a hack for Cranbourn Alley, having discovered the existence of the firm of Catworth and Son through the simple expedient of asking the jarvey on the box to recommend them a jeweller not patronised by persons of quality.

While Letty had transacted her business with the younger Catworth, Selina had remained in the hack, because the jarvey, when instructed to wait outside the shop, apparently suspecting them of trying to give him the slip, had expressed a strong wish of being paid off then and there.

After the sale of the necklace only one thing was needed for an elopement, and that was the bridegroom, who was then still out of town.

At this point Mrs. Thorne exclaimed, "Never tell me Allandale was ready to take her with no more than two thousand pounds!"

"My dear ma'am, you cannot suppose that Mr. Allandale was a party to such a thing!" Nell said.

"No, he wasn't," corroborated Selina. "Letty said she would tell him she had it from her godfather in case he should think she ought not to have taken the necklace."

The two girls had met that afternoon by prearrangement, and as soon as Martha had been got rid of, which was done because Letty wished, with rare consideration, to protect her from blame, they had purchased such necessities as Letty had been unable to pack in her bundle, and brought them to Bryanston Square, to be bestowed in an old cloak-bag belonging to Papa. Finally, Letty had departed in a hackney for Mr. Allandale's lodging in Ryder Street.

"But you won't catch them," Selina said, with a last flicker of defiance, "because that was hours ago and you may depend upon it they are many miles away by now!"

This seemed all too probable to Mrs. Thorne, sinking back in her chair with a groan of dismay, but Nell was more hopeful. When Selina had been dismissed to bed, with the promise of bread and water for her supper, an interview with Papa on the morrow, and incarceration for an unspecified length of time in a Bath seminary for young ladies, she rose to her feet, saying that she would go at once to Ryder Street.

"But what is the use, my dear?" wailed Mrs. Thorne. "You heard what that wicked child of mine said! They're off to Gretna Green, depend upon it!"

"I cannot credit it! No doubt that was Letty's plan, but I shall own myself astonished if it was Mr. Allandale's. Oh, he would not do such a thing!"

To page 55

If it's hard to "make ends meet..."

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I am quite confident he would not!"

"Good gracious, Lady Cardross, where else could they go? They couldn't be married in England, what with Letty's being under age, and special licences, and I don't know what besides! Surely to goodness he wouldn't have let her run away to him if he didn't mean to marry her immediately!"

"I don't believe he knew anything about it," declared Nell. "Only consider, ma'am! He is a respectable man of superior sense and with extremely nice notions of propriety. I am persuaded he would not entertain for an instant the thought of eloping with a child of Letty's age. Her expectations, too! Oh, no, he couldn't do it! If his own good feeling did not prevent him, the knowledge that he would be thought to have behaved like a most unprincipled fortune-hunter surely would!"

"Ay, there is that," agreed Mrs. Thorne, a little doubtfully. "He would lose his employment, too, I daresay. But, you know, my dear, when a man falls head over ears in love there's no saying what he may do. And you aren't going to tell me Letty ran off to elope with him without his knowing she meant to do it!"

"Yes, I am," Nell said, on a tiny choke of laughter. "It would be exactly like her to do so!"

"Well!" gasped Mrs. Thorne. "Of all the brazen little hussies! A nice surprise it will be for Allandale when he goes home from the Foreign Office, thinking of nothing but his

dinner, as I don't doubt he will be, and finds that naughty girl in his lodgings, as bold as brass, and expecting him to set out with her for Scotland! Well, I hope it will be a lesson to him, that's all! Only, if that's the way it was, why didn't he bring her back to you long since?"

"I've thought of that," Nell said. "It does seem strange, but if he were kept late at his work—? Then, too, it would take him a little time, you know, to persuade Letty to give up the scheme. In fact, the likeliest chance is that she fell into one of her hysterical fits of crying, and the poor man could not have the least notion how to stop her! Oh, I must go to Ryder Street at once!"

The conviction that she would arrive at Mr. Allandale's lodging to find him endeavoring to soothe his would-be-bride grew steadily upon Nell as she was bounced and jolted there in yet another hack, and she began to be quite buoyant again, feeling that if she could only restore his sister to Cardross with her reputation unblemished she would have done much to atone for the follies and extravagances of the past weeks.

But when the hackney turned out of St. James' Street into Ryder Street she suffered a check. The coachman pulled up his aged horse and clambered down from the box to discover what was the number of the house she wished to visit.

## Continuing . . . April Lady

[from page 53]

and it suddenly occurred to Nell that she did not know it. Nor did the coachman.

Asked if he was perhaps familiar with Mr. Allandale, he said he wasn't one to bother his head over the names of the gentlemen who patronised him and surveyed his fair passenger with unwelcome interest.

The coachman was plainly wondering whether he had been mistaken in the social status of his fare, and Nell was beginning to feel rather helpless and extremely uncomfortable when she providentially remembered that Mr. Hethersett also lived in Ryder Street.

NELL asked to be driven to Number 5, though it did not seem probable that Mr. Hethersett would be at home, for it was now past eight o'clock, but fortune favored her. No sooner had she paid off the coachman than the door of No. 5 was opened and Mr. Hethersett himself came out of the house, very natty in knee-breeches and silk stockings and a waistcoat of watered silk.

About to mount the few steps to his door, Nell uttered a joyful exclamation. "Felix! Oh, how glad I am to have caught you!"

"What the deuce brings you here?" demanded Mr. Hethersett, alarmed out of his usual address. "Cardross hasn't met with an accident, has he? Or—"

"Oh, no, no! nothing like that!" she assured him. "I shan't keep you above a moment—are you on your way to a party?—but I have most stupidly forgotten the number of the house Mr. Allandale lodges in!"

"You know, cousin, you shouldn't be driving about in a hack, and coming here to ask me for Allandale's direction! I mean—not my business, but it ain't at all the thing! Cardross wouldn't like it. Besides, what do you want with Allandale?" asked Mr. Hethersett.

"Well, that isn't your business either!" Nell pointed out. "And if Cardross knew I was here he would have not the least objection, I assure you, for I am here for a very sufficient purpose. So will you, if you please, tell me the number of Mr. Allandale's lodging, and then you may go to your party, and not trouble your head over me any more?"

"No," said Mr. Hethersett, with unexpected firmness. "I won't! Well, I should be bound to trouble my head over you: stands to reason! Because it seems to me you're up to something dashed smoky, cousin."

"Now, Felix, just because you met me in Clarges Street that day does not give you the right to try to bully and hector me over this!" Nell said indignantly.

"Never mind that! By the by, I hope all's right about that business?"

"Yes, yes, Dysart settled it for me."

"He did, did he?"

"Yes, for he has won a great deal of money on a horse called Cockroach. It was not very handsome of you to have betrayed me to him, however!"

"No, I know it wasn't. Best thing I could think of, though. What we want now is another hack."

"No—though I hope it is what I may want in a very little time. I suppose I shall be obliged to tell you what has happened," she sighed.

"Cousin, do you take me for a flat?" demanded Mr. Hethersett. "If you're searching all over for Allandale, it means that Letty is up to her tricks.

What's she done? Eloped with the fellow?"

"I very much fear it."

"Eh?" he said incredulously. "No, no, not the sort of fellow to do a scaly thing like that! I was only funning!"

"No, indeed! and that is what makes me very hopeful of finding them still here," she explained. "So pray will you direct me to the house?"

"Yes, but where's Cardross?" he demanded. "He can't have gone out of town again, because I saw him at White's this afternoon! It's his business to find Letty, not yours."

"He—he is dining out to-night, and then, too, he had Sir John Somerby with him, you see."

"What you mean," said Mr. Hethersett severely, "is that you haven't told him."

"No," confessed Nell. "I—I haven't."

"Well, you ought to have done so. Very unwilling to offend you, cousin, but you've got no right to play the concave suit with Cardross over that chit. Dash it, she's his ward! Daresay you're fond of her, but it won't do to be hoaxing Giles about today's business."

"No," she agreed. "Indeed, I don't mean to, Felix! Only the thing is that—he—he is very much vexed today. Something occurred that put him sadly out of temper, and I particularly don't wish to be obliged to break this news to him when—when perhaps he would be quite dreadfully angry with Letty!"

"Good thing if he was!" said Mr. Hethersett unfeelingly. "If you want to know what I think, it's my belief that the sooner you're rid of that resty girl the better it will be."

Nell said nothing in reply to this. The lamplighter was coming down the street with his ladder carried between him and the boy who followed at his heels. "It don't look to me as though Allandale's at home, but we may as well inquire for him," Mr. Hethersett now suggested.

"Do you mean to say that he lives next door to you?" demanded Nell.

"Yes, Well, no reason why he shouldn't!" said Mr. Hethersett, surprised at the indignant note in her voice. "What I mean is, he don't trouble me; hardly ever see him!"

"And you have kept me standing outside all this time! It is a great deal too bad of you!" said Nell, treading up the steps to the door and grasping the heavy brass knocker.

"I was trying to think what I should do with you while I did the trick here. Trouble is there ain't anywhere for you to go, but you oughtn't to be asking for Allandale, you know! Leave it to me, cousin!"

She was quite ready to do this, but when the door was opened and Mr. Hethersett asked the proprietor of the establishment if Mr. Allandale was at home and was told that he was not, he seemed so much inclined to withdraw without pursuing his inquiries any farther that she felt obliged to intervene. Disregarding a horrified murmur of protest from Mr. Hethersett she boldly asked if Mr. Allandale had gone out alone or accompanied by a lady.

"Would it be Mr. Allandale's sister you was referring to, ma'am?" asked the man cautiously.

"Yes," said Nell with great promptness.

"Ah!" said the proprietor, stroking his chin in a ruminative way. "That's what he said, I don't deny, but it wasn't what she said, which puts me in a fix, in a manner of speaking, because if it was his sister you was wishful to

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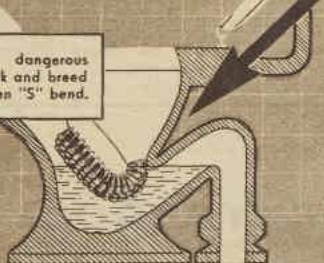
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see I couldn't say it was her as was here today, not to take my oath 'oh it, I couldn't. The young party as came here asking for Mr. Allandale told Mrs. Shotwick, which is my good lady, as how she was engaged to be married to him. Which is different."

"Well, that is the lady I wish to find," said Nell.

"Ah!" said Mr. Shotwick, still caressing his chin. "I've no objection, but the question is, can you, ma'am? Because she ain't here. Nor hasn't been, this three hours and more. Which I'm just as glad she hasn't on account of all the bobbery there was."

"Oh, dear!" Nell said, her heart sinking. "What—what sort of bobbery?"

"No, dash it, cousin—I!" expostulated Mr. Hethersett, by this time in a state of acute discomfort.

At this point Mr. Shotwick was struck by the happy idea of inviting them to step inside so that they might discuss the delicate matter with the mistress of the establishment.

"Oh, Felix, what can have happened?" Nell said. "Gone for more than three hours! When that man said they were not here I thought at first that perhaps Mr. Allandale had taken Letty home and I should find her there when I return. But three hours! Where can she be if they have not eloped together?"

"I don't know where she can be," said Mr. Hethersett. "I know where we are, however, and it ain't where I want to be. I'm dashed sure this fellow knows who I am and the next thing we shall find is that he's twigged who you are. It'll be all over town before the cat's had time to lick her ear."

"Well, if you don't like to be seen in my company you may go away!" said Nell, with spirit.

"I don't," said Mr. Hethersett frankly.

"Particularly in this rig when you ain't dressed for the evening. Not at all the thing: looks dashed peculiar! We shall have all the quizzes wondering what the deuce we were doing. Can't tell 'em we were looking all over for Letty!"

Anxious as she was, she could not help laughing at this. She said mischievously. "It is very bad, but your credit is so good that I am persuaded no one would believe for an instant that you had done anything that was not good ton!"

"Yes, but this is no time for funning, my dear Lady Cardross! Besides, there's no saying what people will believe. The thing is, we're going the quickest way to work to get it set about that that wretched girl has gone clean beyond the line. What's more, Cardross will be as mad as fire with the pair of us for making cakes of ourselves, instead of telling him what had happened."

**I**NDEED Nell felt that this might be true, but before she could reply Mr. Shotwick had come back with a stout dame in a mob-cap, whom he introduced as his good lady.

Her first impulse, on learning from her spouse that a beautiful young lady with a cloak-bag had taken possession of Mr. Allandale's parlor, with the expressed intention of remaining there until he returned to his lodging, had been to eject so bold a hussy immediately, but when she had sailed into the room to accomplish this desirable object she had suffered a check.

She beheld Quality, and one did not turn Quality out of one's house, however respectable one might be. But she had been on the watch for Mr. Allandale, and she had waylaid him on his entering the house, and had given him to understand that Goings-on under her roof she would not allow. It had struck her forcibly that upon hearing of his betrothed's presence in his parlor he had looked queer — to put it no higher.

"Queer as Dick's hatband," corroborated Mr. Shotwick.

"I should think he dashed well would look queer!" said Mr. Hethersett, impatient of this circumstantial history.

## Continuing . . . April Lady

from page 55

"And then the kick-up started," added Mr. Shotwick. "How she did take on! I thought we should have the neighbors in on us." He shook his head mournfully. "You couldn't help but compassionate her. But what has me fair flummoxed is the way he slumguzzled us! Because a quieter, nicer-behaved gentleman you couldn't find, not if you was to look from here to Jericho! But he tipped her the rise, no question!"

"That'll do!" said his wife. She looked significantly at Nell and said darkly: "Not a word shall pass my lips with a gentleman present, but I ask you, ma'am, what is anyone to think when a sweet, pretty young thing carries on like she was desperate, and begs and implores a gentleman—if such you can call him—to marry her?"

"Crying five loaves a penny, in course," said Mr. Shotwick helpfully.

"Yes, never mind that! What I mean is, no such thing!" intervened Mr. Hethersett, devoutly trusting that this expression was unknown to Nell. Not that there was any chance that she hadn't understood the gist of Mrs. Shotwick's remarks; she was looking agast, as well she might!

"All I want to know is, did they leave this house together, and did you hear where they were bound for?"

"That I cannot say," replied Mrs. Shotwick. "Leave it they did, in a post-chaise and pair."

"A post-chaise!" Nell echoed, in a hollow voice.

"A post-chaise it was, ma'am, as I saw with my own eyes, and which Mr. Allandale stepped out to bespeak his own self," nodded Mrs. Shotwick. "And this I will say, whatever he's done, he means to do right by that poor young thing now, for when I asked him what was to be done he answered me straight out there was only one thing he could do."

"I don't say he looked like he wanted to, but he was very resolute — oh, very resolute he was! He didn't say anything more to me, but turned sharp about and came back into this very room, where Miss was laid down on that sofa, looking that wore out as never was. But what he said to her I don't know, for he shut the door."

"All I do know is that whatever it was it had her up off the sofa in a twinkling, and as happy as a grig! Then he went off to hire a chaise, and Miss called to me to help her pack his valise, and not another tear did she shed!"

"No need to worry about her, then," said Mr. Hethersett, making the best of a bad business. "I'm much obliged to you!" He then requested Mr. Shotwick to step out in search of a hack, and cast an uneasy glance at Nell. She was looking quite stricken, but, to his relief, she did not speak until Mrs. Shotwick had curtsied herself out of the room.

He said curtly. "Going to take you home. Nothing to be done. Too late. Very shabby conduct of Allandale's, but I'm bound to say I'm dashed sorry for him!"

"Oh, could he not have brought her back to her home?" Nell cried, wringing her hands.

"Not if she was screeching hysterics," said Mr. Hethersett, with considerable feeling. "What's more, I don't blame him!"

"I blame myself! If I had told Cardross of my suspicion! He might have been able to have overtaken them, but now — I was so certain Mr. Allandale would not — I thought I should be able to set the wretched business to rights, but I have only helped to ruin Letty!"

"Don't see that at all," he replied. "Plenty of time for Cardross to catch 'em, if he wants to. Only travelling with a pair of horses. Wouldn't make much difference if they had

To page 58

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# MAY is the time to . . .

. . . Plant out liliun bulbs and raise more liliums from seed . . . cut down delphiniums, perennial lupins, and others that have finished flowering . . . lift perennial phlox . . . protect garden favorites from wind and frost . . . water camellia shrubs . . . plant polyanthus and annual primulas.

MAY is a busy time when garden- ing jobs follow the change in the season, involving care of plants that have bloomed, attention to others for winter months, and planting for spring.

This month gardeners should:

● Plant out liliun bulbs as soon as possible; they become flabby when exposed to air.

Some of the bulbs, especially those that bloomed in October or November, require early planting. Varieties that bloomed in January or February can be held until June or July, some even later.

Place orders now for choice bulbs, such as Jillian Wallace, Pictum, Dainty, for which there is always a demand.

Raising liliums from seed is an inexpensive way of obtaining bulbs, although the process is slower than with bulbs or scales.

Some varieties take a year to germinate; others up to two years. If the parents are carefully selected, valuable new varieties can be obtained.

Raising liliums in pots seems to protect them from eelworms. Soil, however, should come from grazing land which is free of this pest, or consist of good bush leaf-mould, a little old manure, and sand. Good drainage is essential. Plant one bulb to each 14in. pot or four-gallon drum.

● Cut down delphiniums, rudbeckias, perennial lupins, and others that have finished flowering. If left for long their dead wood and brown tops give an untidy look to the garden.

Pentstemons, too, become dense and straggly, and the few late flowers they produce are not worthwhile. Cut them to ground level, and, if the clumps are dense, lift and divide them.

● Give perennial phlox and bouvardias some timely treatment.

Cut down perennial phlox if they have finished flowering. When the plants later make good basal growths, lift and break them up for replanting in well-manured ground.

Root cuttings of perennial phlox make good plants. They should be placed flat in boxes of good soil until they throw out top growth, then transplanted to the garden.



DIANNE, a modern auratum hybrid, suitable only for very cool or high-altitude gardens. Most liliums need a semi-shaded spot or partial protection from full sunlight.

Bouvardias can be given the same treatment, taking pieces of good fleshy roots any time until July. Given fertile soil and a sunny position, they will flower next summer and autumn.

● Plan winter protection for shrubs, and have an eye to the fuchsias.

Feed, stake, and tie poinsettias, lest the first winter blasts break their sap-filled stems.

In frost-subject districts erect tea-tree or hessian screens to protect flowering luculias.

In warm districts prune eupatoriums, taking off all spent flower stems and spindly wood. Strike the cuttings in moist sand in a shady spot, cutting them to a good node and planting them about 4in. deep. Let the ends dry for about two hours before placing them in propagation beds or pots.

For fuchsia cuttings you should use pieces of new wood with a heel of old wood attached. They will strike easily in moist sandy loam with some protection during winter.

● If the weather is dry and windy, water camellia shrubs, most of which are in bud now.

Camellias that shed unopened buds are usually the result of dry conditions during the budding period. Top-dress the soil round the shrubs with well-rotted manure or leafmould, and the buds should open to full beauty.

Camellias dislike lime, therefore never apply compost that has been decomposed with a lime-content. Remove any wax scales with a stiff-bristled brush.

● Plant out polyanthus, English primroses, and annual primulas.

Polyanthus grow well in the open in Victoria and South Australia, but require semi-shade in coastal New South Wales. Their flowers burn in strong sunlight.

They dislike all lime, requiring neutral or acid soil with plenty of fibrous matter.

The Fairy primulas, or malacoid types, need good shade, or the blooms will bleach.

English primroses also do best in semi-shade—in acid soil under deciduous trees.



ENCHANTMENT, one of the new lilies, is hardy and colorful. The lilies pictured on this page were grown by Mr. C. Smith, Earlwood, N.S.W.

## Continuing: GARDENER'S ABC

STOCK: Stem of a common plant on which another variety is grafted or budded.

STOLON: Horizontal stem taking root at the tip.

STRATIFY: To bury hard-shelled seeds in moist soil or subject them to frost action to enable them to germinate more readily.

STRIKING: To strike cuttings of plants, hardwoods or softwoods, in soil.

SUCCULENTS: Plants that are full of sap; for example, cacti.

SUCKER: Vegetative growth that comes from the roots of a shrub or tree near the base.

SUPERPHOSPHATE: Valuable fertiliser made from phosphatic rock reduced by sulphuric acid treatment.



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Continuing . . . .

## April Lady

from page 56

four. Give Cardross his curtsie and four good 'uns, and I'd back him, over the distance, if they'd had twice as long a start of him. You ever seen Giles with a four-in-hand? Well, he's top-of-the-trees, give you my word! Knows how to keep strange horses together, too."

"Oh, do you think they could still be overtaken?" she said eagerly.

"Indeed, yes! All we have to do . . . Now what is it?"

She had uttered a chagrined "Oh!" and she now said, "Cardross is not at home. He was dining out, and I don't know where!"

"No need to get into a taking over that," replied Mr. Hethersett calmly. "Farley will know."

This made her feel rather more cheerful, and upon Mr. Shotwick's coming back to announce that a hack was waiting to take them, she started up, begging Mr. Hethersett to make haste.

There was certainly a hack standing in the street, a large and dilapidated vehicle, whose body, hanging drunkenly between two old-fashioned

eyes when he was (in his own estimation) a little above par. He called upon his companion for assistance. "Cornby, that ain't my sister Cardross, is it?"

"No," said Mr. Fancot obligingly.

"What a horrid creature you are, Dy!" remarked Nell, descending the steps. "You cannot drive off in that coach, because it was brought for me and I must have it. I am in the greatest haste, so do, pray, stop disputing with that poor man and go away!"

"It is my sister Cardross!" exclaimed the Viscount, thunderstruck.

"Yes," agreed Mr. Fancot, smiling vaguely but with immense affability at Nell.

"Well, there's no need to shout it all down the street!" said Mr. Hethersett tartly.

The Viscount looked intently at him while he wrestled silently with a problem. "It's you, is it?" he said, a certain kindling in his eyes and a brooding note in his voice. "You and my sister!"

Mr. Hethersett, who had foreseen from the start that something like this would hap-



perches, showed by tarnished silverwork, and an almost obliterated coat of arms, that it had descended a long way in the social scale since the days when, with a powdered coachman on the box, and two Knights of the Rainbow standing up behind, it had been the town chariot of a nobleman.

It was not at all the kind of carriage any person of fashion would now choose to ride in, but Nell and Mr. Hethersett, emerging from the house, found that their temporary possession of it was not to be undisturbed. Two gentlemen were arguing with the jarvey on their right to claim it, and this worthy man had apparently found it necessary to come down from the box to preserve it from invasion.

Mr. Hethersett, after one glance, tried to obscure the scene from Nell's view, saying tersely: "Better step inside again till I've got rid of 'em!"

"But it's Dysart!" said Nell. "Yes, I know it is, but we haven't any time to stand talking to him!" answered Mr. Hethersett.

"No, of course not, but he is trying to hire our hackney, and he must not!" exclaimed Nell, trying to push him out of the way.

"For goodness' sake, cousin, go back into the house!" begged Mr. Hethersett. "He ain't alone!"

"No, but the other is only Mr. Fancot, and I think," said Nell knowledgeably, "that they are both of them a trifle foxed. Dysart!"

The Viscount, upon hearing himself addressed, turned. The light from the nearby street-lamp enabled him quite plainly to recognise his sister, but he knew better than to trust his

pen, said soothingly, "Escorting her ladyship home!"

"Oh, you were, were you?" said the Viscount, showing signs of rising choler. "We'll see that! Because it seems to me—Cornby! Where are we?"

"Watier's," said Mr. Fancot, after a moment's thought. "No, we ain't!" said his lordship, irritated.

"Going to Watier's," amended Mr. Fancot.

"I'll tell you where we are!" announced the Viscount in menacing accents. "We're in Ryder Street!"

"That's right, sir; Ryder Street it is," said the jarvey encouragingly. "You don't want no 'ack to take you to Watier's!"

"Ryder Street," said the Viscount. "Now I know whose house you were coming out of! Now I know what made you take such an uncommon interest in my sister's affairs! If I don't cut your liver out for this! As for you, my girl—"

"That'll do!" interrupted Mr. Hethersett. "You can cut my liver out in the morning, but for pity's sake stop making such a kick-up in the street!"

"Not liver," said Mr. Fancot positively, his wandering attention recalled by this word. "Duck. That's what we said. Dy. Got a way of cooking it at Watier's I like."

"Well, you take Dysart there!" recommended Mr. Hethersett.

"E can take him, but 'e won't never git 'im past the porter, guv'nor, not as lussy as what they both are!" observed the jarvey sapiently.

"Yes, I will," said Mr. Fancot. "It's my birthday."

"Get into the hack!" Mr.

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Hethersett said to Nell. "No, not you!"

Mr. Fancot, hauled off the step of the coach by the jarvey, called upon the Viscount to come and give this individual one in the bread-basket, but the Viscount had more important matters to attend to. Addressing himself to Mr. Hethersett, he commanded that harassed exquisite to name his friends.

Alarmed by his evident intention to force a quarrel, Nell laid a hand on his arm and said, "Dy, pray don't be so gooseish! You quite mistake the matter, you know! Indeed, it is abominable of you to think such horrid things, besides being excessively embarrassing!"

"Don't you try to bamboozle me!" replied her brother shaking off her hand. "Are you going to name your friends, sir, or are you not?"

"You wouldn't remember 'em if I did. What you need is a damper: you're as drunk as a brewer's horse!"

"Oh, no, I'm not! I'll tell you what you are! A darned loose fish! A regular hedge-bird! A man-milliner, that's it! Cowhearted!"

"If you ain't stale-drunk in the morning, come round to my place, and I'll dashed well show you how cowhearted I am!" promised Mr. Hethersett, stung by these opprobrious terms. "It'll be bellows to mend with you, what's more! I've seen you spot your canvas at Jackson's, and when it comes to handy blows you ain't any better than a moulder!"

"Now you've gone too far!" ejaculated the Viscount, squaring up to him.

The jarvey called out approvingly, "A mill, a mill!" Nell flung herself between the two incensed gentlemen, and Mr. Fancot, who had been standing wrapped in thought, suddenly announced his intention of driving to Watier's in the hack, and disappeared round the back of the coach.

"Dysart, how dare you be so uncivil!" Nell said hotly. "Pray don't heed him, Felix! I was never so mortified! Dy-

sart, if you say another word to Felix—"

"It don't signify!" interrupted Mr. Hethersett, who had had time to recollect the impropriety of engaging in fisticuffs in a lady's presence. "Forgot myself!" He looked at the Viscount. "If you want to fight, you can tell me so to-morrow! I'm going to escort her ladyship home now."

"Oh, no, you ain't!" retorted the Viscount. "I am going to take her home! Yes, and I'm dashed well going to tell Cardross what sort of a May-game you've been playing, my buck!"

"Oh, dear, what are we to do?" said Nell distractedly. "Felix, there are a couple of men coming towards us!"

"There's nothing for it; we shall have to take him along with us. Get into the hack, cousin!"

"Take him with us! But if Cardross sees him in this shocking state—!"

"Oh, Giles knows what he is!" said Hethersett impatiently.

"Good gracious," said Nell rather faintly. "Then that must have been what he meant! How very dreadful!"

"Here wait, a bit!" suddenly said the Viscount. "Where's Corny? Can't leave Corny behind, it's his birthday!"

"Well, thank goodness he has gone at least!" said Nell, as Mr. Hethersett handed her up into the coach. "If only we could persuade Dy— Oh!"

"What's the matter?" demanded Mr. Hethersett, as she recoiled from the vehicle.

"He hasn't gone!" said Nell despairingly. "He's inside, and I think he's fallen asleep!"

"Well, I'll be gormed!" exclaimed the jarvey, peering into the coach. "E must have crope round when I wasn't a-watching of 'im and got in by 'tother door. Now we'll 'ave to 'aul 'im out again!"

"No, no, pray don't!" begged Nell, hurriedly getting into the coach. "Only let us go away from here!"

## Continuing . . . April Lady

[from page 58]

"But I can't let you drive about the town with a couple of ensign-bearers!" expostulated Mr. Hethersett. "And now, if it ain't Bottisham bearing down on us! Well, that settles it; we can't stay here another moment! Here, Dysart, stop looking for Fancot under the hack! He's in it!" With this he thrust the Viscount into the coach, gave a hurried direction to the jarvey, climbed into the coach himself, and slammed the door.

It seemed at first as though the drive to Grosvenor Square was to be enlivened by a brawl, for although the Viscount's mind had been diverted by the loss of his friend, this aberration was but of short duration.

**N**O sooner had Dysart satisfied himself that Mr. Fancot was still with them than he discovered that Mr. Hethersett was also with them and took instant exception to his presence. However, before he could attempt to carry out his promise to throw him out, Mr. Fancot, roused by the jolting of the wheels over the cobblestones, woke up and demanded to know where he was.

"Never mind that!" said the Viscount. "Here's this curst fellow, Hethersett, got in with us! Help me to throw him out, will you?"

"No, no, can't do that!" said Mr. Fancot, who was filled with a large tolerance. "Very good sort of a man! Didn't know I'd invited him, but very glad he came."

"You didn't invite him! Nobody invited him!" said the Viscount.

"Must have," said Mr. Fancot. "Wouldn't have come if I hadn't. Polite to a point! Happy to take a glass of wine with him."

"Well, if ever I saw old Corny so castaway!" exclaimed Dysart. "Dashed if he ain't as drunk as a wheelbarrow!"

"Yes, but at least he is perfectly amiable!" said Nell. "He doesn't say outrageous things or try to throw people into the street!"

This unfortunate remark reminded the Viscount that his purpose was still unaccomplished, but just at that moment Mr. Fancot began to warble an entirely unintelligible ditty. Since he was apparently afflicted with tone-deafness this musical interlude was a severe trial to the rest of the company and caused the Viscount to forget Mr. Hethersett again. "Stop it, Corny!" he said indignantly.

"Chip-chip, cherry-chip, fol-di-diddle-di-dee!" sang Mr. Fancot.

"That's not right!" said Dysart scornfully. "It doesn't even make sense!" He then upraised his powerful baritone, and favored the company with the correct version, which, as far as his sister could discover, differed hardly at all from his friend's. But Mr. Hethersett, unmoved by Mr. Fancot's outburst, was powerfully affected by the Viscount's. No sooner did the refrain of Chip-chip, cherry-chip, fol-di-diddle-di-dee break up on his ears than Nell felt him stiffen and heard him utter an exclamation under his breath.

The Viscount beguiled the rest of the way with song and was still singing when Cardross' astonished butler admitted the party into the house.

But it did not appear to be Lord Dysart's condition that surprised Farley. It was the sight of his mistress that made his eyes widen. He exclaimed involuntarily, "My lady!"

"Yes, did you not know that I had been obliged to go out?" said Nell, with an attempt to carry the situation off unconcernedly. "Pray show Lord Dysart and Mr. Fancot into the library! They—they have come to take supper with me!"

"My birthday," said Mr.

To page 61

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Fancot affably. "Celebrating it! Blackbeetle, too."

"I see, sir," responded Farley, gently removing the hat from his grasp.

"Blackbeetle nothing!" said the Viscount. "Cockroach! Where's his lordship?"

"His lordship is not at home, but he will be in directly, my lord," replied Farley, consigning the visitors into the care of the footman, who had followed him into the hall.

Mr. Fancot was easily shepherded into the library, but the Viscount was recalcitrant. "It ain't a bit of use trying to fob me off," he told his sister sternly. "I'm not letting you out of my sight, Nell, so don't think it! Not with that fellow in the house!"

"Dysart, for goodness' sake 'You'd better go with him, cousin," advised Mr. Hetherett. "No sense in starting him off again on his high ropes! Much better leave this to me."

Since Dysart had acquired a firm grip on her arm, there really seemed to be nothing else she could do, so, with a low-voiced entreaty to Mr. Hetherett to lose no time in getting forth in search of Cardross, she retired to the library.

Here she was made welcome by Mr. Fancot, happy in the belief that he was entertaining friends under his own roof. He shook her warmly by the hand and offered her a glass of wine. She declined this, which distressed him; but Dysart, who had discovered glasses and a decanter set out on a side-table, said, "No use pressing her; only two glasses!"

Mr. Fancot was shocked. "Only two glasses?" he repeated. "That's absurd, Dy! No other word for it, absurd! Stupid fellow of mine misunderstanding. Ring for more glasses!"

"We don't need any more glasses," replied Dysart, lavishly pouring wine into the two that stood on the table.

"Yes we do," insisted Mr. Fancot. "Can't give a party with two glasses; stand to reason!"

"Well, it ain't a party. It ain't your house either."

"It ain't?" Mr. Fancot said incredulously. He subjected his

surroundings to a keen, if somewhat owl-like scrutiny. "By jove, Dy, so it ain't! Dashed if I know whose house it is! You know what, dear boy? Come to the wrong house! Better go."

"No we haven't. Come here to see Cardross," said Dysart, with a darkling look.

Mr. Fancot thought this over profoundly. "No," he pronounced at last. "Not sure why we came here, but we don't want to see Cardross. Nothing against him, mind! Not particularly acquainted with him, but capital fellow! Bang up to the mark. Honored to meet him, but the thing is, not what we set out to do. Tell me this, Dy! Have we dined?"

"I'm going to see Cardross!" said Dysart obstinately.

"Oh, Dysart, I wish you will go away!" Nell exclaimed. "You don't want to meet Cardross; you know you don't!"

"That's what I said," nodded Mr. Fancot, gratified. "Not what we set out to do. Besides, he ain't here. Go to Watier's!"

"Not till I've seen Cardross. Got something to say to him. No business to let that fellow dangle after my sister! I'm going to tell him so."

"Which fellow?" inquired Mr. Fancot.

"Hetherett," replied the Viscount, tossing off the wine in his glass. "You know what he is, Corny? A Man of the Town! And there's Cardross, letting him make up to my sister while he goes off like a regular Care-for-Nobody! What I say is, he's got no business to neglect her and so I shall tell him!"

"He doesn't neglect me!" said Nell hotly. "And if you were not so odiously foxed, Dy, you wouldn't say such detestable things!"

"Yes, I should," he retorted.

"In fact, the more I think of it the more I can see he's too high in the instep by half! Took a pet because I held you up. Very well, if he didn't want me to hold you up, why didn't he do it himself? Tell me that! Who brought the dills

in tune for you? I did! Who stopped you getting into Jew King's clutches?"

"Felix Hetherett did!" she intervened crossly, taking off her bonnet and running her fingers through her flattened curls.

"Yes, by jove, so he did!" exclaimed the Viscount, his eyes kindling. "Like his impudence!"

Fortunately, since his mood was becoming increasingly belligerent, he was diverted by Mr. Fancot, who suddenly

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offered to set him a main. He turned to find that his amiable friend, losing interest in the conversation, had seated himself by the table in the middle of the room, produced a dice-box from his pocket and was engaged in throwing right hand against left.

Drunk or sober, the Viscount was not the man to refuse a challenge of this nature. He instantly sat down on the other side of the table and, to Nell's relief, became absorbed in his ruling passion.

From this he was momentarily disturbed by the entrance of the footman, who came in bearing two tankards, which he silently set down at either gentleman's elbow. Dysart, staring at them, demanded to know what the devil he thought he was doing, and told him to bring in a bottle of brandy. The footman bowed and withdrew, saying, "Very

good, my lord," but he did not remove the homely tankards.

Nor did he return to the library, but as the Viscount immediately struck a run of amazing and most unaccustomed good fortune his failure to bring in the brandy went unnoticed, both gamblers refreshing themselves with draughts of porter, and Dysart, having rapidly relieved Mr. Fancot of his ready money, beginning to amass a number of notes of hand which that well-breeched young gentleman scrawled somewhat illegibly but with the greatest goodwill on leaves torn from his pocket-book.

Meanwhile, Mr. Hetherett, to whose thoughtful offices they owed a beverage well known for its sobering quality, had suffered a check. Farley was unable to tell him where his master had gone when he had left the house earlier in the evening.

Mr. Hetherett eyed him. Dashed discreet, ain't you? Did he go off with Sir John Somerby?"

"No, sir, although I had understood that such was his intention. A meeting at the Daffy Club, sir, I fancy. But his lordship cried off."

"Well, there's no need to make a mystery of it!" said Mr. Hetherett, irritated. "Where did he go?"

"That, sir, I cannot say, his lordship not having informed me. He had his whisky brought round, but he didn't take his groom with him, nor yet his Tiger, and when I ventured to ask him if he would wish supper to be prepared for him he said that he didn't know when he should be returning. His lordship appeared, sir, to be in quite a fret, if I may say so. Not at all like himself."

The mystery was now plain to Mr. Hetherett. In his experience it was a foolish waste of time to attempt to hoodwink one's servants. He had not for a moment imagined that the supposed secret of Letty's flight

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was not known to every member of the household, so he had no hesitation in saying bluntly, "Set off after Lady Letitia, did he? Oh, well, if that's so, no need for me to find him!"

"No, sir," replied Farley. "His lordship was not aware that her ladyship had not returned to the house. I was not myself aware of it until Miss Sutton—my lady's dresser, sir—told me that Lady Letitia was gone to spend the night with Mrs. Thorne. His lordship did not inquire for Lady Letitia. It was my Lady Cardross which his lordship was anxious to find."

He coughed delicately. "No doubt some urgent matter which he wished to discuss with her ladyship," he said, gazing limpidly at Mr. Hethersett. "Being as they were disturbed by Sir John Somerby, and her ladyship, in consequence, leaving the bookroom rather hastily, sir."

"Oh!" said Mr. Hethersett, looking at him very hard.

"Yes, sir. So, as soon as he was rid—as soon, I should say, as Sir John left the house, his lordship went upstairs to find her ladyship, which, not being able to do, vexed him a trifle. Quite put out, he was, which was not to be wondered at, because it seems her ladyship forgot to inform him she was obliged to go out quite suddenly. And, of course, his lordship couldn't help but be in a fidget when he found that my lady's carriage had not been sent for."

"Very understandable, I am sure, sir, that his lordship should have felt anxious, for it was going on towards dinner-time, and naturally he wouldn't like to think of my lady's going out in such a way. Particularly," he added, in a disinterested voice, "if she was going on a journey."

"Is that what he thought she was meaning to do?" demanded Mr. Hethersett.

"Well, sir, that is not for me to say," replied Farley care-

fully. "But when his lordship questioned George it came out that her ladyship had sent down to have her dressing-case taken up to her room. Just after she had parted from his lordship that would have been." He looked Mr. Hethersett firmly in the eye and said, "What I thought, sir, was that very likely her ladyship had had word brought her that my Lord Pevensey was lying on his deathbed, perhaps—which would account for her going off like she did. Being quite distracted, which no one could wonder at."

"Yes, well, you can stop pitching your gammon!" said Mr. Hethersett indignantly. "Dashed well ought to know better! Must know I ain't such an easy cove as to swallow all that humbug! I know what you thought and it was a bag of moonshine!"

"Yes, sir," said Farley, bowing. "I am very glad of it. I apprehend that her ladyship went in search of Lady Letitia, but on that subject I shall not presume to open my lips."

"Well, see you don't!" recommended Mr. Hethersett.

He then repaired to the library, where the Viscount, intent upon throwing a difficult chance, did not at first notice him. Nell, seated on the sofa at the end of the room, was a good deal dismayed to see him come walking in, for she had supposed him to have gone in search of Cardross. It was evident, since he had shed his cloak, that he had no immediate intention of leaving the house, and she could not help looking reproachfully at him as he came towards her.

"No use," he said, in an under-voice. "Floored at all points. Farley don't know where Cardross is. Seems to me he's making a dashed cake of himself. In fact, it wouldn't surprise me if he's gone off to Devonshire."

"Gone off to Devonshire?" she echoed in amazement. "Nonsense, why should he do such a thing?"

## Continuing . . . April Lady

[from page 61]

"Chasing after you," he said. "Shouldn't think he'd be such a gudgeon as to set off in a whisky, but he may have hired a chaise. Left the whisky at the posting-house."

Quite bewildered, Nell said, "But why should he think I had gone to Devonshire? Oh, Felix, are you foxed, too?"

"No, of course I ain't! Been talking to Farley. No wish to pry into what don't concern me, but collect you had a turn-up with Cardross." He added

servants think I had run away?"

"Bound to!" the other replied. "However, it don't signify. What I mean is, you hadn't."

"No, indeed! But to have caused such a commotion—set them all gossiping—oh, do you think he will be very angry with me?"

"No, no! Might be in a miff, I daresay, but he'll come about," he said soothingly. "Must see you meant it for the best. Not your fault you made a mull of it."

This well-meant consolation



hastily, as the color rushed into her cheeks, "Not my business!"

"The thing is, Giles found you wasn't in the house. Couldn't discover where you was gone and, by what I can make out, was thrown into a rare taking. Silly gape-seed of a porter told him some farradiddle about taking your dressing-case up to your room. Sounds to me as if he was pitching it pretty rum, but can't be surprised it put Cardross in the devil of a pucker."

"Oh!" she exclaimed guiltily. "That was only to draw George out of the hall! How could he suppose—" She stopped, and turned apprehensive eyes towards him. "Did—the

cause her to spring up, wringing her hands. 'Letty!' she uttered. 'Felix, it is my fault! Oh, if I had but told him! He will never forgive me!'

The Viscount, his attention jerked from the bones by her unguarded movement and raised voice, looked round. "What the deuce—Well, if that fellow Hethersett hasn't come sneaking back!"

"What, are you still cast-away?" said Mr. Hethersett disgustedly. "I wish you'd take yourself off!"

"Oh, you do, do you?" countered his lordship. "Well, I'm not going to stir from this house while you're in it, my

buck, and that you may depend on!"

Mr. Fancot, with a hazy recollection of earlier events, looked puzzled, and said, "But you don't like him, Dy! You said you was going to throw him out."

"Felix!" said Nell, too lost in agitated reflection to heed this interchange. "There is nothing for it but for me to go after them! It may not be too late!"

"Cousin, you can't do that!" said Mr. Hethersett, shocked.

"If I went in our own chaise and you were so very obliging as to go with me?" she urged. "It may be hours before Giles returns, and then—"

"Well, upon my soul!" ejaculated the Viscount, rising with such hasty violence as to over-set his chair. "If that don't beat all hollow!" He seized his sister by the shoulders and shook her. "Have you taken leave of your senses?" he demanded. "Go off in a chaise with that fellow? Not while I'm here to stop you!"

He rounded suddenly on Mr. Hethersett, an ugly look on his face. "What dashed cajolery have you been playing off on her?" he said fiercely.

"For goodness' sake, Dysart, go and dip your head in a bucket!" begged Mr. Hethersett.

"Oh, listen!" Nell said sharply, her face turned towards the door.

A quick stride was heard approaching; the door was flung open and Cardross stood on the threshold. There was a hard, anxious look on his face, and he had not stayed to put off his long, many-caped driving coat. His eyes swept the room and found his wife. He went quickly forward, totally ignoring the rest of the company, saying in a shaken voice which she hardly recognised, "Nell! Oh, my darling, forgive me!"

"Giles! Oh, no! it was all my fault!" she cried, casting herself into his arms. "And it is much, much worse than you know! Letty has gone with Mr. Allandale!"

"Never mind Letty!" he said, folding her close. "You have come back to me and nothing else is of the smallest consequence!"

Mr. Hethersett, averting his eyes with great delicacy from the passionate embrace being exchanged, began to polish his quizzing-glass; the Viscount stared in thunderstruck silence; and Mr. Fancot, after blinking at the extraordinary spectacle offered him, rose carefully to his feet and twitched his friend's sleeve.

"Think we ought to be taking leave, Dy," he said confidentially. "Not the sort of party I like, dear boy! Go for a toddle to the Mutton-walk!"

"Dashed if I will!" replied Dysart. "I want a word with Cardross and I'm going to have it!"

Recalled to a sense of his surroundings, Cardross looked up. Flushing a little, he let Nell go. "By all means, Dysart. What is it?"

"I'll tell you in private," said the Viscount, in whom the effects of his potations were beginning to wear off.

"Well, I don't know why you should suddenly wish to be private!" said Nell, with unusual asperity. "When you have been saying the most abominable things without the least regard for anyone, even the hackney coachman! Besides trying to call poor Felix out in the most insulting way! Oh, Giles, pray tell him he must not do so!"

"But why in the world should he wish to?" asked Cardross, startled, and considerably amused.

"Silly clunch saw her ladyship coming away from Allandale's lodging with me and would have it that it was my lodgings," said Mr. Hethersett tersely, responding to the laughing question in his cousin's eye.

"Oh, that's the tale, is it?" said the Viscount. "Well, it won't fadge! Didn't think to tell me that, did you? Why

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# Your family's health— How much better CAN it be?

## Important facts in the interests of your husband, your children and yourself

Most of us who consider ourselves in good health are, in fact, not always "a hundred per cent". It is common to hear people say, "Oh yes, I feel well enough", but they add "I only get a bit tired now and then", or "I don't sleep too well these days", or "I feel irritable at times and lose appetite".

Through lack of knowledge these people speak of such troubles as being only natural—just a part of modern living.

Actually they are a part of modern living but modern living is not altogether natural living in the true sense of the word and some assistance is often needed. The difference between being "just well" and "right on top" is often a matter of good nutrition.

Now, what is good nutrition? It is not necessarily the taking of a lot of food—it is largely the result of proper balance in the various components of the food and a balanced diet is absolutely essential for maximum health. A balanced diet provides adequate amounts of vitamins, minerals, carbohydrates, fats and proteins in the correct proportions of one to another.

### WHAT VITAMINS DO:

Of recent years, much has been learned of the vitamins and the part they play. The subject is rather complex and could be dealt with at length but a general understanding can be gained from the following:

Vitamins are substances which occur in minute amounts in the food we eat. They are essential for the proper functioning of the bodily processes and thus for life. About twenty vitamins have been identified by animal experiment but only a few have been shown to be of practical importance in human nutrition. In this class are vitamins A, B<sub>1</sub>, C and D.

VITAMIN A is necessary for clear skin and good eyesight.

VITAMIN B<sub>1</sub> is needed for proper nerve function and to ensure you get the value from energy producing foods. Insufficient vitamin B<sub>1</sub> is a cause of neuritis and kindred complaints.

VITAMIN C is essential, as well as vitamin A, for a good skin and is especially important for healthy gums and teeth.

VITAMIN D is essential for proper bone formation.

As stated, vitamins are normally contained in our food but the factors of modern living need to be appreciated in order to know why we do not always get sufficient vitamins. Following are some common reasons:

- Cooking causes a substantial loss of vitamins in some foods.
- Vitamins are lost through exposure of the food to light and air during the long course of wholesale and retail distribution.
- The modern practice of taking quick "snack" meals—pie or toast, etc.—of little or no vitamin value.
- The natural inclination for most people to eat "what they fancy" rather than what they need.
- The worry and strain of modern times which affect digestion and the value got from meals.
- The present high cost of food which is causing many to omit certain essential foods from the daily diet.
- Scarcity of some foods at times.
- The need of certain individuals for more than normal amounts of vitamins—expectant and nursing mothers, convalescents, growing children, tense, nervy types of people.

Due to such factors as these it can be seen that vitamin deficiency is more common than is generally realised and that most of us could well benefit by giving attention to vitamin requirements.

If every person were an expert dietitian or had a dietitian prescribe exactly what he or

she should eat and how it should be cooked, vitamin deficiency would be unlikely.

All this, of course, is not possible and it is with the object of providing extra vitamins to balance the diet that the product 'AKTA-VITE' has been developed.

### 'AKTA-VITE' gives you vitamins

'AKTA-VITE' has been specially designed to provide a "cover" of those four important vitamins already mentioned—A, B<sub>1</sub>, C and D. It contains each of these vitamins in a highly concentrated form so that only small amounts are needed to bring the average diet right up to full requirements. Anyone taking 'AKTA-VITE' will, if they have been even slightly deficient in any of these vitamins, soon feel the benefit in better appetite, more restful sleep and zest for living. By restoring the lacking vitamins, 'AKTA-VITE' acts as a tonic of the most natural kind—a food tonic.

### 'AKTA-VITE'—pleasant to take

'AKTA-VITE' is in rich, chocolate-malt granular form. It makes an excellent hot or cold milk drink—the most popular form of taking it—but it can be taken in a number of other enjoyable ways—sprinkled on ice-cream, fruit dishes or breakfast cereals, sweets, junkets, etc., or in bread and butter sandwiches. Some mothers use 'AKTA-VITE' for a sandwich filling, while kiddies relish it on a spoon straight from the jar.

'AKTA-VITE' has a known and guaranteed vitamin potency. This is shown on every label and is your protection.

One important point to be realised about 'AKTA-VITE' is that its pleasant taste should not lead to the belief that it is just another ordinary "milk addition" product. 'AKTA-VITE' is a supplier of large amounts of essential vitamins in a pleasant-to-take form.

'AKTA-VITE' was developed in Australia during the last war in the laboratories of Nicholas Proprietary Limited, Melbourne, the originators of 'ASPRO'. At that time, with Australia playing a vital part in supplying the American forces in the Pacific Area with food and medicines, this Company was called upon to do much research and pioneering work with regard to vitamins. It was as a result of discoveries made and knowledge gained under these conditions of high priority that 'AKTA-VITE' came into being.

## EVERYONE IN YOUR FAMILY CAN BENEFIT FROM DELICIOUS 'AKTA-VITE'

 <p><b>'AKTA-VITE'</b></p> <p><b>A BENEFICIAL NIGHTCAP</b></p>	 <p><b>'AKTA-VITE'</b></p> <p><b>FOR STRENUOUS SPORTS</b></p>	 <p><b>'AKTA-VITE'</b></p> <p><b>FOR EARLY GROWTH</b></p>	 <p><b>'AKTA-VITE'</b></p> <p><b>FOR RESTRICTED DIETS</b></p>	 <p><b>'AKTA-VITE'</b></p> <p><b>FOR EXPECTANT MOTHERS</b></p>
<p>A good nightcap at all times is a glass of warm milk, but when 'AKTA-VITE' is added a great deal more benefit is obtained. 'AKTA-VITE' is a soothing assistance to nature in providing a sound, restful kind of sleep. Nervy people particularly get excellent results from 'AKTA-VITE' taken at bedtime or just before.</p>	<p>Athletes and all others who make a great call on reserve physical power have every reason to give attention to their vitamin requirements. 'AKTA-VITE' helps the body to use the food efficiently; without adequate vitamin intake energy-giving foods can be largely wasted. A course of 'AKTA-VITE' is recommended during training for any strenuous sports.</p>	<p>Periods of rapid growth call for greater than normal amounts of the essential vitamins. For toddlers and children where this applies particularly, 'AKTA-VITE' will be found a boon, giving them their vitamins in acceptable form. Children who dislike milk love it when 'AKTA-VITE' is added—and the extra vitamins are so good for them.</p>	<p>Restriction of diet due to medical necessity—obesity, diabetes, gastric troubles, etc.—can cause a lack of important vitamins and in such circumstances 'AKTA-VITE' is very valuable. It makes up the vitamin requirements in the most pleasant, convenient way. If you are not allowed to eat normal foods ask your doctor about 'AKTA-VITE'.</p>	<p>The expectant or nursing mother needs more vitamins than normally. 'AKTA-VITE' is a pleasant way for her to take these vitamins and because of its guaranteed vitamin content 'AKTA-VITE' is also a sure way. Also 'AKTA-VITE' milk drinks have been found to be invaluable in helping mothers breastfeed their babies by improving the milk supply.</p>
 <p><b>'AKTA-VITE'</b></p> <p><b>FOR STRIVING STUDENTS AND ADOLESCENTS</b></p>	 <p><b>'AKTA-VITE'</b></p> <p><b>FOR THE HOUSEWIFE</b></p>	 <p><b>'AKTA-VITE'</b></p> <p><b>FOR BUILDING RESISTANCE</b></p>	 <p><b>'AKTA-VITE'</b></p> <p><b>FOR "ENERGY BURNERS"</b></p>	 <p><b>'AKTA-VITE'</b></p> <p><b>FOR CONVALESCENTS</b></p>
<p>The importance of vitamins during periods of rapid growth is mentioned elsewhere. It should be remembered that in addition to this heavy call on vitamin requirements long hours of study or other concentration may take toll of health if allowed to go on too long. Vitamins in many cases are the answer. In all cases a sure intake of vitamins is, at least, a very wise precaution. A course of 'AKTA-VITE' is highly recommended.</p>	<p>The housewife bears a heavy burden, often carrying on beyond her normal capacity. She eventually feels not really sick, but a long way from well. It is in these vague conditions that 'AKTA-VITE' can be of great value. When housework or worry get the upper hand, a little relaxation and a dose of 'AKTA-VITE' are indicated. Many claim that a few teaspoonfuls of 'AKTA-VITE' straight from the jar make a quick restoration of energy.</p>	<p>Medical opinion, particularly in America, is tending towards the belief that a complete and adequate intake of vitamins prior to "low resistance" periods when experience tells colds and other allied infections are easily caught, is of definite value. Vitamin A in this regard is very important because of the large part it plays in the health of the nose and throat tissue, which is often the first point of infection with colds, flu, etc.</p>	<p>There are many people who, either because of their serious, conscientious nature, or by force of circumstances, are continually driving themselves. 'AKTA-VITE' to such people is a boon, stimulating the appetite which may be dulled through lack of proper exercise, soothing the nerves and aiding the mental condition by promoting sleep, the most effective way of overcoming irritability and nervousness.</p>	<p>The further one is from normal health the more the need to build up. The 'AKTA-VITE' way to rebuild is a sure and natural way because taking the prescribed dose regularly ensures full amounts of vitamins A, B<sub>1</sub>, C and D, all of which are needed by convalescents. Moreover, the pleasant taste of 'AKTA-VITE' has a particular appeal at any time when many are inclined to be more fastidious or "finicky" than usual.</p>

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[from page 63]

not? That's what I want to know! Why not?"

"Because you were a dashed sight too ripe to attend to a word anyone said to you!" replied Mr. Hethersett, with brutal frankness.

"And in any event there was no need for you to behave in such an outrageous way, Dy," interpolated Nell severely. "Even if it had been Felix's house, which it might as well have been, because I had the intention of calling on him on account of my not knowing the number of Mr. Allandale's. Only, by good fortune, he chanced to be coming out just as I was paying off the hack."

"Yes, you have that mighty pat, haven't you, my girl?" said Dyart. "And I daresay you think it makes all right! Well, it doesn't! Pretty conduct in a female of quality to be paying calls on every loose fish on the town, I must say! In a common hack, too! Well, that may suit your notions of propriety, Cardross, but it don't suit mine and so I'll have you know!"

"Dy, how can you be so absurd?" protested Nell. "No one could possibly think poor Mr. Allandale a loose fish!"

"Dash it, cousin!" exclaimed Mr. Hethersett indignantly.

"My dear Dyart, do let me assure you that I honor you for such feelings and enter into all your ideas on the subject!" said Cardross. "You may safely leave the matter in my hands."

"That's just what it seems to me I can't do!" retorted Dyart. "Yes, and that puts me in mind of another thing I have to say to you! Why the devil don't you take better care of Nell? Did you get her out of a silly scrape? No, you didn't! I did! All you did was to put it into her head you thought she only married you for your fortune, when anyone but a gudgeon must have known she's too big a peacocks to have enough sense to do anything of the kind."

"So when she finds herself under the hatches she doesn't tell you. I have to pull her out of the River Tickle! A pretty time I had of it! Why, I even had that fellow Hethersett hinting it was my fault she was being dunned for some cursed dress or other!"

Mr. Hethersett blushed. "Misapprehension! Told you so at the time!"

"Well, it was my fault!" said Dyart furiously. "I daresay if I hadn't borrowed three centuries from her you wouldn't have had to snatch her off old King's doorstep, but how was I to know it would put her in the basket? Besides, I've paid it back to her!"

"Nell, my poor child, how could you think—Did I frighten you as much as that?" Cardross said remorsefully.

"No, no, it was all my folly!" she said quickly. "I thought that shocking bill from Lavalley had been with those others, only it wasn't, and when she sent it me again it seemed as though I couldn't tell you! Oh, Dyart, pray don't say any more!"

"Yes, that's all very well, but I am going to say something more! I've a pretty fair notion of what your opinion of me is, Cardross, but I'll have you know that it was not I who priggish that wretched necklace of yours!"

"Eh?" ejaculated Mr. Hethersett, startled.

"You have really no need to tell me that, Dyart!" Cardross replied, his color heightened, and his eyes fixed on Nell's face.

"Well, it's what my own sister thought!" said Dyart bitterly.

"Giles, you've never lost the necklace?" Mr. Hethersett demanded.

"No," answered Cardross, holding Nell's hand rather tightly. "It isn't lost. If it were I should not imagine for one instant that you had taken it, Dyart."

"Much obliged to you!"

"I must say, that's the outside of enough," observed Mr. Hethersett. "Whatever made you take a notion like that into your head, cousin?"

"It was very, very foolish of me!"

"Well, I call it a dashed insult!" declared the Viscount.

"Yes, Dyart, so do I!" said Cardross, raising Nell's hand to his lips. "I hope you have begged his forgiveness, Nell—as I beg for yours!"

"Oh, Giles, pray hush!"

The Viscount, having frowned over this for a moment, exclaimed, "What, did you think she had sold the thing?"

**The great business of life is to be, to do, to do without, and to depart.**

—John Morley

If that don't give you your own again, Nell!"

"That's all very well," objected Mr. Hethersett, "but you said it wasn't lost, Cardross!"

"It was lost, but it has been restored to me. I suppose I now know who stole it—and should have known at the outset! Not your sister, Dyart, but mine! Was that it, Nell?"

"Well, yes, it was," she confessed. "But you mustn't be out of reason cross with her, because indeed I believe she would never have thought of doing such a thing, only that Dyart put it into her head!"

"What?" exclaimed Dyart. "That's too much! I never did so!"

"Yes, Dy, you did! Oh, I don't mean to say that it was what you intended, but I have been thinking about it, and I am persuaded it was your holding me up that night, with Mr. Fancot—good gracious, where is Mr. Fancot?"

"Yes, by Jove! Where is he?" exclaimed Dyart.

"No need to worry about him," said Mr. Hethersett, nodding to where Mr. Fancot was peacefully sleeping in a large wing-chair. "Wouldn't have let you all talk in that dashed improper way if he'd been listening to you!"

"If ever I knew anyone like Corny for dropping asleep the instant he gets a trifle above oar!" remarked the Viscount, eyeing his friend with tolerant affection.

"Don't wake him, I beg of you!" said Cardross. "What, my darling, had that hold-up to do with this affair?"

"Yes, what?" demanded Dyart.

"Well, you see, Giles, when I wouldn't sell any of the jewels you gave me—and I still think it would have been the most odiously deceiving thing to have done, Dy, however tiresome you may have thought it of me!—Dyart hit upon the notion of pretending to be a highwayman, and taking them from me in that way. Only I recognised him, so it came to nothing."

"But the thing was that Letty thought it had been a famous notion, and I am very sure that that was what put it into her head to sell the Cardross necklace!" She broke off, as a thought occurred to her.

"Letty! What are we about, wasting time in this way? Cardross, we discovered, Felix and I, that they set out with only a pair of horses! It is true that

they have several hours start of you, but Felix seems to think that you might easily overtake them before they can reach the Border!"

"I daresay I might—if I were to make the attempt," he agreed.

"But won't you?" she asked anxiously.

"No. I have had my fill of driving this evening! Allandale is welcome to her!"

"Yes, but to be married in such a way! Giles, only think what the consequences must be! I shouldn't wonder at it if it ruined him as well as her! Indeed, I was never more astonished in my life than when I learned he had yielded to her persuasions! I had not thought it of him! And for you, too, how disagreeable must it be! Oh, do, pray, go after them, and bring her back!"

"Dashed if I would!" remarked the Viscount.

"Giles!" He laid his hand over the small one insistently tugging at the lapel of his coat. "Hush, my love! This is where we must be guided by the judgment of that arbiter of all matters of taste and fashion, Well, Felix?"

Mr. Hethersett, impervious to the quizzical look in his cousin's eye, took snuff in a meditative way, his brow creased.

"Don't fancy it will make much difference," he pronounced at last, restoring the box to his pocket and flicking a few grains of King's Martinique from his sleeve.

"Bound to be a deal of gossip whatever you do. Can't suppose it won't leak out if you go careering off after Letty. Devilish nasty scene, too, if you force her to come home. Seems to have gone into strong hysterics when Allandale tried to get her to do that. Not the sort of thing I should care for."

"No!" said Cardross, with feeling.

"Better make the best of it," decided Mr. Hethersett. "Think I'll be going now. Daresay you'll like to be left alone."

Nell held out her hand to him. "I have quite ruined your evening!" she said contritely. "Indeed, I am sorry, and so very much obliged to you!"

"No, no, happy to have been of service!" he replied, bowing with exquisite grace over her hand. "Besides, no such thing! Only on my way to White's before taking a look-in at the Sefton's ball. Night's young yet!"

"Yes, by Jove, so it is!" said the Viscount. "Here, Corny, wake up!"

Mr. Fancot, urgently shaken, opened his eyes, smiled upon the company, and began to hum softly and unmelodiously to himself.

"Now, Corny, you ain't as dead-beat as that!" said the Viscount. "Don't start singing again, because you know dashed well you can't do it!"

"It's my birthday," stated Mr. Fancot.

"Well, that's got nothing to say to anything! Come along! Time we were going!"

"I can sing on my birthday," said Mr. Fancot. "I can sing 'Sing old rose, and burn the bellows,' and I can sing your song, and I can—"

"Chip - chow, cherry-chow!" interrupted Mr. Hethersett.

"That's the one!" nodded Mr. Fancot, pleased. "You know it, too?"

"I've heard it," replied Mr. Hethersett, rather grimly. He met the Viscount's challenging gaze and held it. "You've called me a few names this

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**SNUG CROCHETED HAT** takes four balls of wool. It will make up quickly, as there are only 35 rounds to do. See the directions above left.

## Trim crocheted hat

● Handmade hats are the latest fashion news from overseas this year. The one shown on this page is smart, neat, and easy to crochet.

**Materials:** Four balls F. W. Hughes' Bulkyknit wool; 1 No. 7 crochet hook.

**Tension:** 3 sts. to lin.; 4 rows to lin.

**Pattern:** Make 6 ch., join into a ring with sl-st. Work 2 ch., then 10 d.c. into ring, and join with sl-st.

**1st Round:** Insert in back loop of first d.c., draw through, insert in front loop of second d.c., w.o., pass through 2 loops on hook, w.o., pass through last 2 loops on hook, \* insert in back loop of last st., draw through, insert in front loop of

following st., draw through, w.o., pass through 2 loops on hook, w.o., pass through last 2 loops on hook. Rep. from \* to end, join with sl-st.

**2nd Round:** As round 1.

**3rd Round:** \* Insert hook in both loops of first st., then along back of second st. and through both loops of second st. (thus working around st. of last round), draw through, w.o., pass through 2 loops on hook. Rep. from \* and inc. by working twice around every 2nd st. of last round.

**4th Round:** As round 3, but

do not increase.  
5th and 6th Rounds: As round 1.  
7th and 8th Rounds: As rounds 3 and 4.  
9th and 10th Rounds: As round 1.

11th and 12th Rounds: As round 4.  
13th and 14th Rounds: As round 1.

15th Round: As round 3, but inc. in every 5th st.

16th Round: As round 4.  
Rep. rounds 13, 14, 15, and 16 until a total of 34 rounds has been worked, or required depth. Then work last round once more. Fasten off.

### TO MAKE UP

Turn cap on to right side. Make a cord of 12in. in length. Pass through back of cap and tie a bow.

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**A little  
BEAR  
will fix  
it!**



**SEAL  
CRACKED  
EGGS**



**MEND  
SPLIT FINGER  
NAILS**



**STOP  
PERFUME  
EVAPORATING**



**USE 1/2 inch  
BEAR  
TAPE**

*it gives you  
that EXTRA Tape  
length!*



## Continuing . . . April Lady

from page 65

night, Dysart! Now I'll take leave to tell you that you're the biggest cod's head I ever knew!"

"What the devil do you mean by that?" the Viscount shot at him, flushing.

"You know dashed well what I mean! You learned that song from Barrymore!"

"What if I did?" demanded Dysart.

"I'll tell you that, Dysart," interposed Cardross. He nodded dismissal to his cousin and looked Dysart over. "Beggars' Club, eh? Well, I thought as much! A Hussar regiment should suit you; it would be a pity to waste your horsemanship. Well?"

"I've told you I can't!"

Dysart said.

"You'll find you can, I promise you."

"By Jove, what wouldn't I give to be out there!" Dysart said impulsively.

"You going to join, Dy?" inquired Mr. Fancot, who had been following this conversation with great interest. "That's a devilish good notion! Let's go and join at once!"

"Well, we can't," said Dysart shortly. "Besides, you don't want to join!"

"Yes, I do," asserted Mr. Fancot. "Can't think why I didn't hit on the notion before! There's nothing left to do here, except walk backwards to Brighton, and I don't fancy that above half."

"Who shall blame you?" agreed Cardross, shepherding him kindly but firmly into the hall.

"That's just it," explained Mr. Fancot. "I may have to. Never refused a challenge in my life, and I've a notion Willy means to try me with that one. You know Willy?"

"No, but I should lose no time in leaving the country."

"You're a sensible man," said Mr. Fancot warmly. "Very happy to have met you!"

"The pleasure has been all mine," said Cardross, putting his hat into his hand and opening the front door.

"Not at all, not at all!" responded Mr. Fancot, ambling down the steps.

"Never saw him in such prime and plummy order before!" said the Viscount. "Now I shall have him going all over town trying to find the Horse Guards!" He picked up his own hat and hesitated, looking at Cardross.

Cardross smiled. "You're a fool, Dysart, and a nuisance besides—but too good a man to be wasting your talents cutting up cork-brained larks! Don't tease yourself about your mother! I'll make all right in that quarter."

He held out his hand and the Viscount took it, grinning ruefully. "I wish you might!"

"I will."

"Devilish good of you. Got something else to say to you, and it ain't easy. From what Nell told me when she found herself in that fix—Well, the long and the short of it is she didn't know till I told her that you were in love with her. Thought you'd married her as a matter of convenience and had too much civility to let her see it." He gave a crack of laughter. "Convenience! What a silly little greenhead!"

"Are you serious?" Cardross demanded. "It isn't possible!"

"Ain't it? You don't know my mother, Cardross!" said Dysart. "Good-night! Must go after Corny!"

He went down the steps, waved, and went striding off. Cardross stood looking after him for a moment and was just about to go back into the house when a post-chaise swept round the angle of the square, and drew up below him. From this vehicle Mr. Allandale jumped down and turned to

give his supporting hand to his betrothed.

"But what a charming surprise!" said Cardross blandly.

Mr. Allandale, having paid off the postilion, took his love in one hand and Mr. Thorne's cloak-bag in the other, and trod up the steps to the front door. Here he paused and looked Cardross squarely in the face. "I have brought her home, sir," he said.

"I see you have," replied Cardross. "Most understandable, I am sure!"

**L**ETTY cast a scared, resentful look up at her guardian, but said nothing.

"An explanation is due to you," said Mr. Allandale. "But first I must beg of you most earnestly that whatever wrath you may feel—and I do not deny that it is a just wrath!—you will visit upon my head alone!"

"I fail entirely to see why I should visit my wrath on your head, but if you suppose me to be contemplating a violent revenge on Letty do let me hasten to reassure you!"

"You see, love?" said Mr. Allandale tenderly.

"I'm not afraid of Cardross!" said Letty, in a small, resentful voice.

"It would have been very much better for you, and all of us, if you had been," said Cardross. "Come into the house, but leave your heroism outside!" He led the way into the hall and saw Farley standing in the middle of it with his mouth at half-cock. "Just so!" he remarked.

"I heard a carriage drive up, my lord!" explained the butler, staring at Letty.

"Yes, Lady Letty decided after all she would not spend the night in Bryanston Square," said Cardross ironically. "You may come into the book-room, both of you." He walked to the door and held it wide. Across the room Nell's eyes met his, a startled question in them. "Giles, I thought I heard—"

"You did, my love. Can you conceive of anything more delightful? Dear little Letty is once more in our midst!"

"I hate you!" said Letty

**A**LL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

passionately, and burst into tears.

"Letty! Oh, Letty, thank goodness you've come back!" cried Nell, hurrying forward.

"I wish I hadn't! I wish I were dead!" sobbed Letty.

"No, no, you mustn't say that!" Nell told her, putting an arm round her and stretching out her other hand to Mr. Allandale. "Mr. Allandale, how glad I am that I wasn't mistaken in you! I couldn't think it possible that you would do such an improper thing as to elope with her!"

He kissed her hand punctiliously and said, "I wish that I could find the words to express to your ladyship the sense of obligation I feel. But when I consider the circumstances, and what cause you have had (the whole truth not being known to you) to think me infamous, I am rendered tongue-tied."

"Not noticeably," said Cardross dryly.

Nell bit her lip and drew Letty to the sofa. "Come, love, sit down beside me and try to compose yourself!" She saw how anxiously Mr. Allandale was watching Letty and smiled

at him reassuringly. "She will be better directly, don't pay any heed to her!"

He looked grateful, but turned with a resolute air to Cardross. "Sir, I have a duty to discharge. I speak on behalf of Lady Letitia, and I shall be brief, merely imploring you to remember that she is young, and in the greatest distress, and has thrown herself upon your mercy. What I have to disclose to you cannot but shock you deeply. You do not yet know the worst, and it is my painful duty to inform you of it."

"Oh, yes, I do!" replied Cardross. "You are about to tell me that Letty stole the Cardross necklace."

Letty raised her head from Nell's shoulder. "It wasn't stealing! It wasn't!" she declared. "It didn't belong to Nell, and she didn't even like it! It belonged to the family, and so it was just as much mine as yours, Giles!"

"My love, you are forgetting that I have several times explained to you that that is not so," said Mr. Allandale gravely.

"Yes, but it is! And anyway Giles won't let me have my fortune, so what else could I do?"

Mr. Allandale looked pained, but apparently decided that the moment was not ripe for argument. Drawing a package from his pocket, he laid it on the table before him, and said, "That is the sum the necklace realised, my lord. Had I been able, I would have done my utmost to recover the necklace itself. It was not in my power, however; I have not been at liberty to repair to the jeweller to whom it was sold. I will furnish your lordship with—"

"Let me set your mind at rest!" Cardross interrupted. "The jeweller brought it to me earlier today, and I have already redeemed it."

"Sir, you have removed a weight from my mind!" said Mr. Allandale earnestly.

"Yes, I expect I have," agreed Cardross. "I wish you will satisfy the curiosity in mine! Was it the discovery that your bride had stolen the necklace which made you abandon your flight to Gretna Green? At what stage did you turn back?"

"There was no such flight, my lord."

"No, of course not!" Nell said. "But—where did you go to, Mr. Allandale?"

"I was guilty of practising deception," he said heavily. "I need not, I hope, assure you that such a course was of the utmost repugnance to me. To deceive one so dear to me, and one who, moreover, placed the most implicit trust in my integrity, was more painful than I can describe. But when I found that no words of mine could avail to persuade my darling to return to her home, when I saw her in such agony of grief and despair—"

"Yes, I've seen Letty in hysterics," said Cardross. "You have no need to describe the scene to me! I pity you sincerely. What, in fact, did you do?"

"Fearing that if I compelled her to return to this house she might put a period to her existence, I agreed to fly with her to the Border," said Mr. Allandale. "She believed that we were on our way north, but it was not so. I did not carry her to Gretna Green, but to Wimbledon."

There was a moment's astonished silence. "To Wimbledon!" said Cardross, in a voice that shook. "I expect you had an excellent reason for your choice."

"Why, to be sure he had!" exclaimed Nell, bestowing a

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 1, 1957

## Continuing . . . April Lady

from page 68

warm smile upon Mr. Allandale. "You mean you took her to your mother's house! How very wise of you!"

He bowed. "It seemed to me, ma'am, the only course open to me. In my mother's judgment I could repose complete confidence, for her understanding is superior, her mind of an elevated order, and her firm yet tender command over my sisters such as encouraged me to hope that over my darling also her influence would prevail."

"And we perceive that it did!" said Cardross. "My dear Allandale, why have I never been privileged to meet your mother?"

"I would like to kill you!" choked Letty.

"My mother, sir, seldom goes into society," said Mr. Allandale stiffly.

"But I hope she may be persuaded to receive me, nevertheless."

"I am at a loss to understand your lordship," said Mr. Allandale, more stiffly yet. "I apprehend, however, that you are in funning humor!"

"No, I am not funning," Cardross replied. "Oblige me by telling me, in all frankness, whether or not my sister's want of conduct, her excessive sensibility, and the unscrupulous means she does not hesitate to use to attain her ends have convinced you that she is totally unfitted to be your wife?"

"Giles, don't!" begged Nell, as Letty broke into renewed weeping.

"Sir," said Mr. Allandale, very pale, but steadily meeting Cardross' eyes, "I do not attempt to condone her faults, though I can perceive excuses for them, but I love her, and must always do so, whatever she is or whatever she does."

Letty looked up, her tears arrested, awe in her face. "Jeremy!" she said. "Oh, Jeremy!"

Cardross turned his head. "You are not worthy of that, Letty."

"No," she said forlornly. "I know I am not, but—oh, I wish I were!"

He smiled wryly. "Well, I dare say there may be hope for you. You had better marry her, Allandale."

It seemed for several moments as though neither of the interested parties could believe that they had heard him correctly. It was Letty who found her voice first. "Giles—do you mean now? Before he sails?"

"Yes, that's what I mean."

"Oh, my dearest brother, how kind you are!" cried Letty, flying up off the sofa and casting herself upon his chest.

"Pray forgive me for saying horrid things to you! I didn't mean them! Oh, how happy I am. Oh, Jeremy, I promise I will never do anything you don't like!"

"Sir," said Mr. Allandale, "I do not know how to convey to you my sense of your generosity, my gratitude, the

"Then don't try!" said Cardross. "You are a very estimable young man, but I should like you so much more if you would refrain from addressing me in flowing periods! I am going to send you away now, but you may come to see me tomorrow, at noon, if that should be convenient to you, when I will arrange the marriage settlements with you. You may escort him to the front door, Letty, and after you have bidden him good-night you had better go to bed."

"Bed at ten o'clock!" she said, by no means pleased.

"Yes, bed at ten o'clock. If you are not exhausted after a

day of unbridled passion, you should be! Don't argue with me! My patience won't stand it."

"Indeed, you should go, love!" Nell urged her. "You are quite worn out. I will come up to you, and—"

"No, you will not," Cardross interrupted.

Overawed by this display of cool and sweeping authority the young lovers withdrew circumspectly.

Nell showed her husband a laughing countenance. "Well, really, Giles!" she expostulated.

He caught her up from the sofa and held her a little away from him, looking down into her face with bright, smiling eyes. "Yes, really, Giles!" he retorted. "How much longer did you think I would wait to get you to myself?"

Young Lady Cardross did not answer, but blushed a little, meeting his gaze shyly but very openly.

"There's so much to say to you, Nell—and so much to say! My darling, I wish I had cut my tongue out before—"

"No, there is nothing to unsay, because you didn't say those things to me," she intervened. "They hurt me only a very little—not as much as I deserved, perhaps! For I am afraid I have been extravagant, and—and deceitful, and very foolish!"

"And above all very foolish," he agreed, turning her words

years need never have troubled you. We parted without regret or ill-will, and when we meet in company today it is with the indifferent pleasure of old acquaintances. From the moment I saw you, Nell, you have had all my heart. That is the truth."

"Dysart said that. He said that everyone knew it, too."

"I infinitely prefer your brother to my sister. But why, my foolish little love, did you then keep me at an even greater distance?"

She looked up again. "You see, I owed Lavalle more than three hundred pounds, so how could I do anything else until that dreadful debt was paid? With that on my conscience I couldn't tell you that I had been agonisingly in love with you from the very beginning, and if you had discovered the debt you would never have believed me. But I was, Giles."

Farley, quietly entering the room at that moment, beheld his mistress locked in a crushing embrace, and with instant presence of mind stepped noiselessly back into the hall. There he remained for some few minutes, after which, with a little fumbling with the door handle, he entered the book-room for the second time.

My lord, before the mirror above the fireplace, was pensively absorbed in some delicate adjustment to the folds of his cravat; my lady, a trifle dishevelled, but otherwise a model of fashionable decorum, was seated in a large armchair.

"I don't know how it comes about, my lord," she said, in a

## SUSPENSE NOVEL by Ursula Curtiss is our new three-part serial

OUR new three-part serial, "The Longest Night," by Ursula Curtiss, one of today's most successful writers of atmospheric thrillers, begins next week.

It is a story distinguished by its sustained tension and gripping creation of mood. The action is confined to the hours between one misty, rain-lashed dusk and the early hours of the next morning.

Caroline Emmett, recuperating from pneumonia and a broken engagement, goes for a solitary holiday in a quiet English town. One evening, wandering on the outskirts, she becomes lost in the fog and overhears a violent struggle. Realising a murder has been committed, she runs away, but she is followed by the murderer.

Weak and ill and with fever already mounting in her, she seeks safety in the first lighted house she comes to, and as the long hours of the night wear on realises that she had exposed herself to a danger no less real than the one that walked beside her in the stormy darkness.

Do not miss this absorbing serial beginning in next week's issue.

into a caress. "It seems I have been a great deal too easy with you, Madam Wife! That will not happen again! So you thought I offered for you because I wanted a wife and saw nothing in you to disgust me, did you? Nell, how could you be such a goose?"

The blush deepened; she hung her head. "Mama said—that you were disposed to be fond of me, and considerate, and she warned me not to hang on you, or—or appear to notice it if—perhaps—you had Another Interest."

"I am obliged to Mama! And did it seem to you that I had Another Interest?"

"No. But I knew," she said simply. "The first time we met Letty said that I was prettier than your mistress."

"She was right. I wish I could think that Allandale would beat her regularly every week, but I fear he won't. The lady with whom I enjoyed an agreeable connection for several

light, languid voice, "but we do not increase our covers for guests tonight."

"But why, my love, did you not inform me of this circumstance earlier?" inquired my lord reproachfully. "I should then have used my best endeavors to have persuaded your brother and his amiable friend to have given us the pleasure of their company."

"Yes, indeed! How—how stupid of me!" said my lady, with very creditable command over her voice.

"And Allandale," pursued my lord ruthlessly, "in case the conversation should have flagged—"

Pained to see such a want of chivalry in my lord, Farley came to the rescue of his sorely tried mistress, and, in a few dignified and well-chosen words, put an end to this scene.

"Supper, my lady, is served!" he announced.

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# Talking of Films

★ ★ Moby Dick

THE John Huston produced, directed, and partly scripted "Moby Dick" must be hailed as an artistic and technical triumph.

The new photographic process perfected by Huston and a co-worker fills the wide screen with scenes which have the pure, low-keyed quality of old oil paintings, and which are in perfect sympathy with the period of Melville's great sea classic. Scene after scene is a joy in color and composition.

It is as a piece of entertainment that this lengthy, expensive, and lovingly made film falls down.

It gets going too slowly, and when at last Gregory Peck, as the devil-driven whaling captain, makes an appearance, it becomes obvious all too soon that the part is temperamentally too big for him.

Captain Ahab's obsessional hatred of the great white whale, Moby Dick, which had taken his leg, and his insane determination to kill the whale, even at the cost of ship and crew, never burns and consumes Peck as it must to make the character live.

Richard Basehart, as the young sailor Ishmael, is the

## OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars—below average

film's happiest piece of casting. Leo Genn, the religious first-mate, who seeks to save the Pequod and its crew from inevitable doom, is also able and convincing.

Orson Welles' long fire-and-brimstone sermon as the whickered preacher is one of the reasons for the film's early slowness. The all-male cast handle Melville's sometimes cumbersome dialogue with generally commendable naturalness.

In Sydney—Regent.

★ ★ The Fiends

THIS black-and-white, French-dialogue film is the work of Henri-George Clouzot, maker of the memorable suspense thriller "Wages of Fear."

Though he has a wonderful background for spine-chilling purposes in the gaunt, decaying boys' school in which most of the action takes place,



HEIR to a sizeable hunk of the Woolworth fortune inherited by his mother, Barbara Hutton, young Lance Reventlow escorted a widely smiling Natalie Wood to a Hollywood night-spot. Natalie has certainly dressed for the occasion.

"The Fiends" lacks something of the terrific impact of its predecessor.

Clouzot has been ingenious in creating mood and eerie effects, but something of the effectiveness of all this is lost if you can't believe in the people.

Paul Meurisse is the sadist adventurer who marries the ailing owner of a boys' school outside Paris (Vera Clouzot) and proceeds to have a love affair with one of the staff (Simone Signoret).

His brutality turns the women into allies and, taking advantage of a long weekend, they murder him. Waiting for the body to be found, each in turn shows signs of cracking.

Finally a string of ghostly reappearances of the dead man gives the cue for a tremendous switch climax. But if you could only believe that there could be such a school and such a staff it would all be much more effective.

In Sydney—Savoy.

★ The Woman For Joe

THE immense human tragedy of the midget who imagines that a normal woman could love him is the underlying theme of this Rank color film of fairgrounds and sideshow people.

Joe (George Baker) is the young carnival proprietor who begins by viewing his new midget as a money-making attraction and ends by valuing him as his best friend.

As the midget, George, Jimmy Karoubi, 4ft. 3in. high, with a clever, sensitive face and a miniature athlete's body, gives a quite remarkable performance. He could, in fact, both vocally and histrionically teach a good deal to the towering star.

Joe is interested only in running his business, and when a waif, Diane Cilento, joins the show and George falls in love with her, Joe's main concern is that the little man won't have his heart broken.

However, Diane (stamping a wishy-washy role with her own arresting screen personality) loves her young boss, and with the help of The World's Fastest Woman Joe comes to realise that he loves her, too.

The inevitable tragedy, with George the self-elected victim, brings the story to its only possible conclusion.

With just a little greater awareness of its possibilities this could have been a fine film. As it is, it is agreeable, colorful in background, and rich in minor characterisations from the assorted sideshow folk.

In Sydney—Victory.

BACK to Shakespeare for Katharine Hepburn. She is busily rehearsing in Connecticut with her American Shakespeare Repertoire Company in "Much Ado About Nothing" for summer stock presentation.



STARS of "Silk Stockings," remake of the 1939 Carbo film "Ninotchka," Cyd Charisse and Fred Astaire, talk over old times on the set. They last worked together five years ago in the musical show "Band Wagon."

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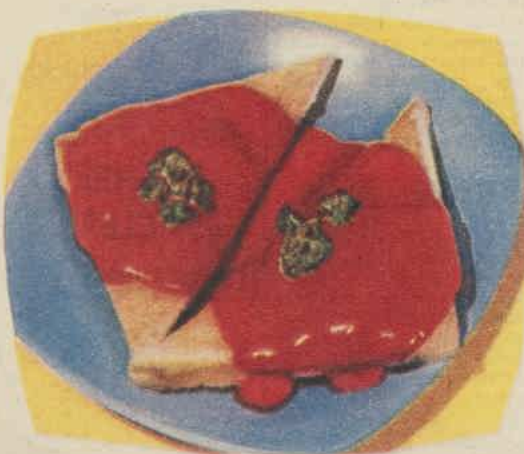
It's simple to make and tastes just as delicious as it looks. Cut medium-thick slices of fresh bread, and butter them. Cover the bread with mellow Kraft Cheddar, thinly sliced. Place a cooked frankfurter on each, roll up and pin the two corners together with toothpicks. Brush with melted butter and pop them under the griller for a minute or two. These Kraft Cheddar Pinups come out golden, melting, delicious. Try them today!

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This gay grilled treat is just the thing for breakfast to supper-time snacks. Toast bread on one side. Butter untoasted side. Place toasted side down in baking dish. Place strips of Kraft Cheddar along the bread edges. Break an egg into the centre and bake for 15 minutes in a moderate oven. Now this sizzling cheese dish is ready to serve.



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# Chiffon Pies

By **LEILA C. HOWARD**,  
Our Food and Cookery Expert

Any season is the right time to serve those luscious, fairy-light chiffon pies. Leave them plain or pile them high with cream for special occasions.

**T**HE perfect dessert to tempt your guests or family is a high, cool chiffon pie. Dressed up it looks special, tastes wonderful, and is filling enough to balance the lightest of meals.

For that extra touch take care to decorate the pastry edges neatly. There are many attractive designs of different edges for the more venturesome cook to try.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

## HONEY LEMON PIE

Four eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 1-3rd cup lemon juice, 3 tablespoons orange juice,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon gelatine,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon grated lemon rind,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon grated orange rind, extra  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar, 2 dozen honey biscuits.

Combine egg-yolks,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, fruit juices, and salt. Cook in double boiler until thick, stirring constantly. Add gelatine softened in cold water. Stir until gelatine is dissolved. Add fruit rinds; cool until partially set. Gradually add  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar to stiffly beaten egg-whites; beat until glossy and sugar is dissolved; fold into cooled mixture. Arrange whole honey biscuits over base and sides of pie-plate. Pour in lemon mixture. Arrange extra biscuits in circle on top. Chill in refrigerator until ready to serve.

## CHOCOLATE SUNDAE PIE

One dessertspoon gelatine,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water, 3 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons vanilla, 1 oz. square chocolate (slivered).

Soften gelatine in cold water. Combine egg-yolks, sugar, and salt; slowly add milk. Cook in double boiler until mixture coats spoon. Add softened gelatine; stir until dissolved. Cool; add vanilla. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into chocolate biscuit crust; sprinkle with slivered chocolate. Chill thoroughly.

**Chocolate Biscuit Crust:** Blend  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups chocolate biscuit crumbs with 1-3rd cup melted butter. Press in 9in. pie-plate.

## TOASTED ALMOND CHIFFON PIE

One dessertspoon gelatine,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cocoa,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk, 2 eggs,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon vanilla, 1 9in. pastry-shell, 1 cup cream (whipped), 1 cup toasted almonds.

Soften gelatine in cold water. Mix cocoa, sugar, and salt in double boiler; add milk and heat until sugar dissolves. Add a little of the hot mixture to the egg-yolks; stir into remaining hot mixture. Cook until thick, stirring continuously. Add softened gelatine and vanilla. Chill until partially set. Fold in egg-whites and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cream, whipped. Pour into cooled baked pastry-shell; chill. Spread with whipped cream and decorate with almonds.

## RASPBERRY ICE-CREAM PIE

One packet red jelly crystals and 1 2-3rds cups hot water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 pint tray vanilla ice-cream, 1 cup crushed, frozen, tinned, or fresh raspberries, 1 9in. pastry-shell, whipped cream, whole raspberries.

Dissolve jelly crystals in hot water. Add

lemon juice; chill until partially set. Beat ice-cream into jelly. Fold in raspberries. Pour chilled filling into cool baked pie-shell. Chill the pie until firm (about 1 hour). Top with whipped cream and garnish with whole berries.

## PEACH CHIFFONS

One dozen small pastry tart-cases,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup peach puree,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup peach syrup,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, 3 eggs, extra  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, peach slices, whipped cream.

Soak gelatine in cold water for 5 minutes. Mix sugar, peach syrup, salt, and beaten egg-yolks, stir over gently boiling water until thickened to custard consistency. Add peach puree and softened gelatine, and stir until dissolved. Stir while cooling over crushed ice; when beginning to thicken fold in egg-whites beaten to meringue consistency with extra sugar. Turn into tart-cases and decorate with peach slices and whipped cream. Chill until ready to serve.

## LIGHT-AS-A-FEATHER CRUSTS

**Crust No. 1:** Four ounces solid white shortening, 2 tablespoons water, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 egg-yolk, 3oz.

sugar, 8oz. self-raising flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt.

Chop shortening into small pieces. Place in basin, beat slightly until softened. Combine milk and water, bring to the boil, pour over shortening. Stir well until shortening has melted, allow to cool. Add lemon juice and beaten egg-yolk, whip with rotary beater until mixture is the consistency of whipped cream. Add sugar, work in sifted flour and salt. Knead on lightly floured board, roll out to  $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness. Line 9in. tart-case with pastry, pinch a frill around edge, prick sides and base with fork. Bake in a hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Allow to cool.

**Crust No. 2:** Six ounces self-raising flour, 4 tablespoons cornflour, pinch salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 2 tablespoons milk or water.

Sift the flour, cornflour, and salt, then rub in the butter or substitute, and add the sugar. Mix to a dry dough with the egg-yolk and milk or water. Turn on to a floured board, knead lightly, and roll to the required size and shape. Lift into greased pie-dish, cut to size, and decorate edges. Prick sides and base and bake in moderate to hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. Allow to cool.

**PICK A FLAVOR** to suit your fancy: Above are pies filled with chocolate sundae, toasted almond, raspberry ice-cream, and honey lemon. There is also a plate of luscious peach chiffons. The crusts vary from simple packaged biscuits to light-as-a-feather shortcrusts.

## CHERRY GINGER TART

One cooked pastry-case, 1 tablespoon gelatine,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup water, 1 cup cold milk,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla,  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint cream, 1 egg-white beaten to meringue consistency with 2 tablespoons sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup well-drained chopped maraschino cherries (or drained or crystallised cherries with sugar removed),  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped walnuts, 2 tablespoons finely chopped preserved ginger.

Soak gelatine in  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup water. Heat milk slightly with sugar and salt, add softened gelatine, stir until dissolved. Add vanilla, chill. When beginning to thicken beat until light and fluffy. Mix stiffly beaten egg-white into whipped cream, fold into gelatine mixture with cherries, walnuts, and ginger. Stir occasionally until beginning to thicken. Fill into pastry-case, chill until set.





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*"foaming action"*  
cleans *twice as easy,*  
*twice as fast!*

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A COLGATE-PALMOLIVE PRODUCT

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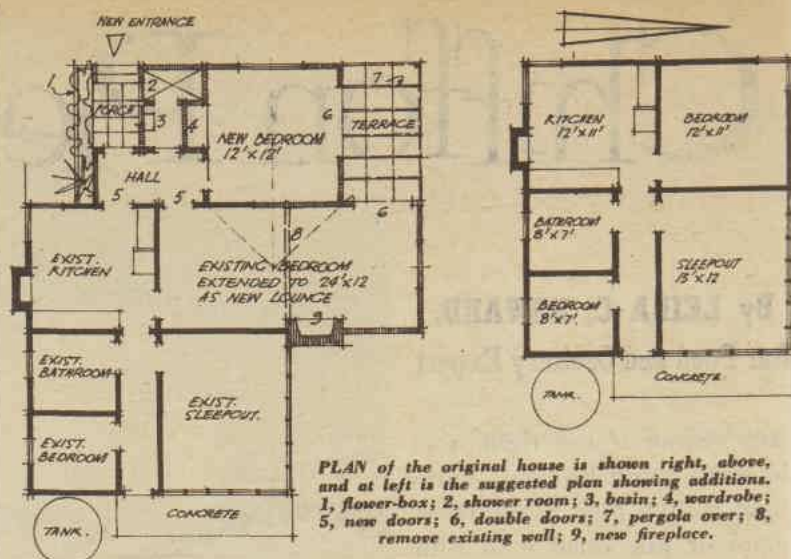
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No other cleanser can make your sinks and tubs so brilliantly white and bright—tea stains, fruit stains, coffee stains, rust—"foaming action" AJAX floats them down the drain!

- \* AJAX sells more in America than all other brands combined.
- \* AJAX is gentle to lovely hands.
- \* AJAX smells good, too.



PLAN of the original house is shown right, above, and at left is the suggested plan showing additions. 1, flower-box; 2, shower room; 3, basin; 4, wardrobe; 5, new doors; 6, double doors; 7, pergola over; 8, remove existing wall; 9, new fireplace.

## Adding living-room for a family

A reader has asked my advice about the best way to add a living-room to her home without complicating the roof structure too much and thus spoiling the appearance of the front of the house.

**ARCHITECT'S DIARY**  
by Sydney architect  
W. J. McMURRAY

THE reader, Mrs. K. M. Gardner, of Paskeville, South Australia, has submitted a layout of her home that already has been altered once to include a flat-roofed sleep-out.

The layout is shown in the sketch at right above.

With five children in the house, the need for a family living-room is becoming urgent.

The scheme I suggest is illustrated in the plan at left above.

It involves demolishing the end wall of the main bedroom, extending it to 24ft. by 12ft., and including a fireplace so that it can be used as a living-room.

This would mean a simple extension of the present gable end. It could be done at a minimum of expense.

Material from the demolished wall would be used in a new position. Large areas of glass would let in the northern sun, and double doors would connect the living area with the new terrace.

A new bedroom, entrance hall, porch, and shower-room have been placed at the front.

With five children in the family, an extra shower and basin arranged close to the entrance hall would relieve the demand on the main bath-

room and would also be convenient for guests.

The new bedroom could be connected to the outdoor living area by double doors on the northern wall.

The roof of the new bedroom would be a gable facing west and on the same level as the main roof over the living area.

Porch, hall, and shower would be roofed by a continuation of the new bedroom roof, carried down to form a ceiling at a lower level.

### Kitchen plan

ANOTHER reader, Mrs. D. T. Wescombe, of Tasmania, has asked the best way to arrange the fittings in the combined kitchen and breakfast-room in her proposed new home.

This room is approximately 18ft. by 9ft., and is to be divided by a bench into two separate areas for cooking and dining. The door openings and corner fireplace make it difficult to place the dining-table satisfactorily (see sketch below).

There appears to be only one possible position for the table, and this is to treat it as a continuation of the work-bench structures.

Being 2ft. 6in. high, the table would be 6in. below the bench top. It would be built of lin. solid-core wood secured

at one end to the bench framing. At the free end would be two turned timber legs.

The table-top could be either polished and finished with a timber edge strip or treated to match the kitchen benches with lino or laminated plastic and metal edge strips.

I doubt whether there would be sufficient space for anything but dining-room chairs in this area. I recommend chairs of a comfortable plastic-upholstered type that could be used also as lounge chairs in front of the corner fireplace.

## HELP FOR PARENTS

By SISTER MARY JACOB,  
our Mothercraft Nurse

OFTEN parents of young children want information or help in bringing up their growing and developing youngsters.

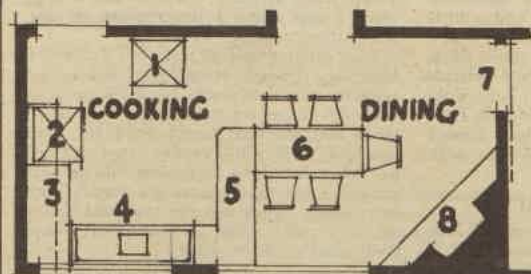
There are books and magazines with useful information and ideas to help parents. They probably can get advice from those in charge of the local kindergarten or day nursery about books that will be of most use to them.

However, an even more helpful way, especially for the mother of a young family who does not get much time for reading, is to join a group of young wives who meet regularly—say once a month—and have an open discussion on their various problems.

There are already a number of these groups that may be affiliated with a local school or church.

If there is not already a group in your neighborhood, you can perhaps organise a group of local people who may be interested.

As well as having some evenings for discussions among yourselves and comparing problems or discussing a book on child psychology, you can arrange for special guest speakers occasionally.



SUGGESTED PLAN for Mrs. Wescombe's dining-room and kitchen. 1, refrigerator; 2, electric stove; 3, cupboards and bench; 4, sink; 5, cupboard; 6, built-in dining table; 7, sliding door; 8, fireplace.



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softer, deeper texture  
No wonder Sunray is Australia's best carpet 'buy'!*



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work — gives cushioned comfort underfoot!

**If it's admiration you're after** (and who isn't!)  
... new Sunray's for you. Your friends can't help  
being impressed with Sunray wall-to-wall elegance.

Your rooms will look larger, your furniture more  
attractive, your home more expensive looking!

**If it's value you're after** ...  
new Sunray's for you. What other carpet  
could you buy that needs no underfelt, is easy  
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RESTFUL SLEEP

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PRODUCT



NM10-57



MARINADE OF RABBIT SUPREME is a dish with a gourmet touch. Extra whole mushrooms sautéed in a little butter can be arranged on top just before serving.

## Recipe wins £5 prize

An interesting and appetising rabbit dish, braised in sour cream with mushrooms, wins this week's prize of £5 in our recipe contest.

THE extra time and care taken in preparation of this special-occasion dish are compensated by the delicious flavor.

All spoon measurements are level.

### MARINADE OF RABBIT SUPREME

Two small rabbits,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cider vinegar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, 3 tablespoons salad oil, 2 bay leaves, 1 teaspoon peppercorns,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon thyme,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon rosemary (optional), seasoned flour, shortening for frying, 1 clove garlic, 2 cups water, 1 jar sour cream, salt, pepper, 1 tin mushrooms or 1 tin concentrated mushroom soup, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup Madeira wine, 1 tablespoon flour blended with a little extra water, paprika, parsley and whole mushrooms to garnish.

Soak rabbits in cold salted water  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Meanwhile prepare marinade by combining vinegar, water, salad oil, peppercorns, bay leaves, thyme, rosemary, and sugar. Drain rabbit, cut into joints, pat dry. Rub rabbit flesh with salt,

place in a large bowl, pour marinade over; stand 3 to 4 hours, turning occasionally. Remove rabbit pieces, drain and dry, reserve marinade for future use. Coat with seasoned flour, brown lightly in hot shortening in large saucepan or casserole. Sauté chopped garlic in pan, then add the 2 cups water, sour cream,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of the strained marinade, and salt and pepper to taste. When boiling, pour over rabbit pieces. Liquid should come three-quarters way up sides of vessel. Cover, simmer  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 hour until meat is tender, stirring frequently.

Lift out pieces, remove protruding bones, keeping pieces as large as possible. Add mushrooms, chopped parsley, and wine; bring to the boil, thicken with blended flour, replace rabbit pieces. Stir over low heat until well mixed and thoroughly reheated. Serve piping hot, sprinkled with paprika and garnished with sautéed mushrooms and parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. K. Kenny, 1 Campbell Street, Hunter's Hill, N.S.W.

## FAMILY DISH

OUR family dish this week, baked mutton chops stuffed with kidneys, is good enough to serve for visitors but once tried the family will request it regularly. The dish costs five shillings and sixpence and serves four or five.

### BAKED LOIN CHOPS

Five loin mutton (or hogget) chops, 2 sheep's kidneys, seasoned flour, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 dessert-spoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon grated onion, salt, pepper.

Cut a pocket in each chop, cutting from outside of chop toward bone. Remove centre cores from kidneys, soak in cold salted water  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour, remove skin; chop finely. Mix with salt, pepper, and onion. Fill mixture into chop cavities and skewer or sew edges together. Coat with seasoned flour and place in baking-dish with heated dripping and Worcestershire sauce. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes until tender, turning once while cooking. Make gravy, using pan drippings and juices from the baking-dish with flour and extra stock or water. Serve piping hot with vegetables in season.

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ANY KIND  
OF WORK



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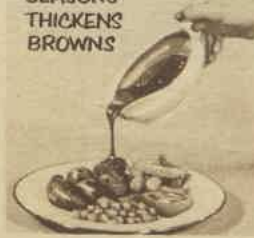
MIX IN  
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## PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F4515. — Beginner's pattern for an easy-to-make tailored jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1 7-8th yds. 54in. material or 2yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.



F4515

# Fashion PATTERNS

F4517. — Slender-line, front-buttoned sheath dress. The pattern includes choice of short or three-quarter sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 54in. material for dress with three-quarter sleeves, and 3yds. 36in. material for short-sleeved dress. Price 4/-.



F4517

F4518. — Small girl's two-piece pyjama suit. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2yds. 36in. material and 1/2 yd. braid trim. Price 3/-.



F4518

F4516

F4516. — Dressing-gown designed with a moulded bodice-top and graceful skirt fullness. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 54in. material or 7yds. 36in. material, plus 11-8th yds. lace edging. Price 5/-.



F4033. — Softly styled afternoon dress; the pattern includes choice of a short or three-quarter sleeve. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3 7-8th yds. 54in. material for dress with three-quarter sleeves; 5yds. 36in. material for short-sleeved dress. Price 3/9.



F4033

F4224. — Smart winter suit designed with a boxy jacket and a slender skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material or 3yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

F4224

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 465 — CHILD'S TROUSER OVERALLS. The overalls are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is corduroy velveteen. The color range includes royal-blue, red, mid-green, and maroon. Sizes: Length 25in. for 1 year 16/2, 29in. for 2 years 17/3, 32in. for 3 to 4 years 18/11, 37in. for 5 to 6 years 21/6. Postage and registration 2/- extra.



465

No. 466 — LUNCHEON SET. The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with an unusual fish motif. The material and color choice includes cream and white Irish linen, and sheer linen in pastel shades of blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: Centre mat 14 by 17in., plate mat 11 by 17in., and cup-and-saucer mat 5 by 5in. Serviette to match 11 by 11in. 1/9 each, postage 8d. extra. Nine-piece set including 1 centre, 4 plate, and 4 cup-and-saucer mats 18/11. Postage and registration 2/6 extra. Thirteen-piece set including 1 centre, 6 plate, and 6 cup-and-saucer mats 32/9. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

No. 464 — MEN'S UNDERPANTS. Underpants are obtainable cut out ready to make in cotton lawn. The color choice includes white, blue, and pink. Sizes 32 to 40in. waist 15/9. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

No. 463 — MATERNITY SLIP. The slip is obtainable cut out ready to make in printed anti-shrink chamois. The color choice includes sky-blue, pink, lemon, and white grounds, all printed with a smart flower design. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 39/2, 36 and 38in. bust 42/8. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.



466



464



463

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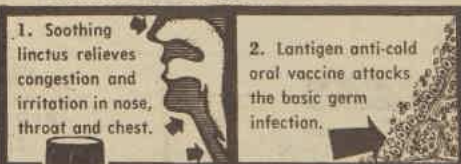
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you can really  
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You merely set it — then forget it !

IF YOUR NEED IS A  
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### The Regal

With exclusive "Instinctive Wringer" that eliminates all danger—2-way Pump—Heats water to any temperature. Ever-so-smooth plastic agitator, porcelain tub. Choice of colours.



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With 2-way pump and "Instinctive Wringer". Has all Simpson quality features, plus highest quality engineering for long service. Like "Regal", in choice of colours.



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Finest of all "regular" models. With every desirable washing feature plus full depth skirt—for those who want a lower priced washer with fine appearance and sturdy dependability.



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All the convenience of power washing and wringing for non-electric or low voltage areas—with all quality features as in the electric models. Easy to operate, economical to run.



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Takes out the "back-breaking" agony of wash-day. Dries clothes to damp dry for ironing or bone dry for putting away. All with one switch—all automatically.

- \* IT FILLS TO CORRECT WASHING LEVEL
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All Automatically

DO YOUR WASHING  
WHILE YOU SLEEP  
SHOP OR PLAY...

Nothing could be more simple! Put in the clothes—set the control—and then forget everything until you want to take out the spin dried wash. The Simpson Automatic is **complete in itself**. Providing you have water outlets it needs **no plumbing**. With patented "Fluid Drive" and "Floating power" it needs **no bolting down**. It can be installed anywhere—and drains into any convenient outlet. And the Simpson Automatic is fully flexible—you can skip or repeat any washing cycle at will!

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IT TAKES **Simpson**  
EXPERIENCE TO BUILD  
REAL WASHER VALUE

## Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and  
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, overpower the Grand Witchman and his guard and assume their masks. Disguised behind the masks and with the unconscious witchmen hidden behind a screen, Mandrake summons Lenore, his sister, who was captured by the

witchmen, to be brought before him. Lenore is terrified, believing that she is to be killed. Instead, Mandrake, still in his disguise, reads her a stern lecture on the folly of being a lady explorer, and suggests she settles down. The amazed Lenore then realises she is talking to her own brother behind the weird mask. NOW READ ON;

DO WE FIGHT OUR WAY OUT NOW?

MANDRAKE, WHAT A WONDERFUL—SURPRISE! NOW DID YOU TAKE THE GRAND WITCHMAN'S PLACE?

THE REAL ONE'S BEHIND THE SCREEN, TIED UP THANKS! GOODNESS WE GOT HERE IN TIME!

ANNOUNCE THAT THE GRAND WITCHMAN WISHES TO SEE ALL THE WITCHMEN! THEN BRING THEM IN ONE AT A TIME. OUT OF SIGHT, LENORE.

ENTER ONE AT A TIME.

WONDER WHY HE WANTS TO SEE US?

MUST BE ABOUT THE WOMAN.

MANDRAKE GESTURES HYPNOTICALLY—

LOOK AT ME.

YES, GRAND WITCHMAN, MASTER OF US ALL.

YOU MUST OBEY ME, WHEN YOU AWAKE, YOU WILL RETURN TO YOUR TRIBE. THERE, YOU WILL TELL THE PEOPLE ALL YOUR SECRETS. YOU WILL TELL THEM THAT YOU AND ALL WITCHMEN ARE FAKES.

WHAT DID HE SAY?

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

NEXT!

BUT UNDER MANDRAKE'S POWERFUL POST-HYPNOTIC COMMAND, THE WITCHMAN DOES NOT REPLY!

TO BE CONTINUED

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

WASN'T IT NICE OF YOUR BOSS DONATING TWENTY POUNDS TO THE CHARITY I'M HELPING?

HE SAID THAT WAS ALL HE HAD IN THE OFFICE!

I KNOW DEAR, IT WAS MY BONUS!!!



Don't be  
HALF-SAFE!



New super-smooth cream deodorant  
**SAFELY STOPS  
PERSPIRATION  
1 TO 3 DAYS**

Indoors or out, there's always the danger of offending — unless you stop perspiration before unpleasant odor can form!

Smoother, creamier Arrid: INSTANTLY STOPS PERSPIRATION and keeps armpits dry safely — as proved by leading doctors. Removes odor from perspiration on contact. Antiseptic action. WON'T ROT CLOTHES.

New creamy-soft Arrid does not irritate skin, even after shaving. Arrid has a wonderful new ingredient. Perspiration — your guarantee that new Arrid is softer, smoother than ever. Buy the new super-smooth Arrid today!

**ARRID**  
New with Perstop  
For Super Creaminess



In rich, smooth cream and handy spray.

## HOW TO BEAT RHEUMATISM

If you suffer from rheumatism here is good advice. Immediately you get up in the morning, make your bed. If you don't, moisture begins to condense on the warm bed-clothes which become damp and a damp bed is bad for you. Next, keep warm always. If you work hard, wear wool or flannel next to your skin to absorb perspiration and prevent chills.

No matter how hot conditions are, you can get chilled quickly when you stop work, especially in a wind. So pull on woollens or flannels while you are still warm.

To get warm quickly in bed, wear socks if necessary, lie on your back with legs straight, so that spine, lungs and heart get the quickest warmth. Rub and exercise painful muscles and joints. Don't let them grow stiff through too little movement. Take your daily dose of Dr. Mackenzie's MENTHOIDS to give you your quota of "trace elements" and to liberate nascent oxygen to assist your kidneys to exercise their purifying effect.

Get MENTHOIDS from your chemist or store for 15/- or 5/- and get relief from rheumatism for only three pence a day. Save five shillings by buying the 15/- ECONOMY SIZE BASK OF MENTHOIDS.

**DR. MACKENZIE'S  
MENTHOIDS**

M11

## UNWANTED HAIRS

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Effective  
home  
treatment

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"VANIX" is only 7/6 a bottle from all branches of Washington & Co. Ltd. Sydney and Newcastle; Swift's Pharmacy, 772 Lake Collins St., Melbourne; Myer Emporium, Melbourne; Birks Chemists Ltd., 87 and 218 Rundle St., Adelaide; and Beane Ltd., Perth. Mail Orders (3/6 including postage) from above or direct from The Vanix Co., Box 22-A, G.P.O., Melbourne.

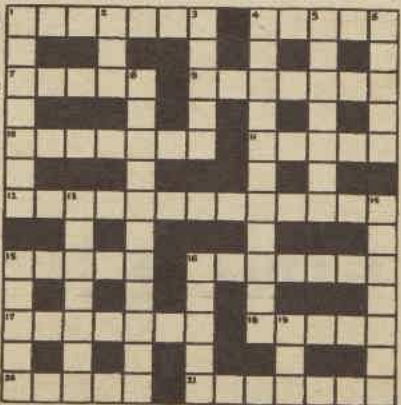
## TEENA



## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- Ill-famed police institution in the postage (7).
- Pertaining to the kidneys (5).
- Epic poem of Homer (5).
- A famous king (7).
- Consents to take what is offered on account of hundred preceding a broken step (7).
- This is surely not the youngest tree (5).
- Full of softened expressions and the second half is badly mystical (13).
- Invoke a lily (5).
- I sent no strain (7).
- Descendant of a man who had no ancestors (7).
- Open across tea (5).
- Far the greater part of this collection is meagre (5).
- Call back on her for this varnish (7).



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN



Solution of last week's crossword.

- Make a wry face for an unyielding card (7).
- You drink it, but you can eat it (3).
- Ejects a saint surrounded by us and all following nothing (5).
- All rat; no end (Anagr. 11 — but go slow).
- Wandering mad icon (7).
- This is a vessel (5).
- Plundering in a red depot (11).
- Same as above but with another word (7).
- Issane finishing with a convulsing twitching (7).
- Sharp ringing sound (5).
- Lock in rests (5).
- Two outspread wings united at the base in a revolution (3).

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